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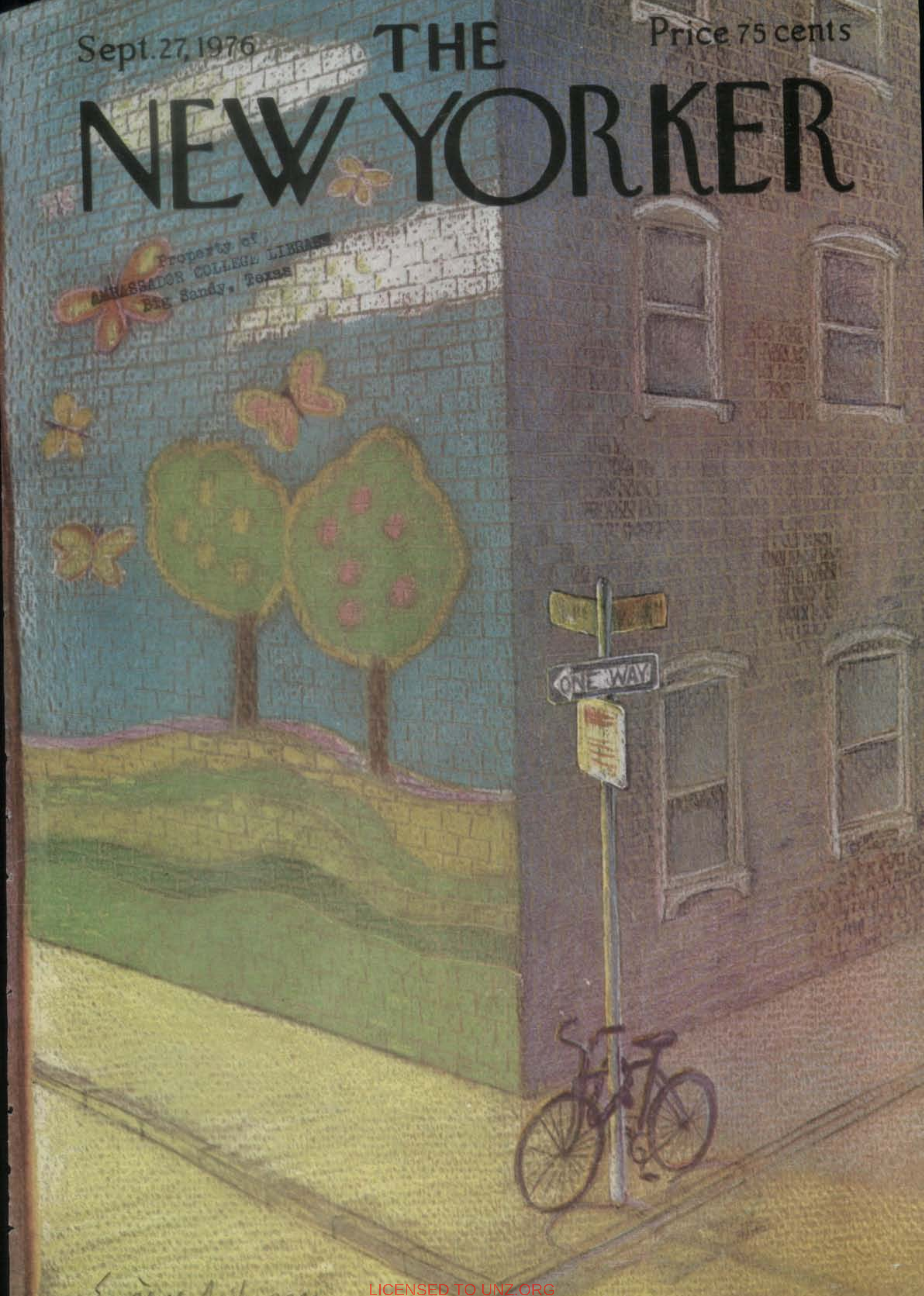

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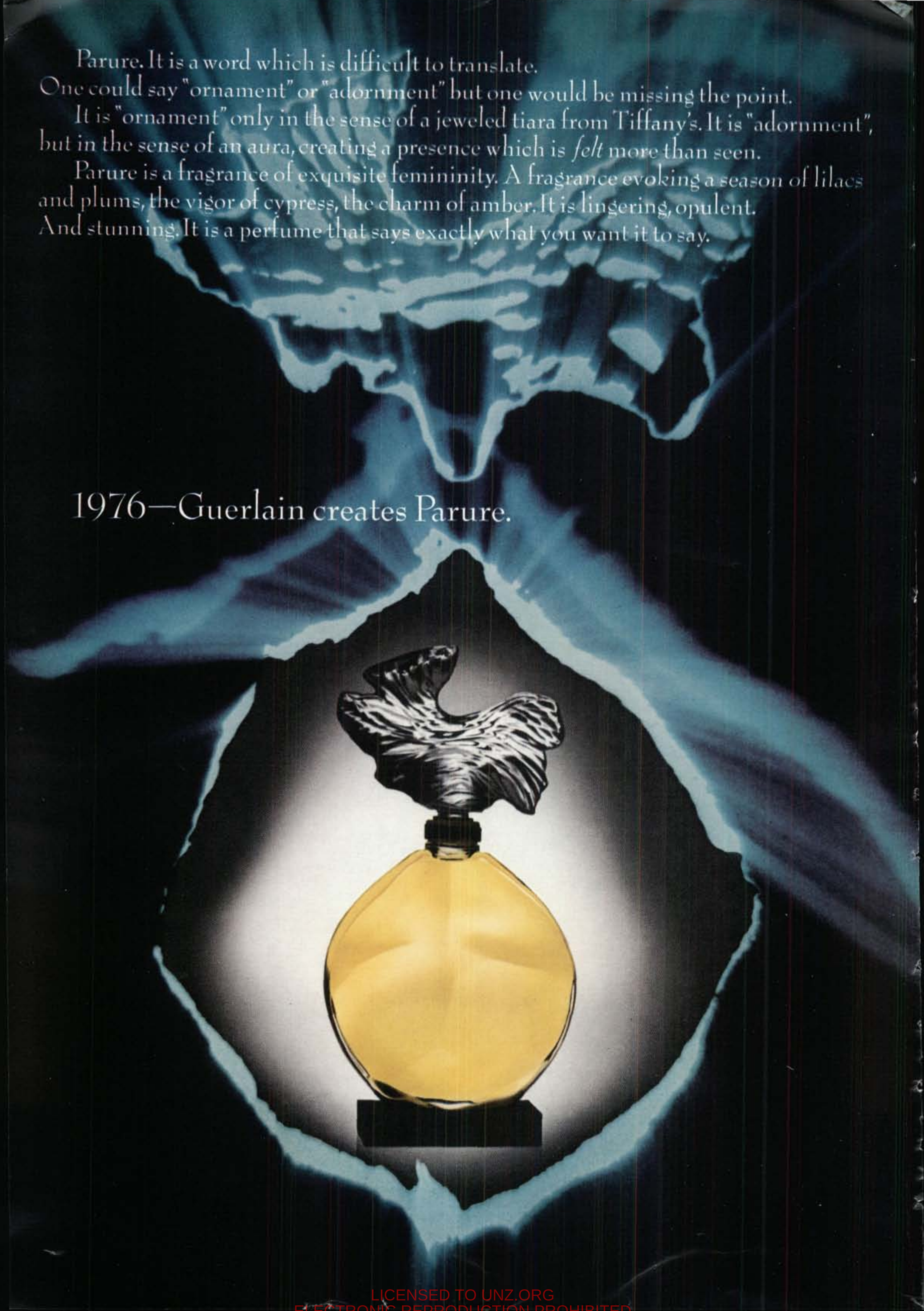

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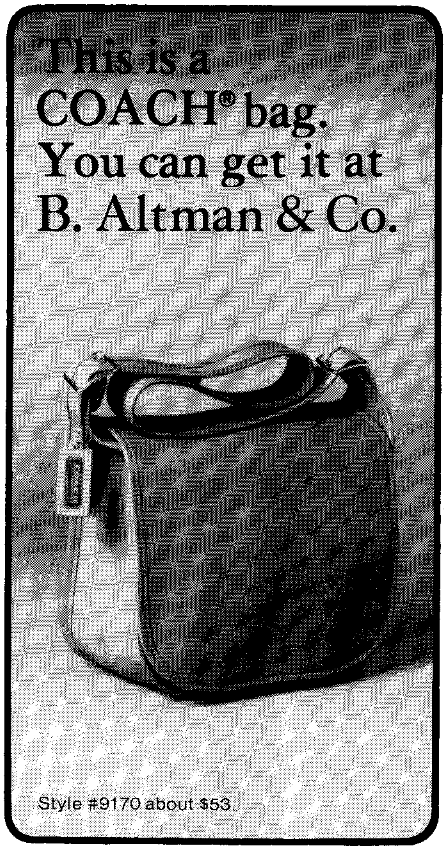
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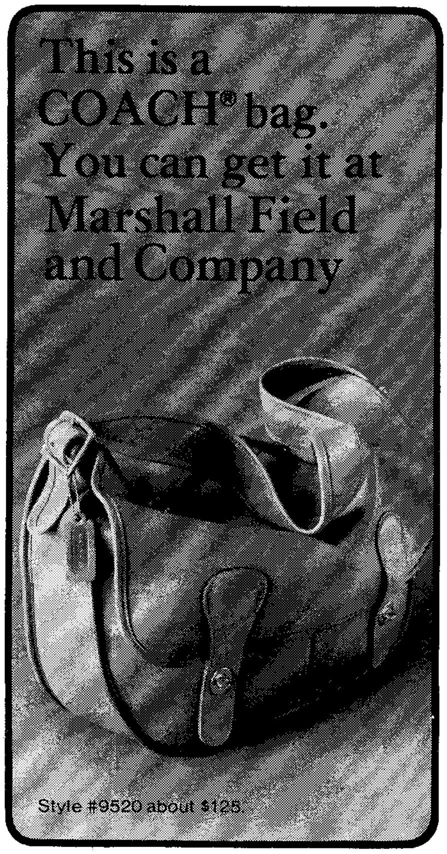
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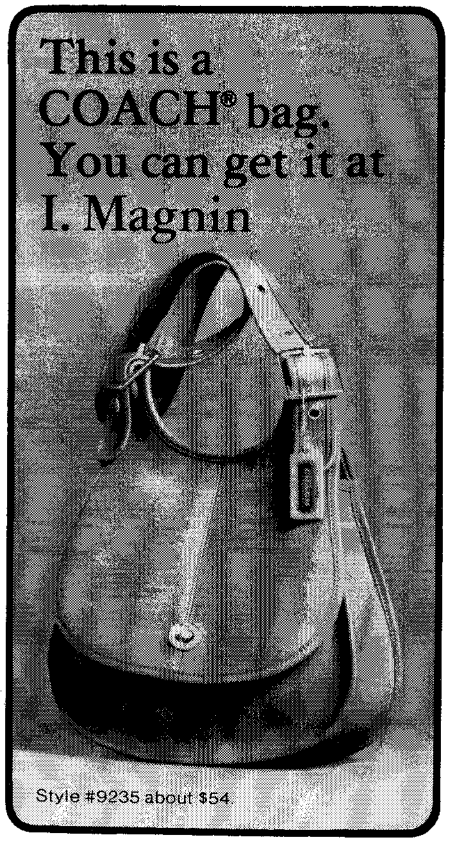
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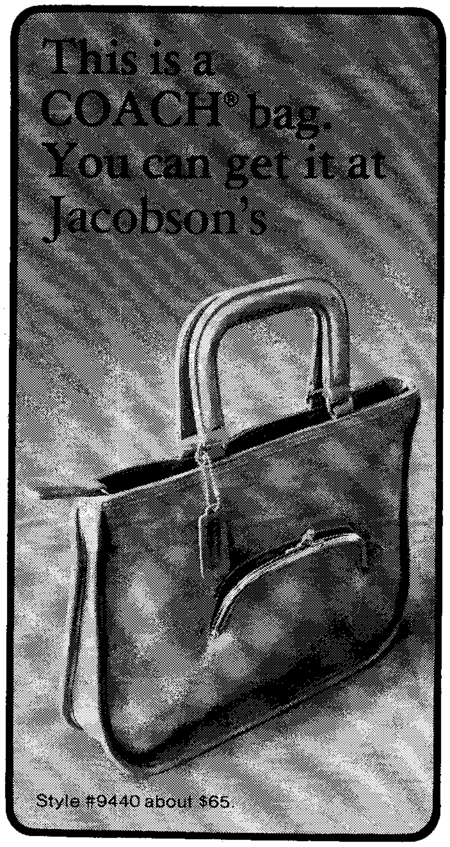
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel, where the staff is admonished not to recognize celebrities, nearly always to the celebrities' distress. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Checking Out—A tiresome comedy about an eighty-three-year-old Yiddish comedian who threatens to commit suicide. The author, Allen Swift, is also the star. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Sept. 23, at 2.)

Days in the Trees—Mildred Dunnock and Joseph Maher in Marguerite Duras's play, translated by Sonia Orwell. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 23, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 21. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Going Up—A revival of a musical first seen here in 1917. It has been updated to 1919, and that is not enough. The cast is young and lively, though without much charm. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Guys and Dolls—A fairy tale out of Damon Runyon, with wonderful songs by Frank Loesser. The show works just as well with an all-black cast as it works with any other color, but in 1976 all-black seems a very old-fashioned stunt. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Have a Dream—Billy Dee Williams as Martin Luther King, Jr., in an evening of theatre and music conceived by Robert Greenwald, and adapted by Josh Greenfeld from the words of Dr. King. Directed by Mr. Greenwald. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A revival of a 1969 revue, then considered a real caution. Contributors of sketches number twelve and of music three. Opens Friday, Sept. 24. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

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Porgy and Bess—A limited engagement of the Houston Grand Opera production of the George Gershwin classic (book by DuBose Heyward and lyrics by him and Ira Gershwin). Directed by Jack O'Brien. Previews Wednesday through Friday evenings, Sept. 22-24, and Saturday matinée, Sept. 25. Opens officially Saturday evening, Sept. 25, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 17. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Runner Stumbles—A nun and a priest fall in love, and since the time is long ago and the place is rural Michigan, there is much unhappiness for all. A commendable play by Milan Stitt, with Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Mr. Mamet is a deft, original playwright who cherishes words (even rude words), and who cherishes character even more. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday, Sept. 22, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 25-26, all at 2, and Wednesday, Sept. 29, and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2:30.)

A Texas Trilogy—Preston Jones' three independent plays, being presented in repertory. Directed by Alan Schneider. **The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia**, with Fred Gwynne and Henderson Forsythe: Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 7 (opening); Friday, Sept. 24, at 8; Sunday, Sept. 26, at

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"THE JOY OF MOOCHING" . . . . *S. J. Perelman* 30

"THE AUTUMN OF THE PATRIARCH" . . . . . *Gabriel García Márquez* 34

"BURDEN" (POEM) . . . . *Peter Kane Dufault* 36

"THE GOING AWAY OF YOUNG PEOPLE" (POEM) . . . . . *Eleanor Ross Taylor* 40

AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 60

FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 79

A REPORTER AT LARGE (ALASKA—I) . . . . *John McPhee* 80

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 123

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 124

LETTER FROM BAYREUTH . . . . *Jane Boutwell* 128

BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 145

BRIEFLY NOTED 149

COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, James Stevenson, J. B. Handelsman, Joseph Farris, Warren Miller, George Price, George Booth, Lee Lorenz, Henry Martin, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, Arnie Levin, Gahan Wilson, Tom Funk, Charles Barsotti, Edward Frascino, Bernard Schoenbaum*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2:30 and 7; Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8. . . . **THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE**, with the Messrs. Gwynne and Forsythe: Thursday, Sept. 23, at 6:30 (opening); Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2; and Tuesday, Sept. 28, and Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. . . . **LU ANN HAMPTON LAVERTY OBERLANDER**, with Diane Ladd: Saturday, Sept. 25, and Monday, Sept. 27, at 8; Thursday, Sept. 30, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699.)

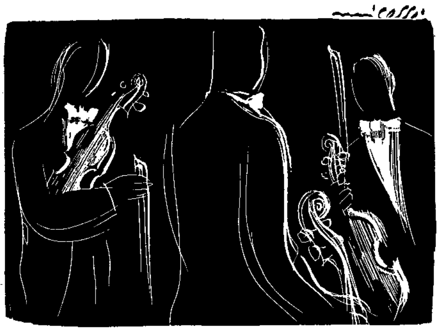
THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

VANITIES—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—**BOY MEETS BOY**: As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHICAGO**: An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,833 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND BESSIE**: Linda Hopkins is not Bessie Smith, by a good margin, but now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN**: A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH**: Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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DANCE

JOHN CULLUM AND EMILY FRANKEL—"Kings," three one-act dance dramas ("Oedipus," "Medea," and "Theseus and Hippolyta"), performed by this husband-and-wife team, with others in support. The first in a series of four Monday-evening performances. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Monday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

SIAMSA, THE NATIONAL FOLK THEATRE OF IRELAND—A company of twenty-seven singers, dancers, and musicians performing—along with the jig—such dances as reels, hornpipes, polkas, and set dances, as well as seasonal, love, work, and other songs. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Monday, Sept. 27, at 6:45; Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8; Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2 and 8.)

UTAH REPERTORY DANCE THEATRE—A series of six performances by a twelve-member modern-dance company from Salt Lake City—Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7: "There Is a Time," "My Brother's Keeper," and "Session." . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Nocturne," "Lost and Old Rivers," "Between Me and Other People There Is Always a Table a Few Empty Chairs—C.H.," and "A Piece for Evan." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Dance Collage." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Lost and Old Rivers," "Synapse," "Between Me and Other People There Is Always a Table a Few Empty Chairs—C.H.," and "A Piece for Evan." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 2: "There Is a Time," "My Brother's Keeper," and "Session." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 3, at 7:30: "Nocturne," "Synapse," "Between Me and Other People There Is Always a Table a Few Empty Chairs—C.H.," and "Lost and Old Rivers." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Not only is **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** back in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March) and playing with her usual canny punch and brilliance, but she has with her for one and possibly more nights a week **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Moore has breathtaking technique, more than enough taste to keep it in check, and a melodic imagination that converts each solo into a succession of new and beautiful songs, may they be four or fourteen bars in length. He has become—despite the ever-increasing army of young bassists gathered beyond the walls—our premier bassist, and is one of the best new jazz musicians to emerge in the past decade. He and McPartland are better than a duo; they are, with their ceaseless interplay and subtle competitiveness, a whole band. Weeknights, from nine-thirty. . . . **BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, will return to the Café Carlyle on Friday, Oct. 1. The first set begins at ten.

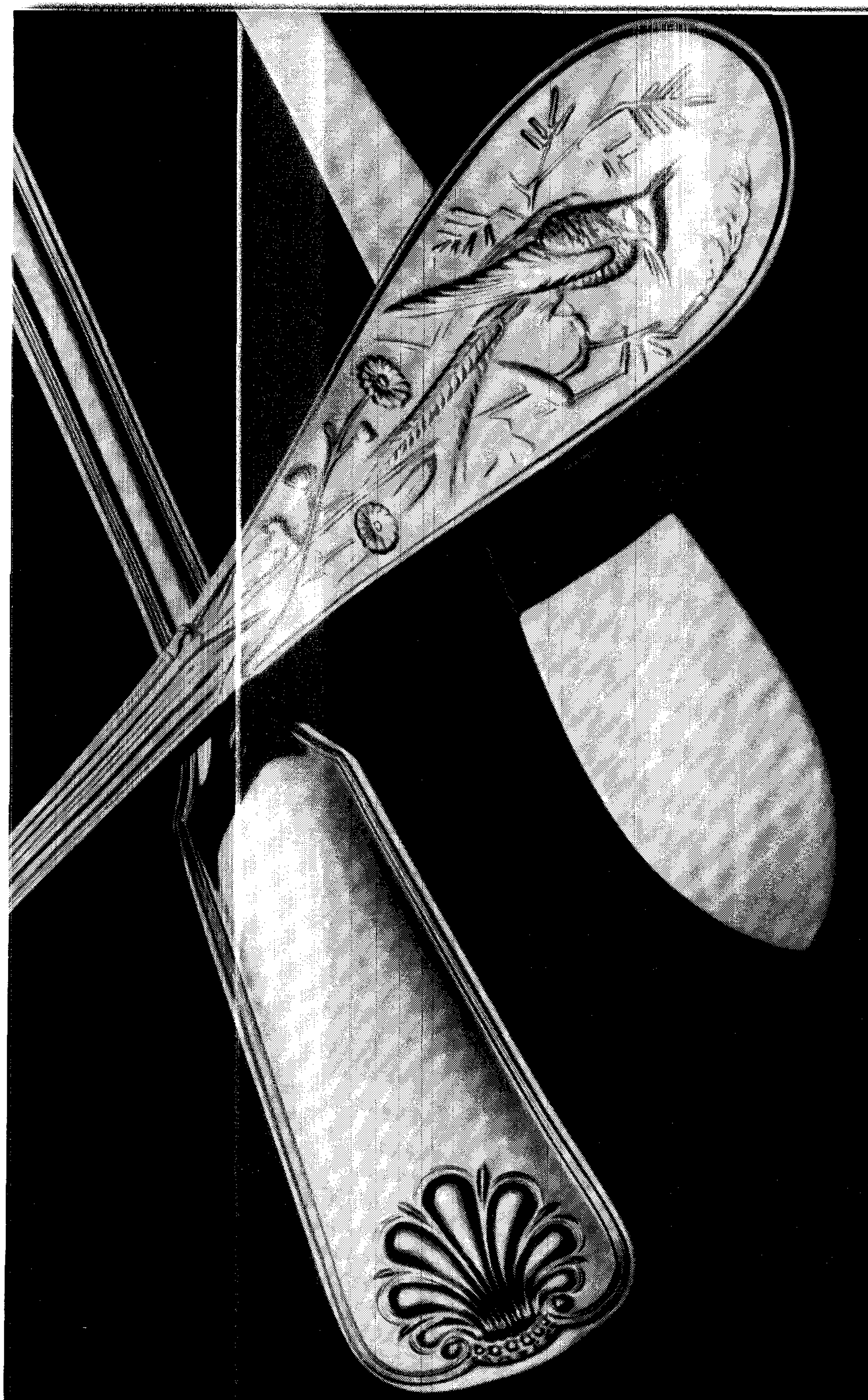
MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**FLIP PHILLIPS**, pried loose from his Florida sconce for his first New York gig in a decade or two, is sixty-one, and a wiser tenor saxophonist than he was when he graced Woody Herman's first Herd in the mid-forties. Ben Webster is still his governor, but it is not advisable to keep Webster in mind when listening to Phillips, for the tone is thinner, the ideas less luxuriant, and the rhythmic attack not as steady. Better simply to listen monaurally to the soft, attentive praise he offers his ballads, which might include "All of Me," Django Reinhardt's "Nuages," and an Ellington medley; his jumping, discreet up-tempo numbers; and his pleasant excursions on the bass clarinet, on which he gets a sound that is, albeit lissome, several sizes smaller than Harry Carney's. Ray Bryant is on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Cliff Leeman on drums, but the rhythm section does not cook. Bryant is all consonants to Phillips's ceaseless vowels, and Leeman, his Greenwich-meridian instincts notwithstanding, is punchy and old-fashioned. Hinton does his noble best in between. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. . . . ¶ On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

•

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An unpretentious night club converted from a ground-floor loft in the cast-iron district. The neat rows of red-clothed tables, the purely functional carpeting (which takes the edge off the room's formerly harsh acoustics), the simple bar—in fact, everything in the place—were designed and constructed by the proprietor, drummer **RASHIED ALI**, and his wife, Patricia. **ANDREW CYRILLE**, another all-out drummer and a longtime associate of Cecil Taylor, heads up his band, Mano, through Thursday, Sept. 23. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 24-26, **ALI** himself will perform with a quintet—bassist Benny Wilson, pianist Charles Eubanks, alto saxophonist James Vass, and baritone saxophonist Hamiet Bluiett. Bluiett will take charge of a quartet Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 28-30, and on Friday, Oct. 1, Ali's quintet will resume its sessions and, in addition, back up bebop vocalist patriarch **EDDIE JEFFERSON**. Music from about ten. Soul food.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** and his exciting septet are here through Saturday, Sept. 25. On Monday, Sept. 27, tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** will arrive with his current group. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-



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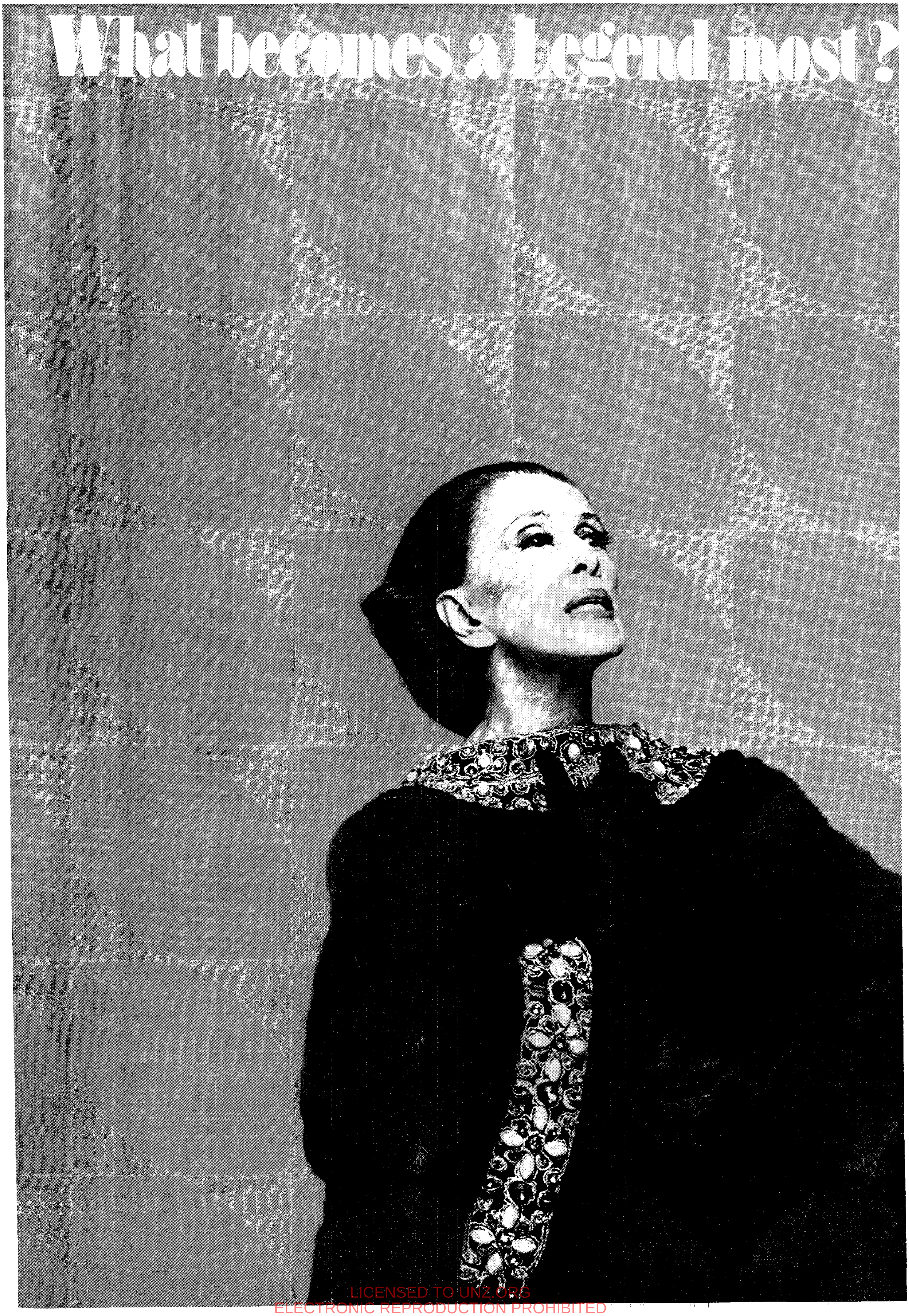

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6300)—Aging wunderkind **TONY WILLIAMS** is seated at his spiffy yellow trap set on Wednesday, Sept. 22, as he fronts his band, Lifetime. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 23-25, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** and bassist **RON CARTER** and their respective quartets will share the bill. Sunday and Monday, Sept. 26-27, singer and guitarist Jon Mark and saxophonist Johnny Almond—known, along with the rest of their band, as the Mark-Almond Band—will come in. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 28-29, bluesman **ALBERT KING** will sing "Cadillac Assembly Line" and other tunes; and on Thursday, Sept. 30, British-blues pioneer John Mayall will bring in his latest group opposite the Rhinestones, a Woodstock rock band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist compete with the talkers Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday chores are handled by Hugh Lawson and bassist Gene Taylor. Music from ten weeknights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar—the name stands for Country, Bluegrass, Blues and Other Music for Uplifting Gourmandizers—presents mostly local, primitive rock bands, with names like Orchestra Luna, City Lights, Talking Heads, Musica Orbis, Milk 'n' Cookies, and Susan. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MARY LOU WILLIAMS**, a Kansas City legend for more than forty years and still a rolling and tumbling pianist, works out with her bassist, Milton Suggs, weeknights. Sundays are given over to pianist and musical historian **DICK HYMAN**. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson will sit in with the regulars. Music from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 26, beginning at eight, **THAD JONES** and **MEL LEWIS** will co-pilot a quintet that will feature baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS**. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** is usually here, working with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a bassist. On Sunday, Sept. 26, Chiasson will collaborate with pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** (on his night off from Bradley's) from five to nine. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **BROOKS KERR**, a twenty-four-year-old stride pianist and Ellingtoniac; **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; and **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. And, weeknights from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. **BARBARA CARROLL**, a strong piano soloist who occasionally seems to take a wild delight in her work, leads a trio through Saturday, Sept. 25. On Monday, Sept. 27, pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, bassist **RON CARTER**, saxophonist and flutist **FRANK WESS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**—who call themselves the New York Jazz Quartet—will begin playing some New York jazz. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**JIMMY MCPARTLAND** upholds tradition while Roy Eldridge is away. He is aided by resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

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Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather on the canopied bandstand from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Rock-riffing violinist Scarlet Rivera and bassist Rob Stoner—both most recently seen on network television on the Bob Dylan show—are here through Friday, Sept. 24, each leading Rolling Thunder Revue-spinoff bands. Singer and composer Otis Blackwell will be at the microphone Saturday through Thursday, Sept. 25-30. On Friday, Oct. 1, folksinger Andy Pratt will take over. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra that plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Martha Schlamme winds up a week's worth of Brecht-Weill interpretations on Sunday, Sept. 26. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, rhythm-and-blues singer Zulema will take the stage. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise its particular lineups, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels fronts a lively quartet; and on Wednesdays and Thursdays, pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ** heads a quartet. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, vibraharpist Vera Auer will lead a trio. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist **JOE PASS** is sequestered here through Sunday, Sept. 26. On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 27-28, John Abercrombie, a young guitarist with a growing following, will sit in with the regulars: bassist Frank Tusa and tabla player Badal Roy. Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will begin a five-night stand on Wednesday, Sept. 29. The hours are from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—thank goodness—unself-conscious young quintet that usually plays a south Boston bar, performs mostly original songs and a couple of Bessie Smith blues at this small, inoffensive cabaret through Saturday, Sept. 25. The group is under the wily musical guidance of pianist and composer Norman Zamcheck and is dominated onstage by Suzy Williams, a funky, twenty-two-year-old version of Sophie Tucker, who wiggles, bounces, flails her arms and legs and head, and makes very strange faces. Miss Williams and her co-workers bring life and humor to the New York cabaret scene. Comedian David Misch, who also comes from Boston, opens for them with a witty, compact act—the fact that a young, aspiring comic does only fifteen minutes or so is an innovation in itself. His routines include a parody of a local newscast, a bit he calls the Dylan Bathroom Tapes, and a pitch for Cat-on-the-Back Disease. Shows at ten and, sometimes, at midnight. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Flutist Bobbi Humphrey and her quintet alternate with drummer **CHICO HAMILTON'S** sextet Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 23-26. **GIL SCOTT-HERON**, a popular black poet, novelist, and purveyor of rhythm-and-blues-with-a-message, will perform with his percussion-rooted band Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 28-Oct. 2. Music from ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**SONNY FORTUNE**, a driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who makes you forget all about Cannonball Adderley and Paul Desmond, finishes up with his quintet on Sunday, Sept. 26. On Tuesday, Sept. 28, **BETTY CARTER**, one of the very few truly improvisational singers, will arrive with the John Hicks trio. On Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** leads his youthful, up-to-date, and rousing big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays through Wednesdays, tenor (four-string) guitarist **TINY GRIMES**, who likes to wear a pompon-topped golf cap, works with a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are reserved for a quintet usually led by ex-Basieites **BUDDY TATE**, Earle Warren, and Paul Quinichette. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Debbie Reynolds—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.

Jelly Roll, Joplin, James P., and Others—A tribute to the jazz immortals, performed by Dick Hyman, Pee Wee Erwin, Milt Hinton, Bob Rosengarden, Vic Dickenson, Johnny Mince, and Carrie Smith. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

The Isley Brothers, Wild Cherry, and **Black Smoke**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8.

Air and **the Oliver Lake Quartet**—Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8.

The Outlaws and **the Ozark Mountain Daredevils**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons and **K. C. and the Sunshine Band**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8.

Dizzy Gillespie's Band and **Eddie Palmieri's Or-**

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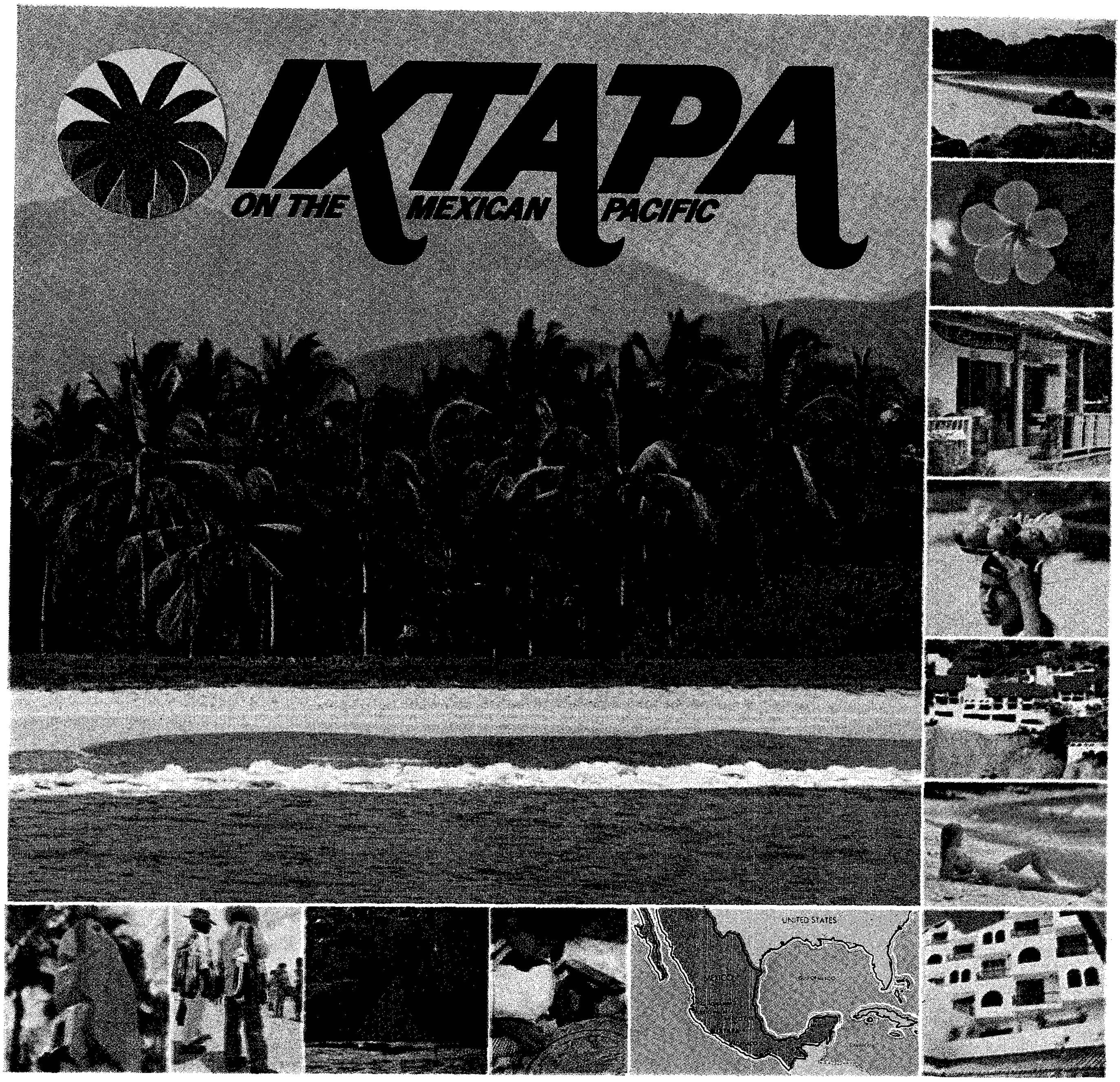

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

CHESTRA—City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ANNA BAK—Small clay-colored ceramic pieces—vases, saucers, jars, and vials, plus representations of figs, leaves, loaves of bread, and so on—nicely turned and arranged in altarlike settings that might have just been discovered in some archeological dig. In fact, a sort of Pompeian aura pervades the whole show. Through Oct. 9. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

FRANCINE BARKAN—Still-lifes and interiors in oil by a woman whose admiration for—and debt to—Matisse could hardly be expressed more frankly. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

SUSAN SADLER HOELTZEL / BANERJEE—Unstretched canvases on which the artist has drawn trompe-l'oeil projecting snags of wire and has pencilled in messages apparently addressed to herself. / What appear to be small bundles of wet wash are sprayed with latex and painted and set forth as sculpture. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

WINSLOW HOMER (1836-1910)—A show of wood engravings and etchings, most of them clipped from the pages of *Harper's Weekly* and rich in genre details, plus one watercolor and one drawing, all from the collection of the Bowdoin College Museum of Art. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Saturday, Sept. 25.)

PIERRE JACQUEMON—Paintings of simple, textured shapes centered on a flat background. Through Oct. 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Open Mondays.)

JOE LASKER—Watercolors from a children's book the artist illustrated. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GRÉGOIRE MÜLLER—Figurative paintings. Through Oct. 13. (Deitcher-O'Reilly, 35 E. 67th St.)

WILBUR NIEWALD—Expertly rendered still-lifes and landscapes by a Kansas City artist who has been moving away from the abstract for the past several years and now paints in a forthright (not to say foursquare) style directly from nature. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: A joint exhibition of paintings and collages by three American artists—Robert Motherwell, Richard Diebenkorn, and Stephen Edlich. Through Oct. 30. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscapes and seascapes by Thomas Hart Benton, Louis M. Eilshemius, and others. Through Oct. 9. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: The current group show here is more or less dominated by the comic linen-mâché figures and the colored drawings of Carol Anthony; a huge (six feet by ten) boulder-strewn seascape in pencil by David Hendricks; and a lively abstract painting on nylon by Frank Faulkner. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by, for instance, Joan Semmel, Arnold Belkin, and Christa Dichgans, plus conceptual pieces by Vito Acconci and Carl Andre. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by gallery regulars. Through Friday, Oct. 1. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: American abstract paintings from the thirties and forties by ten artists, including Ilya Bolotowsky and Alice Trumbull Mason. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: "Scenes of France" is made up of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by Bonnard, Dufy, Pissarro, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Open Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—A show of the works of twelve Japanese artists who live in the New York area, among them Osamu Shimoda, Masayuki Nagare, and Minoru Niizuma. Through Oct. 6. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

NOTE—Some galleries launch the fall season with group shows of works by artists regularly associated with them. A few of these galleries are the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; through Thursday, Sept. 30. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; through Friday, Oct. 1. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.; through Saturday, Oct. 2.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

SHLOMO CASSOS / PATI HILL—Sparse, geometric abstract paintings reflective of desert scenes by a Morocco-born Israeli artist. Through Oct. 14. / Photocopies, some in color, of dressmaker details on collars, underwear, trousers, and so forth. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

HORIA DAMIAN—In a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum, the artist has four sculptures, including a small-scale version of one at the museum, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

TOM FORRESTALL—Highly realistic Nova Scotia landscapes painted in egg tempera on shaped canvases; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

RUTH GIKOW—Paintings and drawings of stage performers, street performers, and other figures of the contemporary New York scene, plus a few flower studies. Through Oct. 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

BUNNY HARVEY—Two recent extended visits to Egypt and studies of its archeology were the inspiration for most of the shapes and symbols in these large and colorful abstract paintings by a young woman who teaches at Wellesley. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT HUDSON—Up until now, this California artist has shown only sculptures here; but this latest exhibit has paintings, drawings, collages, constructions, and ceramics. Through Oct. 22. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

RAFAEL MAHDAVI—Self-portraits of a surrealist cast by an Iranian artist now resident in Paris who paints with developing fluid on a photosensitized linen, which is subsequently given sprayed-on touches of acrylic color. Through Thursday, Sept. 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

DENNIS MASBACK—Large abstract paintings, some of them in several sections; first one-man show in New York. Through Oct. 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

SAM RICHARDSON—A large-scale piece built for the gallery space and made of canvas, pine poles, and nylon lines. Also related works. Through Oct. 16. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK / ANDREW TAVARELLI—Ornate and captivating patterns embroidered in heavy thread and wool yarn on linen canvas in such a way that the designs seem to have grown there, like some magical fungi. / Big geometrical abstract paintings that suggest industrial floor plans; some of them are inset with details from road maps. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BILL TAGGART—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

LARRY ZOX—Large acrylic abstract paintings and a few watercolors; in most of them, the edges of a central field of pale color are nibbled at by rivulets of stronger hues. Through Wednesday, Sept. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Large works by gallery artists William Fares, Howardena Pindell, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, graphics, and a few sculptures by James Rosenquist, Larry Rivers, Marisol, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

SCULPTURE—Seventeen metal pieces from the fifties and sixties, when many sculptors were forsaking mallet and chisel for sledgehammer and acetylene torch and applying recently acquired industrial skills to the exploitation of a rich new artistic mother lode they had discovered in junk piles and automobile graveyards. Among those represented here are Richard Stankiewicz, John Chamberlain, David Smith, and Joseph Goto. Also present are Seymour Lipton and Herbert Ferber, but their beginnings in metalwork lay in dentistry. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CHET AUGUSTINE—Paintings of candy wrappers, crossword-puzzle sheets, wallpaper, and the like, in complex arrangements. Through Thursday, Sept. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

JOSEPH GREENBERG—Paintings of city buildings, people, and local beaches, by an Expressionist. Through Oct. 7. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

MARCIA HAFIF—Pencil drawings that take up the entire surface. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

MARY HEILMANN—Squares or rectangles of the brightest of primary colors, framed in broad bands of another, equally bright, primary—an arrangement that, in this artist's hands, seems to build up more power than the simple sum of its parts. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

GAREY RIESTER—Sixty large mug shots of artists, mostly contemporary, copied from photographs with an airbrush by a painter who plans in this manner to catalogue the six hundred or more artists who have contributed to his aesthetic knowledge. Through Wednesday, Sept. 29. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

MIRIAM SCHAPIRO AND MARYANN HARMON—Paintings. Through Oct. 12. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

JOSEPH SHANNON—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 7. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

ALEX SIBURNEY—Last time around, this Photo-Realist artist was making big enlargements of other people's vacation postcards. Now he is painting, in loving detail, souvenir plates picked up in various states of the Union. (He dropped the one from Florida and broke it, so we must make do with a painting of the collected fragments.) Through Oct. 9. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

NANCY SPERO—In protest against people who torture other people for political reasons, this artist created a ribbonlike screed of slogans, quotations, and sketchy drawings—a hundred and fifty feet of protest—which runs all the way around the gallery's walls. Through Oct. 6. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

GROUP SHOW—Among other things, the gallery has on view true-to-life sculptures of clothed human figures by Duane Hanson, and painted aluminum panels by Fred Spratt. Through Oct. 9. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

ABE ALLEN—Startling juxtapositions are the dominant theme of this group of skillful collages (photomontages, really), one of which—a minor triumph of eclecticism—pieces together bits of Utrillo, Bruegel, van Gogh, Caleb Bingham, Picasso, Poussin, and Eakins into a single, harmonious composition. Through Tuesday, Sept. 28. (Roko, 90 East 10th St. Opens at noon.)

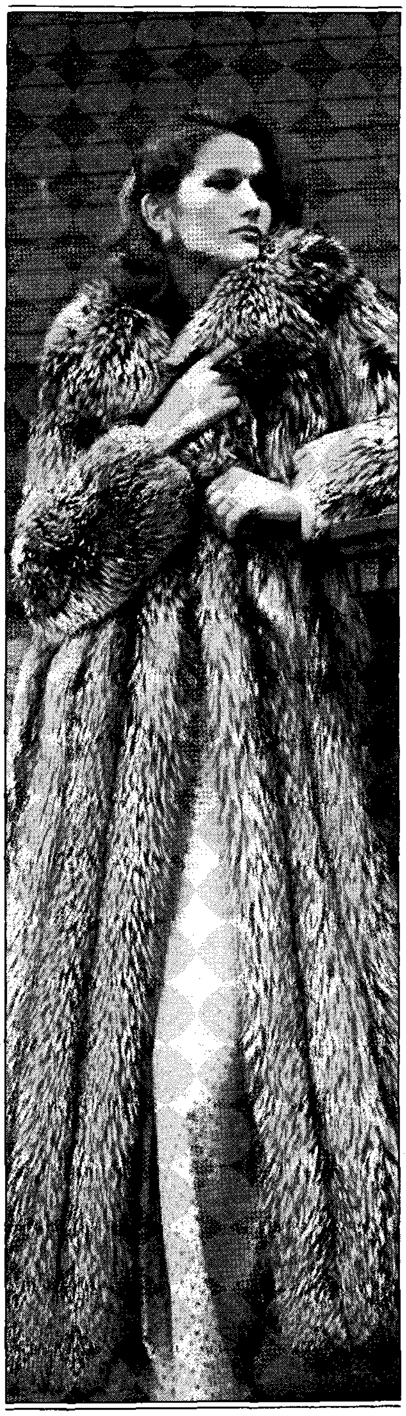
PETER BERG—This New York artist has built, from Sheetrock over a plywood frame, a large-scale environmental piece that the viewer is invited to inspect first-hand. Through Saturday, Oct. 2. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

RICHARD FLEISCHNER—A hundred-foot-long outdoor sculpture built at the site which consists of a wooden bridgelike structure covered with earth and finished with sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

BATTERY PARK'S CASTLE CLINTON—Alice Baber, Seena Donneson, Sari Dienes, Joyce Weinstein, Dorothy Gillespie, and Susan Weil are each exhibiting three painted cylinders that viewers can roll. Through Thursday, Sept. 30. (Daily, 9 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BRASSAÏ—More than a hundred and fifty photographs of Parisian bistro and cabaret life in



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the thirties by the renowned Hungarian-born photographer. Through Oct. 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT—A retrospective of photographs from the last fifty years by the veteran *Life* photographer. Through Oct. 16. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

NICHOLAS NIXON—Pictures taken with a view camera, including a score of high-vantage-point photographs of Boston. Through Oct. 5. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

W. EUGENE SMITH / ELLI MARCUS—A selection of photographs that includes reportage of the Second World War and picture essays done for *Life* magazine, along with some works that have never been exhibited before. / Portraits (most of them of theatre personalities), mainly from the twenties and thirties, by the German-born photographer. Through Oct. 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Pioneer Photographers of Brazil: 1840-1920," a show of more than a hundred and fifty pictures, half of them taken by Marc Ferrez, and the rest by fourteen other indigenous photographers. Through Nov. 14. A smaller group of pictures of Brazil by the same photographers is on view at the Neikrug Gallery (see below). (*Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.*) . . . **HELIOS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Nudes and still-lifes are the theme of this historical exhibit of more than a hundred prints, with earliest examples by W. H. Fox Talbot and Eadweard Muybridge, and the latest examples by Lilo Raymond and Joseph Sudek. The works of Strand, Weston, and Man Ray are, of course, included. Through Nov. 6. . . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: "E Pluribus Unum/From Many One" is an exhibit of photographs by amateurs and professionals, participants in a nationwide competition marking this country's two-hundredth birthday. Through Oct. 10. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: A group of prints by Rosalind Solomon that includes a series on doll heads. Through Oct. 16. / Pictures of Brazil, *these taken from* the larger collection on exhibit at the Center for Inter-American Relations. Through Nov. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of ninety drawings (landscapes, genre scenes, and portraits) by Europeans, among them Rembrandt, Delacroix, and Gainsborough, from the Robert Lehman collection, many of which have not previously been on view. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Nicely juxtaposed to the European show is an exhibit of fifty-seven prints, all done in the sixties and seventies by American artists, including Jasper Johns, Claes Oldenburg, Helen Frankenthaler, and James Rosenquist. Through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of drawings by American and European painters and sculptors (Charles Burchfield, Man Ray, Picasso, and Modigliani among them) covering the years 1919 to 1939. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Eleven bronze studies (exhibited indoors) for Rodin's "Monument *to* Balzac," which *is permanently lo*cated in the museum's sculpture garden. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ A show of twenty-five flags that won a recent nationwide flag competition. A third of the flag designers are from Virginia. Through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Photographs by Nicholas Nixon. Through Oct. 5. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 *Fifth* Ave., at *89th* St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ A single large-scale work, by Horia Damian, of styrofoam covered with luminous yellow paper spheres, plus related drawings. Through Oct. 10. A complementary show is at the Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures from the John D. Rockefeller 3rd collection of American art. The dates of the works range from the Colonial period to the present, but the nineteenth century (Hicks, Chase, Bingham, Johnson, etc.) claims the largest share. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Remnants of the historical survey of American sculpture can be seen through Sunday, Sept. 26. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, *noon to 6.)*

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by artists who use nontraditional mediums. For instance, Don Celender exhibits documents that give the results of a survey of attitudes toward the arts, and Gordon Matta-Clark shows a film of underground structures in New York City. Through Oct. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A documentation of the Lubavitcher Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights by photographer Mal Warshaw. Through Nov. 28. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such nonpareils as a diamond necklace made up of about five hundred diamonds to the order of King George III in 1776, the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A life-size female deity carved from a single block of wood and a bronze mirror fragment, both from the eleventh century, are part of an exhibition, called "Shinto Arts," on loan from shrines, temples, museums, and private collectors in Japan. Through Oct. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Press Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) A complement to this show is a display of Morris's wallpaper patterns at the Reinhold-Brown Gallery, 26 E. 78th St.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—More than fifty prints by Josef Albers, with examples from his entire career (1888-1976). Through Oct. 4. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of realist paintings depicting contemporary Indians, by Paul Collins. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7459 and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Kathleen Hegierski, William Harness, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys Fowles, Kenneth Collins, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," *with* Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 1: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Henry Price, James Billings, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 7: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, John Alexander, Reid Bunger, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 1: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Faye Robinson, Ermanno

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 26, at 7: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Richard Fredricks, James Billings, and Gary Glaze; Lloyd Walser. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Kathleen Hegierski, William Harness, and Dominic Cossa; John Miner. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8: "The Makropoulos Affair" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Taylor, David Clatworthy, and Nico Castel; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Belle Hélène" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Puli Toro, Henry Price, James Billings, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8: A new production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Hollander," with Johanna Meier, Diane Curry, Guillermo Sarabia, and Spiro Malas; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 1: "Die Meistersinger" (in English), with Betty Jones, Sandra Walker, John Alexander, and Jerold Siena; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—The first three in a "Mahlermonth" of nine concerts. Sunday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Fifth Symphony and "Songs of a Wayfarer," with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 1, at 8:30: James Levine directing the Second Symphony, with Carol Neblett and Jessye Norman, sopranos, and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8:30: James Levine conducting the Sixth Symphony; no soloists.

Teatro alla Scala—Claudio Abbado directing the orchestra and chorus of La Scala Opera of Milan in a benefit performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Shirley Verrett, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Veriano Luchetti, tenor; and Ruggero Raimondi, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 582-7500.)

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Leonard Bernstein conducting a benefit concert, with Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

Polish National Radio Symphony Orchestra—Jerzy Maksymiuk conducting, with Piotr Paleczny, piano, and Roman Jablonski, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

Yale Philharmonia Orchestra—Jussi Jalas conducting an all-Sibelius concert, with Taru Valjakka, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Alexis Hauser conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 1, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a program of American choral music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

RECITALS

Edward Auer—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Nikhil Banerjee—Sitar, with Zakir Hussain, tabla. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Beverly Somach—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 26, at 3.)

Carla Hübner—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

Malcolm W. Smith—Oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

Raymond Lewenthal—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Aldo Ciccolini—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 5:30 (twinight doubleheader), and Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Oct. 1, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 26, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 27-28, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 7:05.

Professional Basketball—Nets vs. Knicks, exhibition game. (Nassau Coliseum. Thursday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

Boxing—Muhammad Ali vs. Ken Norton, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. Tuesday, Sept. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**FRIDAY, SEPT. 24**: Fordham vs. Widener, at Fordham, at 8, and Pennsylvania vs. Lehigh, at Philadelphia, at 8. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 25** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. North Carolina, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Marist, at Gaelic Park. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **FRIDAY, OCT. 1**: Fordham vs. Kings Point, at Fordham, at 8. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 2**: Army vs. Stanford, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Brooklyn, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . *¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30.* . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Cornell, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Lehigh, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Sept. 26: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami.

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, Sept. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Monday, Sept. 27, at 7:30. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Sept. 29, at 8:05.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 23. The Matron, Wednesday, Sept. 22; the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 25; the Cowdin, Monday, Sept. 27; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 29; and the Marlboro Cup Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:15, and Saturdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Oct. 21.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Bryant Park Flower Show—Included will be exhibits by the Horticultural Society of New York, the Garden Clubs of America, and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, from 10 to 5:30, and Sunday, Oct. 3, from 10 to 3.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Sept. 23, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles, jades, ceramics, and other works of art; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 2, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 25.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 2 elections will be Saturday, Oct. 2, and Tuesday, Oct. 5, from 1 P.M. to 9 P.M.

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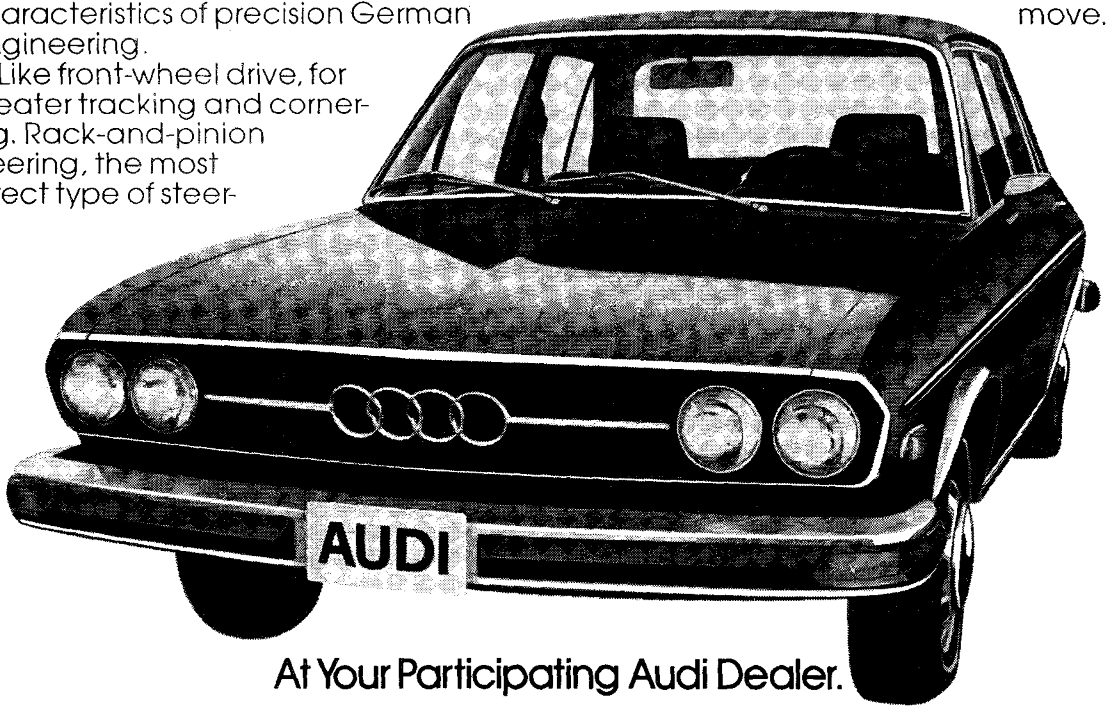

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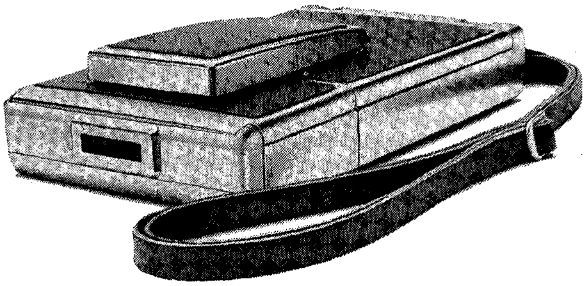

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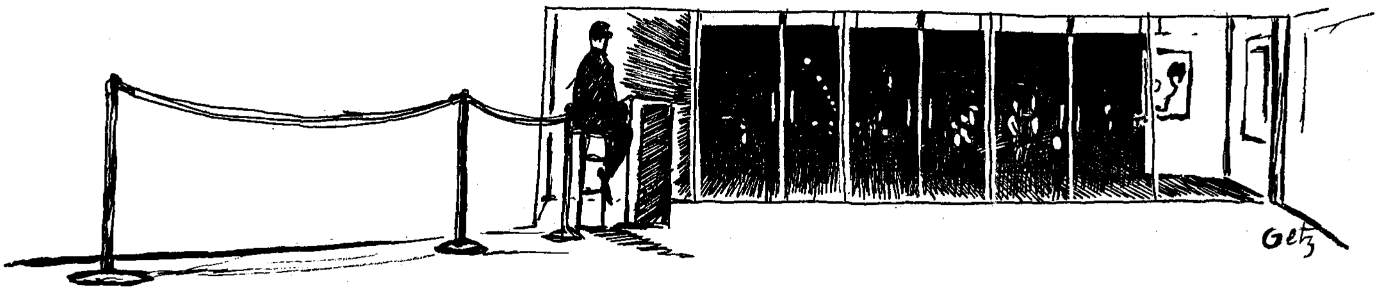


EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Silent Movie."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 28: "Midway" and "Family Plot."
From Sept. 29: "Gator" and "White Lightning."

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through Sept. 28: "St. Ives" and "Class of '44."
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 28: "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Wizard of Oz."
From Sept. 29: "Murder by Death."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"America at the Movies."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Mad Dog."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Adventures of Robin Hood" and "Captain Blood."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Sept. 25: "The Clockmaker."
From Sept. 26: "Sunday Woman."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"America at the Movies."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bugsy Malone."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Sept. 28: "Obsession."
From Sept. 29 at 8: "The Front." (Opening *night by invitation only.*)

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Idi Amin Dada."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Sept. 23: "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings."
From Sept. 24: "Smile Orange."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Sept. 22: "King Kong."
From Sept. 23: "The Spirit of the Beehive."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Ritz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Silent Movie."

First Avenue Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through Sept. 28: "Midway" and "Family Plot."
From Sept. 29: "Tunnelvision" and another feature, to be announced.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Sept. 23: "St. Ives."
From Sept. 24: "Sex with a Smile."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Icy Breasts."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"America at the Movies."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 25: "My Friends."
From Sept. 26: "Keetje Tippel."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Mad Dog."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 28: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."
From Sept. 29: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 28: "The Return of a Man Called Horse."
From Sept. 29: "Norman . . . Is That You?"

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Sept. 23: "J. D.'s Revenge."
From Sept. 24: "Smile Orange."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Street People."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Face to Face."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Sept. 28: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Lenny."
From Sept. 29: "Lady Sings the Blues."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 28: "The Return of a Man Called Horse."
From Sept. 29: "Burnt Offerings."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 28: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away." From Sept. 29: "The Shootist" and "Three Days of the Condor."
Theatre 2: "Alpha Beta."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 28: "The Man Who Fell to Earth." From Sept. 29: "Mad Dog."
Theatre 4: "The Clockmaker."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 28: "Billy Jack."
From Sept. 29: "Where the Red Fern Grows."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Paper Tiger."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 28: "The Return of a Man Called Horse."
From Sept. 29 (tentative): "Solaris."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Edvard Munch."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 28: "Survive!" and "Hustle."
From Sept. 29: "The Outlaw Josey Wales" and "Magnum Force."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Obsession."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"America at the Movies."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 26: Festival of Women's Films.
Sept. 27-28: "The Servant" and "Fists in the Pocket."
Sept. 29-30: "Knife in the Water" and "The Fiancés."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 23: "Zig-Zig."
From Sept. 24: "Seven Beauties" and "Swept Away."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "Street People." From Sept. 24: "Sex with a Smile."
Theatre 2: "My Pleasure Is My Business" and "The Happy Hooker."
Theatre 3: "Face to Face."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 28: "The Clockmaker."
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Return of a Man Called Horse."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"*Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others.*"

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 28: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" and "Barbarella."
From Sept. 29: "Tunnelvision" and another feature, to be announced.

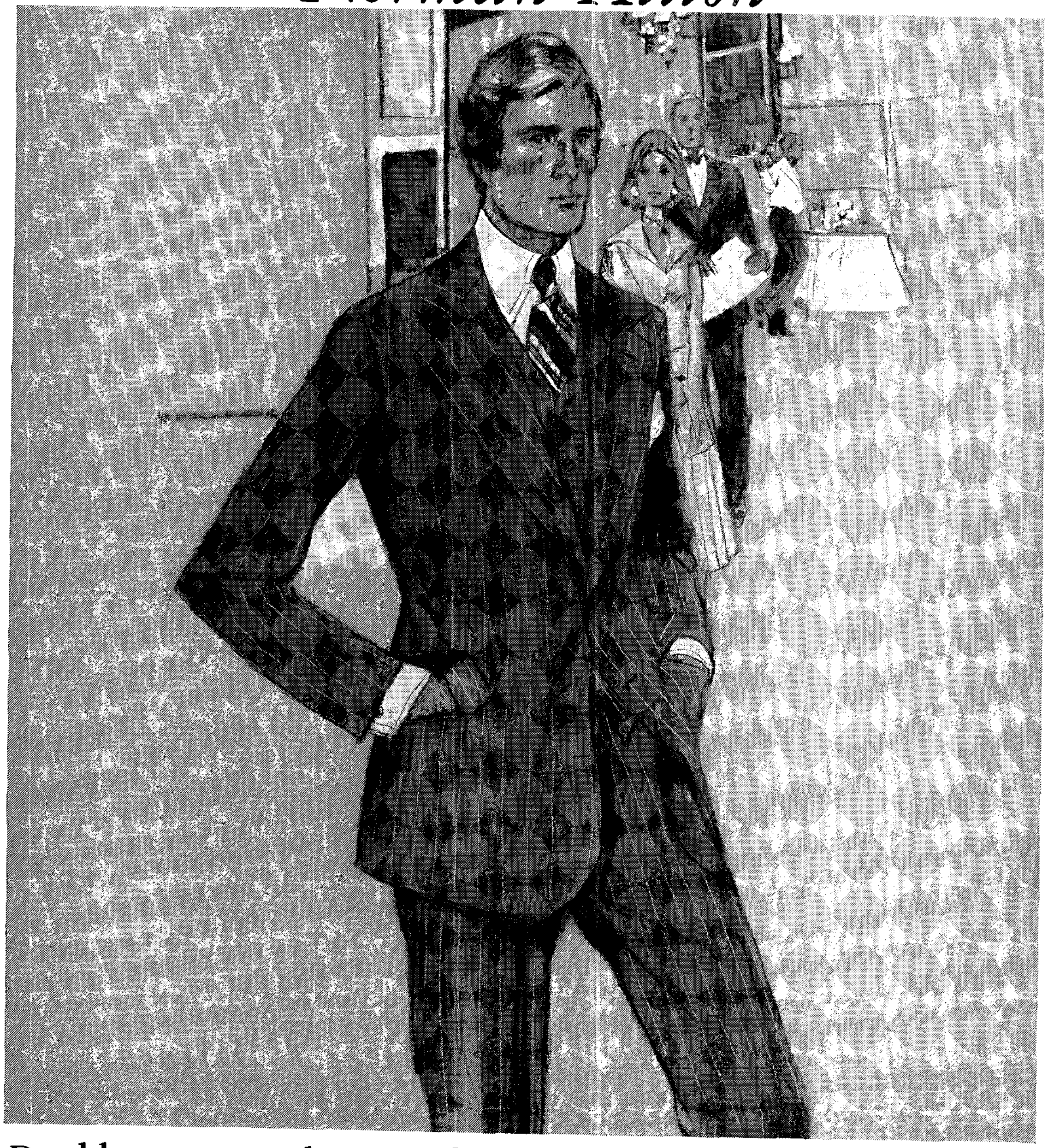
REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 22: "Two Daughters" (1961), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray; and "Distant Thunder" (1973), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray, with Soumitra Chatterji.
Sept. 23: "Rancho Notorious" (1952), directed by Fritz Lang, with Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.
Sept. 24: "Puzzle of a Downfall Child" (†) and "La Notte." (†)
Sept. 25: "Bonnie and Clyde" (†); and "Boxcar Bertha" (1972), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Barbara Hershey and David Carradine.
Sept. 26: "La Femme Infidèle" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet; and "Le Boucher" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne.
Sept. 27: "Intolerance." (†)
Sept. 28: "The Daisies" (†); and "Something Different" (1963), in Czech, directed by Věra Chytilová.
Sept. 29: "Open City" (1944), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani; and "Shoe-Shine." (†)
Sept. 30: "The Lady from Shanghai" (†); and "The Immortal Story" (1968), directed by Orson Welles, with Jeanne Moreau.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 22: "Lucia" (1974), in Spanish, directed by Humberto Solas; and "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, with Sergio Corrieri.
Sept. 23: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (1971), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; and "Une Femme Douce" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Dominique Sanda and Guy Frangin.
Sept. 24: "A Face in the Crowd" (†); and "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.
Sept. 25: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Sympathy for the Devil." (†)
Sept. 26: "Carefree" (1938), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy; and "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (1939), directed by

Norman Hilton



Doubloon, a British worsted of star quality. Tailored by Norman Hilton into a suit that preserves all the fashion amenities while, in a perfectly gentlemanly way, you steal the scene.

Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. LT 1-1370

WOVEN IN THE BRITISH ISLES
CERTIFICATION TRADE MARK

H. C. Potter, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, and Marge Champion.

Sept. 27: "The Great Madcap" (1949; "El Gran Calavera"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel in Mexico; and "Los Olvidados" (1952; "The Young and the Damned"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel.

Sept. 28: "You and Me" (†) and "The Threepenny Opera." (†)

Sept. 29: "My Life to Live" (1962), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina; and "Klute." (†)

Sept. 30: "The Bitter Tears of Petra van Kant" (†) and "Les Biches." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 25: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr.

Sept. 26-28: "Footlight Parade" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler; and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney and Walter Huston.

From Sept. 29: "To Have and Have Not" (1944) and "The Big Sleep" (1946), both films directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Sept. 22: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956) and "Samurai Saga" (1959), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 23: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

Sept. 24: "Love and Death" (1975), "Sleeper" (1973), and "Take the Money and Run" (1969), all films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Sept. 25: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Sept. 26: "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny (X-rated).

Sept. 27: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen; and "The Battle of Love's Return" (1971), directed by, and with, Lloyd Kaufman.

Sept. 28: "She Done Him Wrong" (†) and "I'm No Angel." (†)

Sept. 29: "Sanjuro" (1963) and "Yojimbo" (1962), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Sept. 30 (one showing only, at 2): "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophuls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 25: "Christopher Strong" (†); and "A Woman Rebels" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall, Van Heflin, and Donald Crisp.

Sept. 26-28: "Spitfire" (†) and "Alice Adams." (†)

From Sept. 29: "The Little Minister" (†) and "Morning Glory." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 22: "Diplomaniacs" (1933), "Cracked Nuts" (1931), and "Kentucky Kernels" (1934), all films with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Sept. 23-25: "Tomorrow Is Forever" (1946), directed by Irving Pichel, with Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles, and George Brent; and "Jane Eyre." (†)

Sept. 26-27: "Rockabye" (†) and "What Price Hollywood." (†)

Sept. 28-29: "The Uninvited" (1944), directed by Lewis Allen, with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell; and "Supernatural" (1933), directed by Victor Halperin, with Carole Lombard and Randolph Scott.

From Sept. 30: To be announced.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 23 at 2:30: "Mad Wednesday" (1947), directed by Preston Sturges, with Harold Lloyd, Frances Ramsden, and Raymond Walburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6: "Without Love" (1945), directed by Harold S. Bucquet, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball, and Keenan Wynn. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 8:30 and Sept. 24 at 2:30: "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Jack Benny, Priscilla Lane, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, and Edmund Gwenn; and "It's in the Bag" (1945), directed by Richard Wallace, with Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Binnie Barnes, and William Bendix. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6: "Easy to Wed" (1946), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Lucille Ball, and Keenan Wynn. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at noon: "The Time of Their Lives" (1946), directed by Charles Barton, with Abbott and Costello, Marjorie Reynolds, and Binnie Barnes. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 2:30: "Life with Father" (1947), directed by Michael Curtiz, with William Powell, Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, and Jimmy Lydon. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 5: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948), directed by Preston Sturges, with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Rudy Vallée, and Barbara Lawrence. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at noon: "Sitting Pretty" (1948), directed by Walter Lang, with Clifton Webb, Robert Young, Maureen O'Hara, and Richard Haydn. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2:30: "Mad Wednesday." . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 5: "An Anthology of the Italian Cinema: The Silent Film (1896-1926)" (1955), made by the Cineteca Nazionale and Cineteca Italiana; English narration. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at noon: "So This Is New York" (1948), directed by Richard Fleischer, with Henry Morgan, Virginia Grey, and Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 2:30: "Everybody Does It" (1949), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Celeste Holm, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "It Happened on Fifth Avenue" (1947), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Don Defore, Ann Harding, Charles Ruggles, and Victor Moore. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at noon: "The Senator Was Indiscreet" (1947), directed by George S. Kaufman, with William Powell, Ella Raines, Peter Lind Hayes, and Arleen Whelan. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2:30: "It Happened on Fifth Avenue." . . . ¶ Sept 28 at 6: "So This Is New York." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Sailor Beware" (1952), directed by Hal Walker, with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, and Corinne Calvert. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "The Senator Was Indiscreet." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 8:30: "Miss Tatlock's Millions" (1948), directed by Richard Haydn, with John Lund, Wanda Hendrix, Monty Woolley, and Robert Stack. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Sept. 26: "Tuskegee Subject #626" (1976), directed by Leroy McDonald, with Robertearle Jones and Paulene Myers; and "Blood's Way" (1972), directed by Stan Taylor, with Tracy Reed and Leroy McDonald. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 30: "Video Trans Americas" (1976), directed by Juan Downey. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Buñuel, Bresson, Kaplan, Dreyer, Cocteau, and others. Showings Sept. 22 at 8; Sept. 23-24 at 7 and 9; Sept. 25 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Sept. 26 at 8; and Sept. 28-30 at 7 and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films; stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. With Errol Flynn slinging a deer across his shoulders, almost impossibly pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and, for villainy, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz and William Keighley directed; Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score. (Sutton.)

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Regency; Sept. 26-28.)

Alpha Beta—Rachel Roberts and Albert Finney in a fine film by Anthony Page, taken from E. A. Whitehead's play about an English suburban marriage. Finney, as Mr. Elliot, is unable to stop himself from uttering scabrous barbs; Miss Roberts, as Mrs. Elliot, is unable to abandon the moroseness that she knows will irritate him. Small rows, puny victories. The director makes us see their ambitions for a better life, their vast hopes, their unwitting villainies and small vanities. A first-rate film, thrillingly acted, beautifully written. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/9/76.) (Quad Cinema.)

America at the Movies—A two-hour compilation of films prepared by the American Film Institute. (Murray Hill, Plaza, Beekman, and Paramount.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Olympia; through Sept. 28.)

Les Biches (1968)—Saint-Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (Guild; through Sept. 28.)

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings—With Billy Dee Williams, James Earl Jones, and Richard Pryor; directed by John Badham. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; through Sept. 23.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, aged thirty-one, writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians that is furnished with elegance but sustained by deep and primitive power of sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious: great talent is often a sort of cheek. In German. (6/14/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (72nd Street East; through Sept. 28.)

Bugsy Malone—A musical about New York City gangsters in the late twenties, with all the roles being played by young performers, including Jodie Foster, Scott Baio, Florrie Dugger, and John Cassisi. Directed by Alan Parker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

Burnt Offerings—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (Greenwich; starting Sept. 29.)

Captain Blood (1935)—Flynn swashing his buckle for the first time. He plays a doctor pressed into becoming a pirate, spliced up for a time with Basil Rathbone but enamored of the very genteel Olivia de Havilland. (Sutton.)

Christopher Strong (1933)—An arch, high-strung, sickeningly noble Katharine Hepburn movie, but one of the rare movies told from a woman's sexual point of view. Directed by Dorothy Arzner from a screenplay by Zoë Akins, it's the story of a record-breaking English aviatrix who falls in love with a distinguished political figure (Colin Clive). As soon as they go to bed together, he insists—late on the very first night—that she not fly in the contest she is entered in. It's the intelligent woman's primal post-coital scene. In movies, this primal scene has never been played out satisfactorily; the woman always gives in, either in the paste-up screwball style that provided the fake resolutions of the forties, or, as in this picture, fatally. (The heroine commits suicide.) The film was a flop, but it's not one that independent-minded women can easily forget. Hepburn is exquisitely gaunt and boyish in her sleek, high-fashion gowns, including one that she says makes her look like a moth. It does; the film is a moth-and-flame story. With Billie Burke, Ralph Forbes, Helen Chandler, and Jack La Rue. (Regency; through Sept. 25.)

Class of '44 (1973)—With Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser, directed by Paul Bogart. (12th St. Cinema; through Sept. 28.)

The Clockmaker—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grown-up son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. A splendid, sober film. In French. (8/9/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Sept. 28.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings, full of Rabelaisian cheer. Finely acted by people whom the director has helped to embody a mixture of the droll and the fragile. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

The Daisies (1966)—A delicately balmy and freewheeling piece of Czech slapstick about two ravishing teen-age girls leading lives of hedonism and chatter in a world bounded by hair curlers, men, bikini underclothes, and looming, enthralling food. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now, like his BBC film about the Battle of Culloden. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his strength of feeling about the intimacy he fiercely longed for but thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (8/20/76) (Festival.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema, and First Avenue Cinema; through Sept. 28.)

Festival of Women's Films—A number of films produced, written, and/or directed by women. Five or six entries a day will be shown, starting at noon, seven days a week, through Sunday, Sept. 26. The schedule is complicated; the best idea is to call the box office: 877-4040. (Cinema Studio.)

The Fiancés (1963)—A wonderfully sweet-natured film about a long-distance engagement between poor young people in Italy, made by Ermanno Olmi, who directed a masterpiece with the same tone, "Il Posto." Piercingly detailed, funny, dead true. In Italian. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 29-30.)

Fists in the Pocket (1967)—This first film by Marco Bellocchio must surely be one of the most astonishing directorial débuts in the history of movies, yet it is hard to know how to react to it. The direction is exhilaratingly cool and assured, and the whole movie is charged with temperament, but the material is wild. It's about a bourgeois family of diseased monsters; epileptic fits multiply between bouts of matricide, fratricide, and incest. The material is so savage that the movie often seems intended to be funny, but *why* it was so intended isn't clear. It features the best strange-brother-and-sister act since "Les Enfants Terribles": Lou Castel, with his pug-dog manner, and Paola Pitagora, looking like a debauched gazelle. In Italian. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 27-28.)

The Front—With Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi; directed by Martin Ritt. (Coronet; starting Sept. 29 at 8. Opening night by invitation only.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Reynolds. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 29.)

The Happy Hooker (1975)—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. He's a romantic-liberal Dirty Harry in this sloshy melodrama, which is caught between the pulpy weltschmerz of the writer, Steve Shagan, and the harshness of the director, Robert Aldrich. When Aldrich tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (Playboy; through Sept. 28.)

Icy Breasts—With Alain Delon and Mireille Darc, directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (Columbia II.)

Idi Amin Dada (1974)—A documentary about the Ugandan General. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably her best film, certainly one of her funniest. (Elgin; Sept. 28.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. In it one can see the source of most of the major traditions of the screen—the methods of Eisenstein and von Stroheim, the Germans and the Scandinavians, and, when it's bad, De Mille. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23-25.)

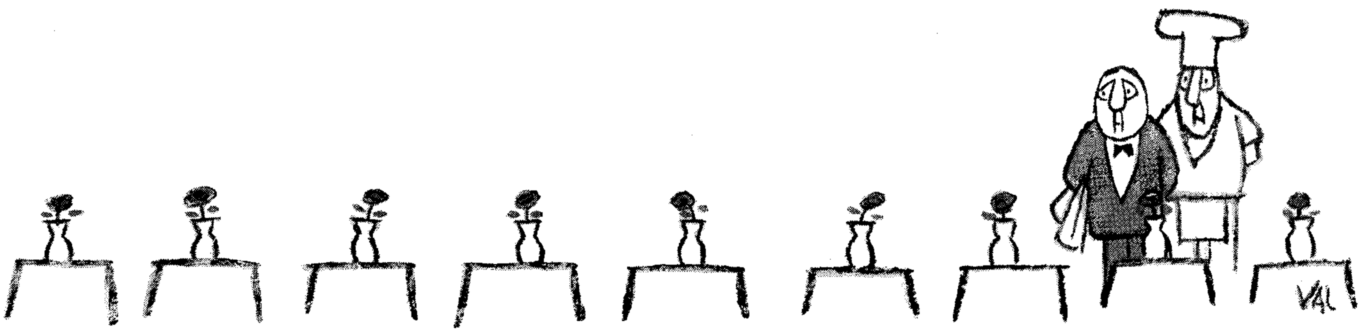
J. D.'s Revenge—With Glynn Turman, Lou Gossett, and Joan Pringle; directed by Arthur Marks. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Sept. 23.)

Keetje Tippel—With Monique van de Ven, directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 26.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. This original version is destined to be withdrawn shortly because of the remake. (D. W. Griffith; Sept. 22.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder-melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 29.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man,



his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 29-30.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 30.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 29.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 28.)

The Little Minister (1934)—This R.K.O. picture was one of the movies that helped make Katharine Hepburn box-office poison in the mid-thirties. Five writers are credited with adapting the James M. Barrie material (which probably means that at least twenty-five worked on it), and there's no consistency to the results, but for about a third of the picture Hepburn pretends to be a wild gypsy girl, and she's enchanting in this section. The rest is barely tolerable. Richard Wallace directed, and John Beal is the hero. With Donald Crisp, Andy Clyde, and Beryl Mercer. (Regency; starting Sept. 29.)

Mad Dog—With Dennis Hopper as Daniel Morgan, a nineteenth-century bandit in the Australian outback. Directed by Philippe Mora. (34th St. East, and Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 29.)

Magnum Force (1973)—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as af-

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fectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (Playboy; starting Sept. 29.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Sept. 29.)

Midway—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. (St. Marks Cinema, and First Avenue Cinema; through Sept. 28.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Regency; starting Sept. 29.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Gramercy; starting Sept. 29.)

My Friends—An Italian film about friendship—a salute to male camaraderie, bravery in mufti, benevolence to friends' failings. Philippe Noiret plays one of the quartet of friends—a poached-egg-eyed crime reporter. Directed by Pietro Germi and, after his death, by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (7/26/76) (68th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 25.)

Norman . . . Is That You?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (86th St. East; starting Sept. 29.)

La Notte (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful: his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. They are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems an empty pose. Mastroianni plays a blank-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitti is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a Daddi in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Sept. 28.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 28.)

The Outlaw Josey Wales—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Playboy; starting Sept. 29.)

Paper Tiger—With David Niven, Toshiro Mifune, and Hardy Krüger, and with Ivan Desny and Jeff Corey. Directed by Ken Annakin. (Music Hall.)

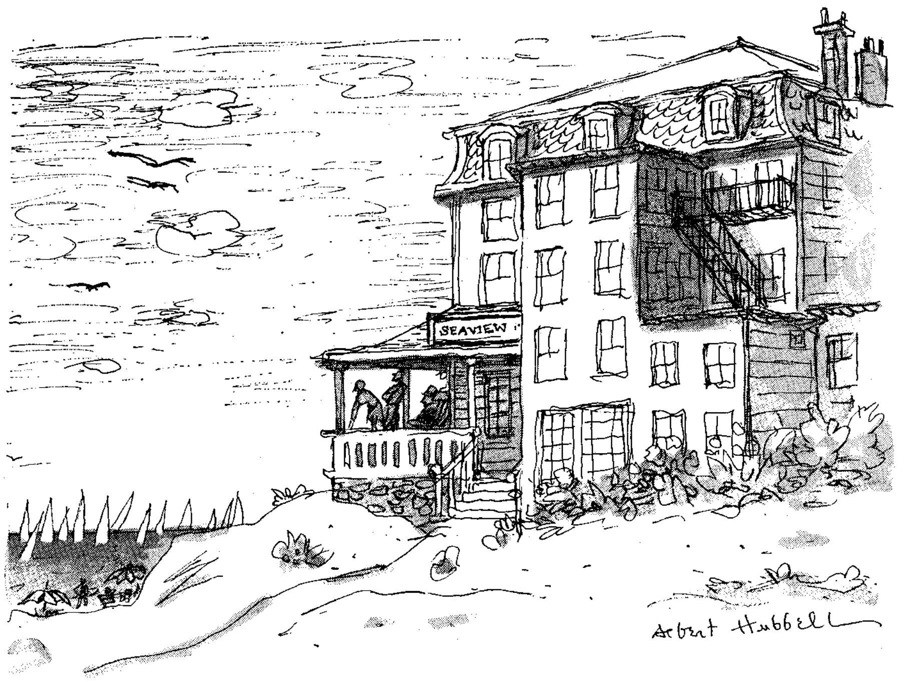
Puzzle of a Downfall Child (1971)—The high-flown chic of soullessness, with Faye Dunaway as a fashion model who falls apart. The script (by Carol Eastman) is reminiscent of her script for "Five Easy Pieces," but Jerry Schatzberg has directed it in a hysterical, fractured style. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

The Return of a Man Called Horse—Richard Harris as an English peer who becomes the blood brother of a Sioux tribe. Directed by Irvin Kershner. There is much patronage about the white man's role as savior of natives in distress, much repulsive dwelling on initiatory torture, much bovine acting, and much, much bad illustrative music. (8/16/76) (Symphony. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Ziegfeld; through Sept. 28.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Cinema I.)

Rockabye (1932)—As in rockabye baby. Constance Bennett, it may be recalled, was the thirties' leading interpreter of sinners with babies. This isn't much of a movie, but at least she doesn't drudge and suffer this time; she's a stage star with a glamorous existence, and in the best scene, a suitor fills her boudoir with balloons. George Cukor directed from a negligible script; he doesn't appear to have been able to keep several of the performers from competitive bouts of overacting—a key offender is Jobyna Howland as the heroine's alcoholic mother. With Joel McCrea, Paul Lukas, Walter Pidgeon, Walter Catlett, and Sterling Holloway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 26-27.)

St. Ives—With Charles Bronson, John Houseman, Jacqueline Bisset, and Maximilian Schell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Co-



lumbia I; through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema; through Sept. 28.)

The Servant (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption abovestairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 27-28.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 24.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Elgin; Sept. 28.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for black-marketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 29.)

The Shootist—A Western, with John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, directed by Don Siegel. (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 29.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Art, and Cinema II.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Gramercy; through Sept. 28.)

Smile Orange—A Jamaican film, with Carl Bradshaw, directed by Trevor D. Rhone. Occasional subtitles for the Jamaican dialect. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Sept. 24.)

Solaris—A sci-fi film, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky. In Russian. (Ziegfeld; starting Sept. 29, tentative.)

The Spirit of the Beehive—Directed by Victor Erice. In Spanish. (D. W. Griffith; starting Sept. 23.)

Spitfire (1934)—Not Katharine Hepburn's finest hour. Directed by John Cromwell; with Robert Young (and was that a mistake!). (Regency; Sept. 26-28.)

Street People—With Roger Moore and Stacy Keach, directed by Maurice Lucidi. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 23.)

Sunday Woman—With Marcello Mastroianni, Jacqueline Bisset, and Jean-Louis Trintignant; directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Fine Arts; starting Sept. 26.)

Survive!—A Mexican film (in English) based on the survival of the Uruguayan soccer team whose airplane crashed in the Andes in 1972. (Playboy; through Sept. 28.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 24.)

Sympathy for the Devil (1968)—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. Also called "One Plus One." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 25.)

Three Days of the Condor (1975)—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it, and it's empty, like "The Parallax View," so that you may come out feeling depressed or angry. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 29.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Tunnelvision—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (First Avenue Cinema, and Olympia; starting Sept. 29.)

Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in a story about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. The director, Claude Sautet, is a wizard at juggling and balancing the complex "Dinner at Eight" situation, and he's got the control and refinement of a master—the film moves rhythmically, as if it were a melancholy, romantic tune. Yet it's a blandly, mathematically tragic, almost congratulatory view of middle-class resilience; Sautet seems to have put his craft on the screen and left himself out. In French. (3/15/76) (Thalia.)

What Price Hollywood (1932)—The story line of this film, directed by George Cukor for the producer, David O. Selznick, is basically the same as that of Selznick's later "A Star Is Born" (1937), which he admitted was a reworking of this material. (Cukor got back to the material when he directed the 1954 version of "A Star Is Born.") Constance Bennett is a waitress at the Brown Derby who meets a brilliant alcoholic director (Lowell Sherman); she rises to fame as his career collapses. Sherman probably patterned his interpretation on the self-destructive drinking of his brother-in-law John Barrymore. Many of the scenes are like sketches for scenes in the later versions, but this film has its own interest, especially because of its glimpses into the studio world at the time. With Neil Hamilton, Gregory Ratoff, Louise Beavers, and Eddie Anderson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 26-27.)

Where the Red Fern Grows—With James Whitmore and Beverly Garland, directed by Norman Tokar. (Guild; starting Sept. 29.)

White Lightning (1973)—With Burt Reynolds, directed by Joseph Sargent. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 29.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Gramercy; through Sept. 28.)

You and Me (1938)—A paroled convict (Sylvia Sidney) gives a lecture at the blackboard in which she proves to an abashed group of thugs that crime does not pay; damned if they don't reform. The hero of this botched gangster-comedy fairy tale is George Raft, also a paroled convict, and he and Sylvia Sidney get into trouble because they get married. Bertolt Brecht had great influence on the director, Fritz Lang, at the time, and in several episodes, Lang, with the help of the composer Kurt Weill, tried to escape from the pedestrian script (Virginia Van Upp, from Norman Krasna's story) with musical numbers in the pedagogic Brecht vein. Lang later explained that he didn't get to work out his ideas with Weill, and that with Boris Morros on the scoring, he couldn't get what he'd hoped for. With Robert Cummings, Roscoe Karns, Barton MacLane, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Jack Mulhall, Cecil Cunningham, and Carol Paige as the torch singer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Zig-Zig—With Catherine Deneuve, Bernadette Lafont, and Hubert Deschamps; directed by Laszlo Szabo. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 23.)

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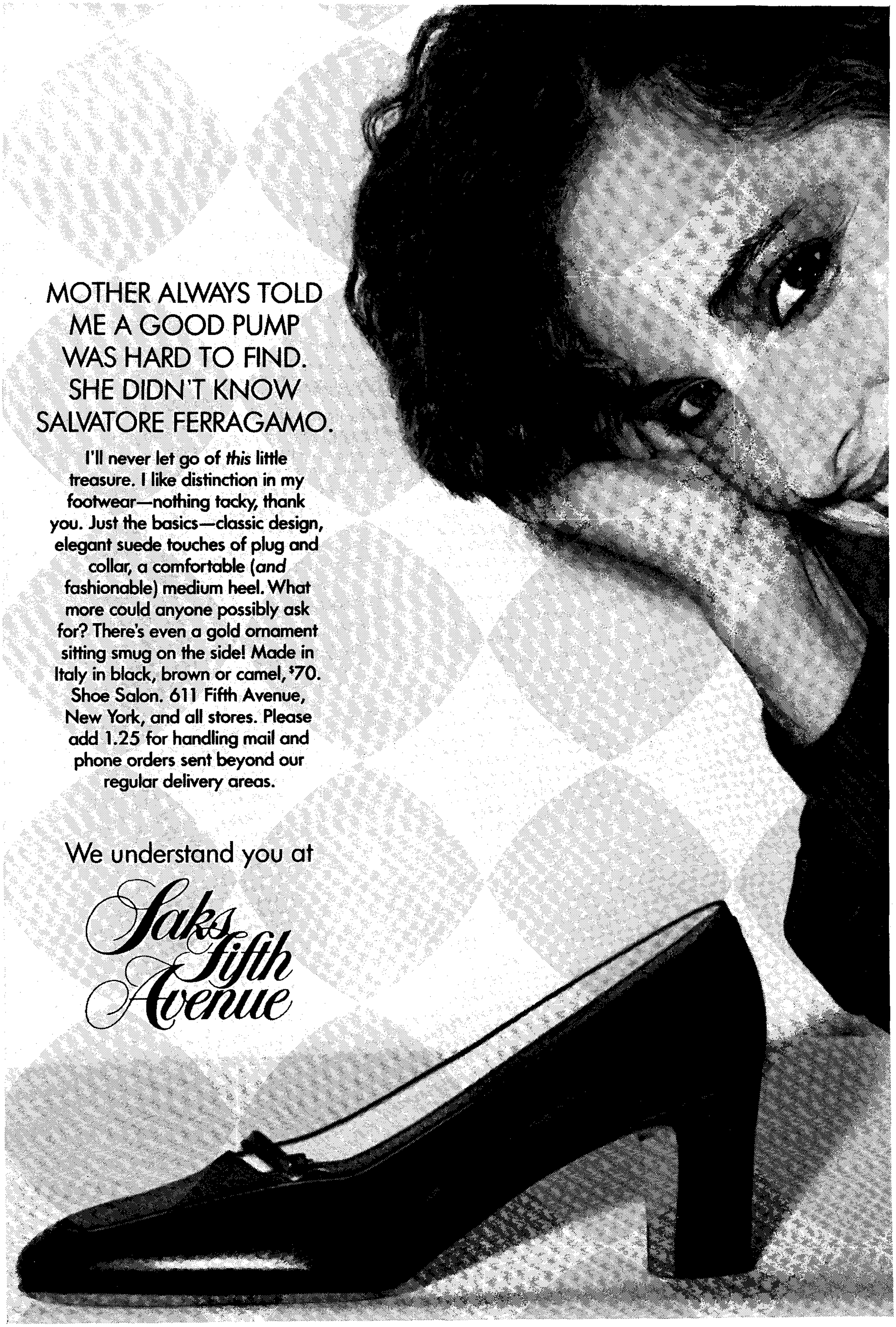

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THE NEW YORKER

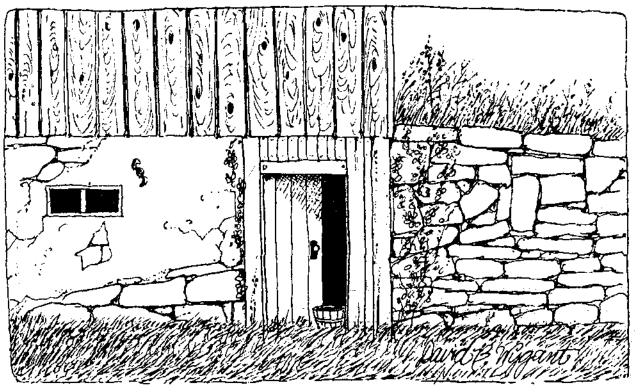
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS the contest between President Ford and Governor Carter gets under way and the country prepares for a full four and a half hours of debate between the two men, news organizations once again face the complicated question of how to bring a Presidential campaign before the public. A political campaign, of course, is far from being a series of events that occur spontaneously and that newsmen then "cover." Event and coverage are so thoroughly fused as to be indistinguishable. Exactly where, for instance, do the events of the campaign occur? Is it in the banquet halls, state fairs, and auditoriums where the candidates give their speeches? Is it in the newsrooms where newsmen choose what to show their viewers and readers? Or is it in people's living rooms around the country, where the newsmen's coverage is read and seen? Candidates, needless to say, have learned that what counts in the campaign is not the campaign appearances but how those appearances come across on television and in the newspapers, and one result has been the phenomenal rise of political public-relations experts in the last couple of decades. Newsmen, naturally wary of events that have been tailored by experts for a certain kind of coverage, have responded by finding new ways of reporting campaigns. One of these is to cover the coverage. More than ever before, reporters are reporting on what other reporters are doing, and cameramen are pointing their cameras at other cameramen. Another new way of covering campaigns is to cover the politicians' attempts to manipulate the coverage. Surprisingly, the tone of this kind of reporting is not that of the exposé. In fact, the public seems to enjoy having the tricks by which its impressions are being manipulated explained to it. Accordingly, the public-relations experts, who used to lead a semi-covert existence, have come out from hiding. Not only do they put together ads for television but they go on television themselves and announce which images they propose to put forward and which they propose to erase. After the Democratic Convention, for instance, Governor Carter's aides talked freely to newsmen about the debate within their ranks over whether to continue to show Governor Carter as a farmer, gathering in his peanuts, as they had done during the primaries, or whether to show him as an executive type, sitting behind a desk. And in recent weeks hardly a day has gone by without one Ford aide or another telling a newsman that the point of Ford's frequent, highly publicized signings of bills in the White House is to give him a "Presidential" image. The efficiency of a candidate's public-relations apparatus seems to win favor with the voters, as though what the people now want is the candidate best able to fool them. Still another new kind of coverage is reporting on the reaction to the coverage, which mainly takes the form of public-opinion polls. Polling has become so thorough that just the other day one organization, seeing that voters of every shade of opinion had already been thoroughly examined, took a poll of those who had no intention of voting.

Each of the new kinds of coverage—the reporters' reports on each other, their reports on how the politicians are trying to manipulate them and the public, and their reports on the public's reaction to all of this—is an effort to get away from the unreal, staged events of the campaign and to report on something that is real; but the ironic result seems to be a marked decline in the amount of reality in campaigns. It is as though the coverage of campaigns has gradually been eating away at their substance, until now there is almost none left. In fact, the very idea of substance seems to have been incorporated into public-relations strategies. A highly exploitable aura of seriousness has come to surround the issues, and one recognized public-relations technique is to try to make a candidate appear to be "issue oriented." Somehow, the public, in its growing fascination with the technical side of campaigning, seems to have forgotten what the campaign is supposed to be about: how best to govern the United States.

Reflecting on these new tendencies in campaigning and in journalism, our thoughts went back to something strange that happened at the Democratic Convention this summer. Right after Carter attained his victory, the networks switched to coverage of him in his hotel suite. He had no intention of saying anything, nor did he say anything. What made this coverage odd was the fact that at the instant when the cameras closed in, Carter was watching the Convention on television—watching it, at any rate, until the networks decided to show him watching it. At this point, of course, he was no longer watching the Convention but was watching himself. The shot was meant to show the candidate reacting to the Convention but what it ended up showing was the candidate reacting to himself. For an instant—at one of



the high points of the election season so far—the coverage had completely obliterated the scene that it was supposedly covering.

The Open Road

OUR friend the old curmudgeon is a circus buff of the sort who believes that a circus belongs under canvas and that it should pay more attention to trapeze acts and wild animals and less to expensively costumed "production numbers." The last tent show played this town in the middle thirties. From then until the early sixties, the o.c. sulked in silence. Then the gigantic showplace called the Latin Quarter caught his eye, and so did its Central and Eastern European aerial acts, of the type that had made the old-school circus such a pleasure and a startlement. The shadowy ceiling of the L.Q. gave the perfect illusion, he says, that he was again seeing a true tent show, and the demise of this noble enterprise in 1968 put him into another spate of the sulks.

Finally, one day last week, we asked him if he had heard about a four-year-old tent show, the Circus Vargas, reportedly from Mexico, which was about to play New York for the first time, well uptown.

"How far uptown?" he asked.

Without answering that pertinent question, we bundled him into a taxicab on a Saturday afternoon and took him up to a vacant lot at Second Avenue and 100th Street. The promised big top—three hundred feet long and a hundred and fifty feet wide, and slung from four fifty-six-foot center poles—was already in place: a feat, considering the fact that the troupe, which travels by truck, had been on the road from Kingston, Ontario, all night and hadn't pulled into the lot until three o'clock that morning. The tent boss and his crew had been working since daybreak to put up the canvas. Gary Geweniger, a twenty-four-year-old college dropout from Detroit who is an "engagement director" for the Circus Vargas, took us backstage, so to speak—backstage being completely open-air and a mixture of pavement and glass broken, locally, into many interesting shapes. "This lot was a wilderness when we got here," Gary said, "but the grounds crew has really begun to police it."

The lot is an entire city block, except for a battered brick church at the northwest corner. The circus's eleven elephants were in a corral abutting on the church, and to the o.c.'s delight one of them—named Trixie, of course—was applying the tip of her trunk to one brick after another. "We all have a bet on Trixie that she'll take that church apart by the time we leave next week for Massapequa," Gary told us.

Next door to the corral, a Bengal tiger lounged in a makeshift crate mounted on a small red wagon that, according to a legend on its side, once belonged to the Fire Department of the City of Los Angeles. The tiger yawned at the old curmudgeon, who bowed in return. The air was one of orderly confusion. "What with all these trailers and trucks and campers, we're really cramped," Gary said. "We haven't even got room to set up a menagerie. This is our first shot at Manhattan, and we just didn't know what the problems might be. We've never been in a situation before where we arrive at three in the morning and all the neighborhood kids, who are still on the streets, jump aboard the trucks and ride into the lot with us, laughing and friendly. We didn't know what to make of it."

The o.c. then inspected four llamas, eight gray Royal Andalusian Portuguese horses, and General Vargas, a white stallion and the only horse in the world who has been taught to sit in a chair. "What's so Mexican about this outfit?" he asked Gary.

"That was a crazy story that somehow got into the press," Gary said. "Cliff Vargas is a second-generation Portuguese American from a farming family in the Livermore Valley, in California. His grandfather was a circus nut, and though his three brothers still run the family farm, Cliff decided when he was very young that he was a circus buff and bought what the trade calls a 'mutt show.' A couple of trucks, some sparse seating, some portable rings, no tents, no animals. That was four years ago, and he's built it up to this. We never stop. Cliff had to go through six tent bosses to get one he could work with. We're on the road fifty-two weeks a year, instead of thirty, like most circuses. We don't winter, we play the United States and Canada, and we have plans for Mexico, and we cross the country about four times a year. The only time Cliff's not around is when he's in Europe scouting new acts. He's just signed a French boy who runs across the high wire on stilts."

"Speaking of scouting," we said, "there's a Ringling Brothers scout on the lot today."

"We must be doing fairly well, then," Gary said. "Maybe the Ringling show is thinking of going back to canvas."

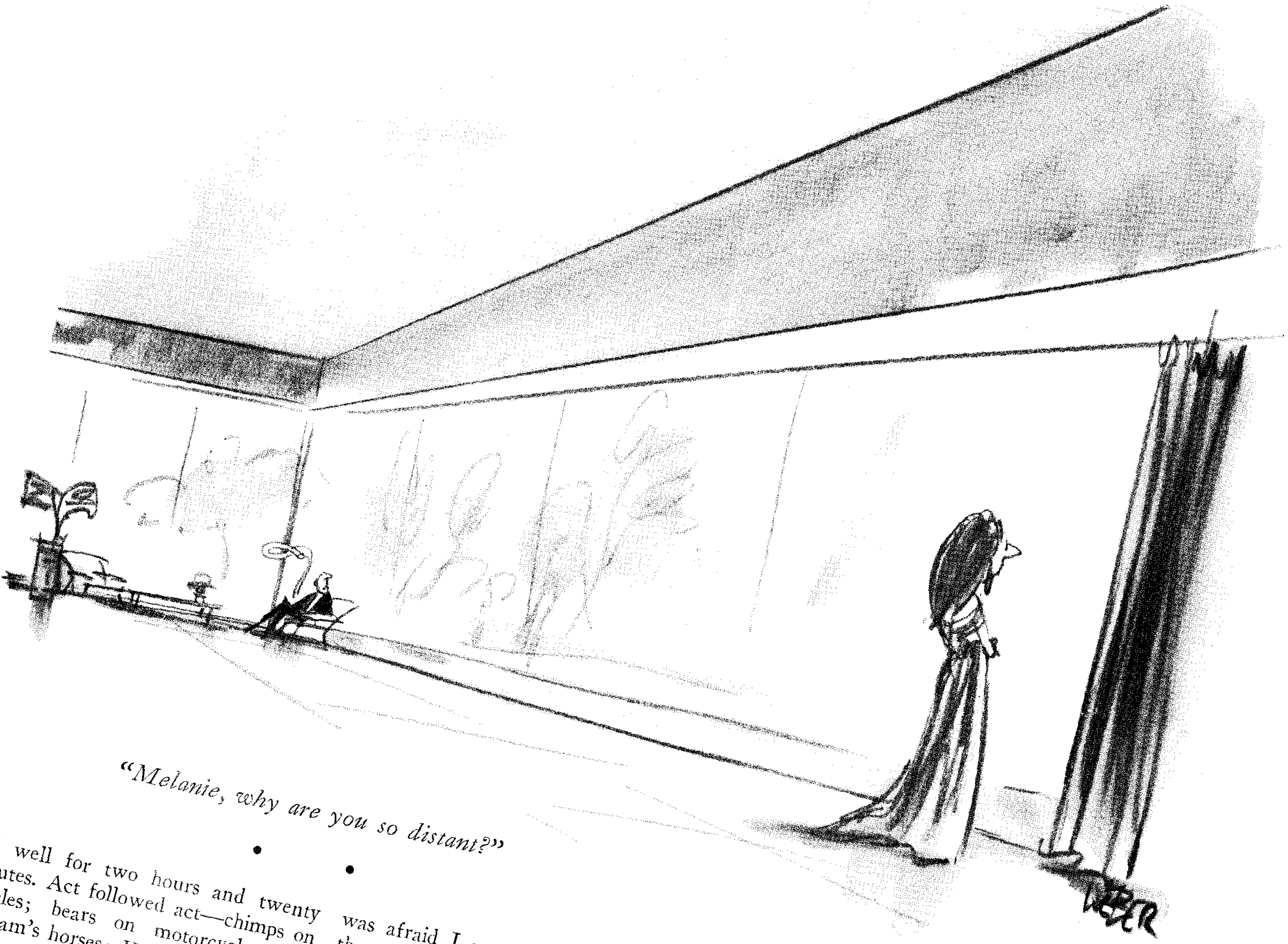
The Circus Vargas ringmaster came by in shirtsleeves and dress trousers, blowing a whistle—"The half-hour warning," Gary said. Men in gold-and-purple robes and what the curmudge called "long-stemmed beauties" in tights began coming out of the trailers. Sir William Baker, who would put the Royal Andalusians through their paces, appeared in a stunning brocaded pink hunt-ball jacket. Sir William was born in a circus wagon in Ireland and has never looked back. Pat Anthony, the animal trainer, strolled by in a safari outfit with a six-shooter on each hip. Pat Anthony was Victor Mature's stand-in in "Samson and Delilah" and fought lions in the old Johnny Weissmuller Tarzan movies, but he abandoned Hollywood because they kept wanting to do retakes after he'd just fought a lion. He then became the first man ever to learn animal training on the G.I. Bill. Next came Bones (so said an inscription on the back of his belt), who calls himself "a truck driver from Oklahoma who got lucky." Bones now doubles as assistant elephant trainer. His costume was definitely Oklahoma cowboy. "Of course," Gary said, "everybody drives trucks for us. Cliff drove one of our new semis down from Kingston last night."

A Latin band on a float that had been circling the lot suddenly burst into action. "Elect Democrats Who Care. Angelo Del Toro for Assemblyman. Robert Rodriguez for State Senator," said banners on the sides of the float. "Hello," said Gary. "We're getting music we're not even paying for."

"I miss the old street parades from the railway yards to the big top," the curmudgeon told Gary as Gary took us inside the Vargas big top. "The schools in Massachusetts and Vermont used to recess while the parade was on in their towns, and even in Washington, D.C., where I was attending the Friends' Select Academy, we were turned out for two hours every year to watch Ringling Brothers parade up K Street."

"We do parade when we can," Gary said. "In Trois-Rivières, on the St. Lawrence north of Montreal, there must have been twenty thousand people on the sidewalks when we took the circus through town earlier this month."

The matinée was a John Robinson—circus talk for an abbreviated performance—but it was nevertheless a three-ring operation that ran smoothly



"Melanie, why are you so distant?"

and well for two hours and twenty minutes. Act followed act—chimps on bicycles; bears on motorcycles; Sir William's horses; Vashek, who rides a motorcycle up and down a slant wire while his wife dangles from a trapeze below him; three clowns, including Zapata, a grandson of the great Chilean clown Drougette; thundering elephants (children were allowed a ride on one during intermission); Pat Anthony's mixed-cat act (male and female lions and tigers); Senor Arturo Segura, whose bouncings on and above a slack rope temporarily suspends the law of gravity. Three acts—the Flying Lantonys, a family of trapeze artists from Mexico; the Antwans, an act in which a man balances himself and a lot of other things simultaneously on one finger; and the Klementis, the Austrian twins Egon and Helmut and their girl assistant, Elfie, who perform amazing Cossack daredevil stunts on two bicycles-built-for-three—brought back memories of the L.Q. to the o.c. "I was afraid I was never going to see those acts again, after the Latin Quarter closed forever," he said. "Now I know where to find them."

Afterward, outside, we and the curmudgeon talked to Cliff Vargas.

"You were the man who took our tickets!" the o.c. said.

"That's right," said Cliff Vargas. (He's a beguiling young man who could very well be a Portuguese leprechaun. He won't tell his age—that's bad luck in the circus, he says.) "We're all one family. We all do what we have to do. I'd like you to understand something. The circus isn't dying. The circuses that are dying are circuses that aren't really circuses. They're mutt shows, or else they're shows with acts on the midway with striptease girls beckoning to farmers who are tired of their weather-worn wives. There were towns that didn't want to give us permits to perform and whose papers didn't want to give us publicity, because they'd had experience with the kind of show I'm talking about—real rip-off shows. Circus Vargas is going to get bigger and better, and I'm not pitching you when I say that."

"*¡Viva Vargas!*" said the old curmudgeon.

Two Gatherings

PARTY: Among certain hip people in New York the word "party" has nothing to do with a dinner, or a birthday, or fishing, or hunting, or politics; rather, it has to do with going out to a discothèque, dancing for hours, and having a good time. They say to each other, "Let's party." Or—and this is the coolest way of saying it—"Let's party down." Songs have been written in which the word "party" alone, chanted against a funky beat, is the refrain. A man we know named Vince Aletti spends much of his time "partying," and, as can be imagined, he has a lot of fun. Vince Aletti loves to dance, knows just about all the good current dance songs, and writes a column on discothèque music for a national music-trade magazine. When popular-music critics write uncomplimentary articles about discothèque music, Vince Aletti, in turn, will write articles defending and promoting discothèque music. He has written articles defending the Trammps, Archie Bell and the Drells, and others. Last winter, in his column, he mentioned what a great song for dancing "Love to Love You Baby," by Donna Summer, was, and because he was the first person to write about that song and it became a big hit the record company gave Vince Aletti a gold record.

Every Saturday night, Vince Aletti goes dancing at a place in lower Manhattan called The Loft. On a recent Saturday night, he invited us to come along. On our way, he told us some things he thought we ought to know about The Loft. He said, "The Loft is open only on Saturday nights. It isn't like a regular discothèque; it's more like a private party. You just go and you meet your friends and you have a good time." (Vince Aletti is a very shy, retiring man in his late twenties, and it occurred to us that he would never go anyplace where his friends wouldn't be. Once, we introduced him to a man from the Midwest, and the man grabbed his arm and said, "Hey tiger, how ya doing? God love ya." It made him wince visibly.) Vince Aletti said that the people who go to The Loft to dance were called "guests;" that most of them started coming in at one o'clock; that to get into The Loft you had to show an invitation; that to receive an invitation you had to have a friend who was already a member submit your name; and that The Loft sometimes stayed open until seven o'clock in the morning.

We arrived at The Loft at a quarter past midnight, and for half an hour after that were the only customers there. Vince Aletti didn't have to show an invitation to get into The Loft. The doorkeeper knew him and greeted him this way: "Hi, Vince, what's happening?"

The Loft is not like any other discothèque we've ever been to. It is made up of two floors. The downstairs is a recreation area. It has sofas and a bar, where fruit juices, fresh and dried fruits, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, and cookies are served without cost. Upstairs is where everyone dances. There are pretty, big balloons and paper streamers hanging from the ceiling. Above the dance floor, in a booth fashioned after an old Wurlitzer jukebox, is the disc jockey, whom we could see from below dashing around and arranging records. Vince Aletti told us his name was David Mancuso and that he was the proprietor of The Loft. Vince Aletti then led us up a narrow stairway to meet him.

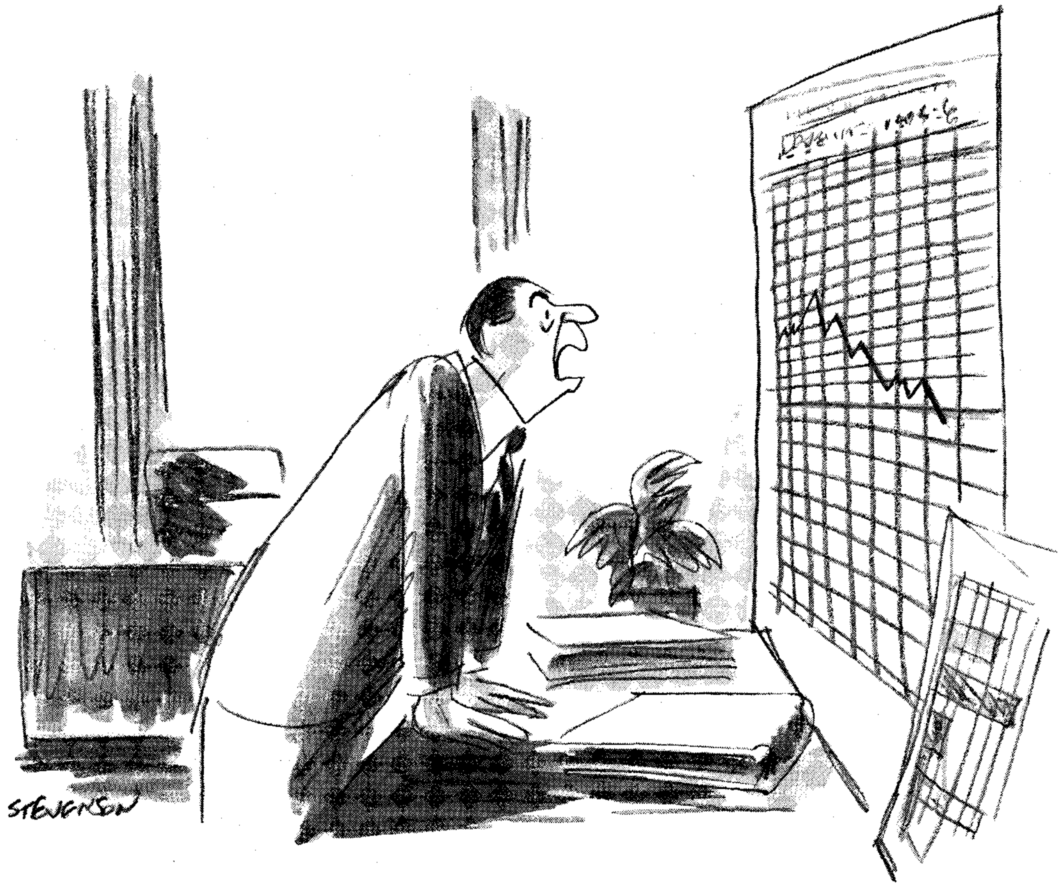
Vince Aletti disappeared.

David Mancuso told us, "I have tried to make this place like a club I used to go to ten years ago called the Territorial Club, on 125th Street. I had just come to New York from Utica, and that club was just like what I thought a club in New York would be. It had a very warm and sincere atmosphere. The people were nice, the refreshments were nice. It was halfway between a bar and someone's house."

At half past twelve, David Mancuso played the first record of the evening. He said it was a song called "Sweet Sixteen" and that it was written by the Diga Rhythm Band, which is headed by someone who was and sometimes still is the Grateful Dead drummer. People started coming in. Vince Aletti reappeared and said, "I feel like I'm on a receiving line, because everybody who comes in here I know them, and I'm just greeting people." Then a song called "You Should Be Dancing" was played. Vince ran off to dance. Months ago, he told us that this was one of his favorite songs.

By two o'clock, the upstairs was filled with dancing people. Downstairs had many fewer people, and we went down to get a look at some of the guests. Quite a few people were wearing track or jogging outfits in bright colors. We saw one man dressed in what appeared to be the uniform of an officer of the Royal Navy, a couple dressed as Bedouin Arabs, and one man dressed in white ladies' platform shoes, white girls' knee socks, white jockey shorts, and white undershirt. We went back up to the dance area.

The record that was then being played wasn't by any group we recognized. It was just the sound of drums—about what you would expect to hear in a documentary film about primitive people. All the lights were off and people were dancing and making funny noises in the dark. The lights went on and everybody cheered. Then they went off again and everybody laughed. Then the music changed to a song by a group called Double Exposure. We saw Vince Aletti, and he was dancing vigorously to Double Exposure's song. He also danced



"Stop!"

vigorously to a song by a singer named D. C. LaRue and a song by the Emotions. He was less enthusiastic about a song by the Spinners called "Rubberband Man." He said, "I like it when the Spinners get into it, 'cause it's kind of cute, but then it gets too cute." Then the disc jockey played a song by a group called Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band. It is now Vince Aletti's favorite song, and when he danced he got so excited that he clenched both fists and thrust them into the air.

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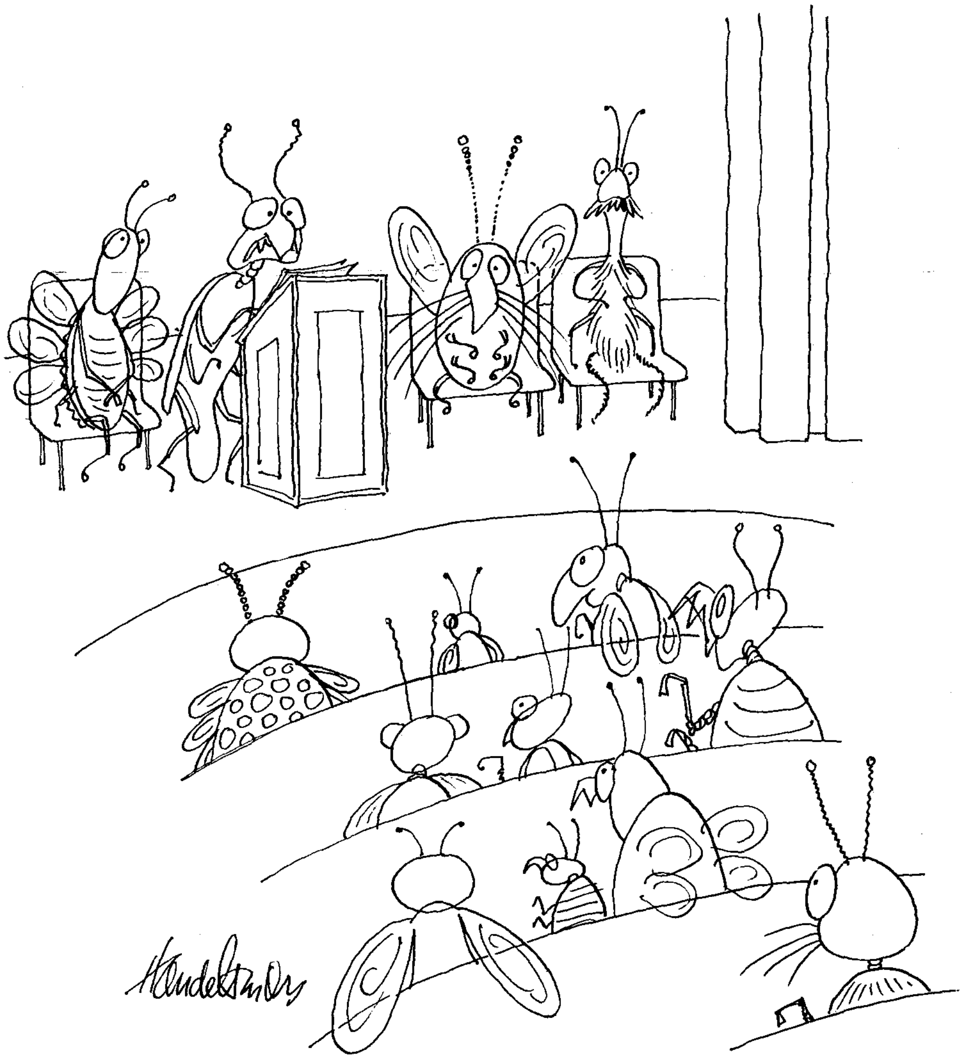
FASHION SHOW: The handmaiden of culture today is the fashion show. Last fall, under the aegis of the Friends of the New York Public Library, which doesn't have enough money to stay open Thursdays, an assortment of ladies' wear, furnished by the Council of Fashion Designers of America, was modelled in the main entrance hall. To see it, and to have drinks and a buffet, eight hundred and fifty people contributed fifty thousand dollars to the Library. Museums have latched on to the fashion show as a marvellous way of raising money, entertaining members, and attracting new ones without subjecting them to the fatigue engendered by museum feet. These events are often extraterritorial. A big one was held recently, at a bargain ten tax-free dollars a head, by the Museum of Modern Art at Bonwit Teller—twelve hundred people called Rockefeller, Straus, Paley, and so on crowded the store's main floor to gape at "colorful knits." Eats and drinks. A few days later, at six o'clock, the time Saks Fifth Avenue closes, the Museum of the City of New York took over most of the store's fifth floor for a benefit showing of Gloria Vanderbilt's collection of fall creations. Fifteen dollars a ticket, with drinks and hors d'oeuvres included. Tax-deductible. Some three hundred attended, including us.

We perched on small white chairs at small tables with brown-and-white checked tablecloths, surrounding a runway covered with brown carpeting that looked as though it had received a good deal of prior use. There were a couple of large, well-stocked bars in the wings, and small black-tied waiters passed trays and baskets of tasty cheese balls, meatballs, littlenecks, mussels, and fresh figs. The tables were filled, and a good many people were standing up. Miss Vanderbilt—white blouse, black skirt, black hair, white teeth—was chatting with some of them. Her face was animated, responsive, and sensitive. Printed Business Reply Mail invitation envelopes to join the Museum (no postage necessary) had been placed on the tables. No palaver. Soft sell. At a quarter to seven, a dozen models, some white, some black, began to parade around the runway in a sequence of costumes. About sixty in all. Pastel colors, some stripes, a few checks. The girls were tall, elegant, and implausibly slender. They drew scattered applause. The next to last number, at seven-thirty, was white and gauzy. Its wearer carried, precariously and triumphantly, a big bowl of goldfish. No explanation was vouchsafed. Great applause. She was followed, and the rites terminated, by Miss Vanderbilt, who had changed into what a Saks advertisement in the *Times* the previous morning (a public, non-Museum show of Vanderbilt dresses had been held earlier in the day) described as a "little fitted black bodice, wide white whoosh of skirt, and a great swoosh of shocking-pink sash, all in the most sibilant silk taffeta, sizes 4 to 12, $360." Great applause. An amplified voice was heard thanking Saks Fifth Avenue "for this delightful interlude," and the audience began to leave the store.

Louis Auchincloss, the president of the Museum, who, according to the invitation, would introduce Miss Vanderbilt, was not in evidence, but on our way out we fell into conversation with a Museum spokeswoman. "I think the idea originated with Saks," she said. "We've done fashion shows with them for a number of years. They felt we were an appropriate charity for Gloria Vanderbilt. They pick up all the expenses. I think they're a little less frenetic than the other department stores. I sort of feel Saks is a little less loony than some of the other stores. They're sort of discreet and tasteful."

We asked whether the connection between museums and department stores wasn't a bit tenuous, and she said, "I kind of like to see, frankly, museums doing things that are not *museum*."



"Mr. Chairman, fellow-vermin . . ."

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THE JOY OF MOOCHING

TO Mombasa, Mogadisho, and Modesto I have been; to Montecatini, Montenegro, and Monaco; but never, wide-ranging *Wandervogel* though I pride myself on being, have I set foot in Monza. A town northeast of Milan and slightly northwest of Gorgonzola, on the road to Bergamo, Monza has as its chief industry, as far as I can make out, the export of curiosa to the world press. Here are born those strange and often lunatic fillers that piece out the news stories one reads, such as the paragraph that filtered into the *Times* a while ago: "Monza, Italy (AP)—Ambrogio Bacis, 69 years old, does not like dentists, so to pull an aching tooth he fastened a cord to the tooth and the other end to an automobile bumper, and started the car. Mr. Bacis's head collided with the bumper, and he wound up in the hospital, with the tooth still in his mouth." To my way of thinking, the classical Tom Sawyer extraction—the silk thread tied to the bedstead, the hot coal brandished in the patient's face—remains unsurpassed in home dentistry, but obviously Bacis, in his anxiety to be up to date, opted for a fifteen-hundred-pound Imbroglio. Ah, well, *autres temps, autres mœurs.*

Another and even more seductive item emanating from Monza turned up in the Jerusalem *Post* recently; to wit: "It must rank as one of the strangest cocktail parties ever—and it was thrown by well-dressed Sebastiano Amara, of Monza, Italy, to boost sales of a book he's just published, 'How to Make Begging Pay.' The suave author and man-about-town received his guests, doled out liberal Martinis, then begged to be excused. In a few minutes he returned—disguised as a crippled beggar, his face contorted with agony as he hobbled in on crutches. Guests in cars then followed 25-year-old Sebastiano to Monza's main shopping street, watched as he laid his crutches on the pavement and started weeping. In ten minutes he had collected the equivalent of $15. In his book he claims he never collected less than $100 a day, and says, 'I did it as a part-time job, mainly for aesthetic pleasure, and only partly for pocket money.' "

My initial response to Signor Amara's exploit was, I must confess, one of jealousy. Myself a suave author and man-about-town, I was piqued that I hadn't conceived so original a method of publicizing my own books. As envy subsided, though, one phrase of his kept pestering me like a caraway seed embedded in a tooth (a dental metaphor doubtless arising from Mr. Bacis's predicament): that he had acted thus "mainly for aesthetic pleasure." Now, among various paragons on whom I have modelled myself from time to time—the Scarlet Pimpernel, the Earl of Rochester, Baruch Spinoza—one of the more influential was Des Esseintes, the hero of Joris Karl Huysmans' "Against the Grain," who ceaselessly sought artistic stimulus in drugs, perfumes, and vice. Was it possible that this scribbler on the road to Bergamo had experienced in mendicancy a psychic release overlooked by Des Esseintes and me, deftly fattening his royalties meanwhile? Unimaginable, I told myself, but still I ought to lose no time in emulating him, and I fell to work.

As a neophyte in the world of beggary, I decided that the role best suited to me was traditional. Accordingly, I purchased a ragged shawl and a size-12 gingham dress from a pushcart on Rivington Street, and issued invitations to a half-dozen friends for cocktails at my hotel on Gramercy Park. At the height of the party, while my guests were feverishly consuming Martinis and bandying epigrams, I excused myself, retired to the bedroom, and transformed myself into a waif. The conversion was not wholly successful, as the little match girl in the fairy tale of Hans Christian Andersen is rarely depicted with a mustache, but nonetheless I resolved to brazen it out. To my gratification, the effect on the assemblage was volcanic. Everyone literally stood rooted to the floor.

"*Voyons!* A supreme master of illusion!" I heard people exclaiming. "Another Lon Chaney! Can our eyes be deceiving us? In a few expert strokes, this *arbiter elegantiarum* has, as it were, metamorphosed himself into a vag."

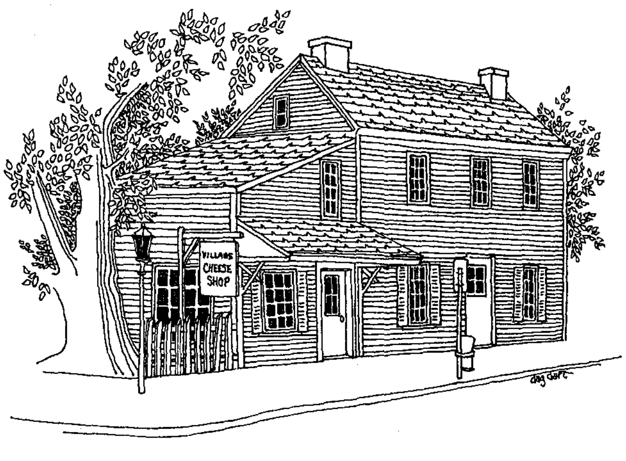
Like Sebastiano, I would have liked my intimates to follow me in their motors, but, as none of them owned any, I bade them go on drinking—a somewhat empty gesture, since the bottles were exhausted—and took my leave. Crossing to the south side of Gramercy Park, I stationed myself with my tray of matches outside The Players Club. The circumstances, I saw at once, were unpropitious. Ideally, it should have been snowing; instead, it was a hot, sultry evening, beckoning the passerby to Baskin-Robbins for an ice-cream cone rather than to contribute alms. After a while, a gentleman came out of the club, placing his feet with great deliberation, in the manner of one who has dined well on glazed Virginia ham with sweet potatoes.

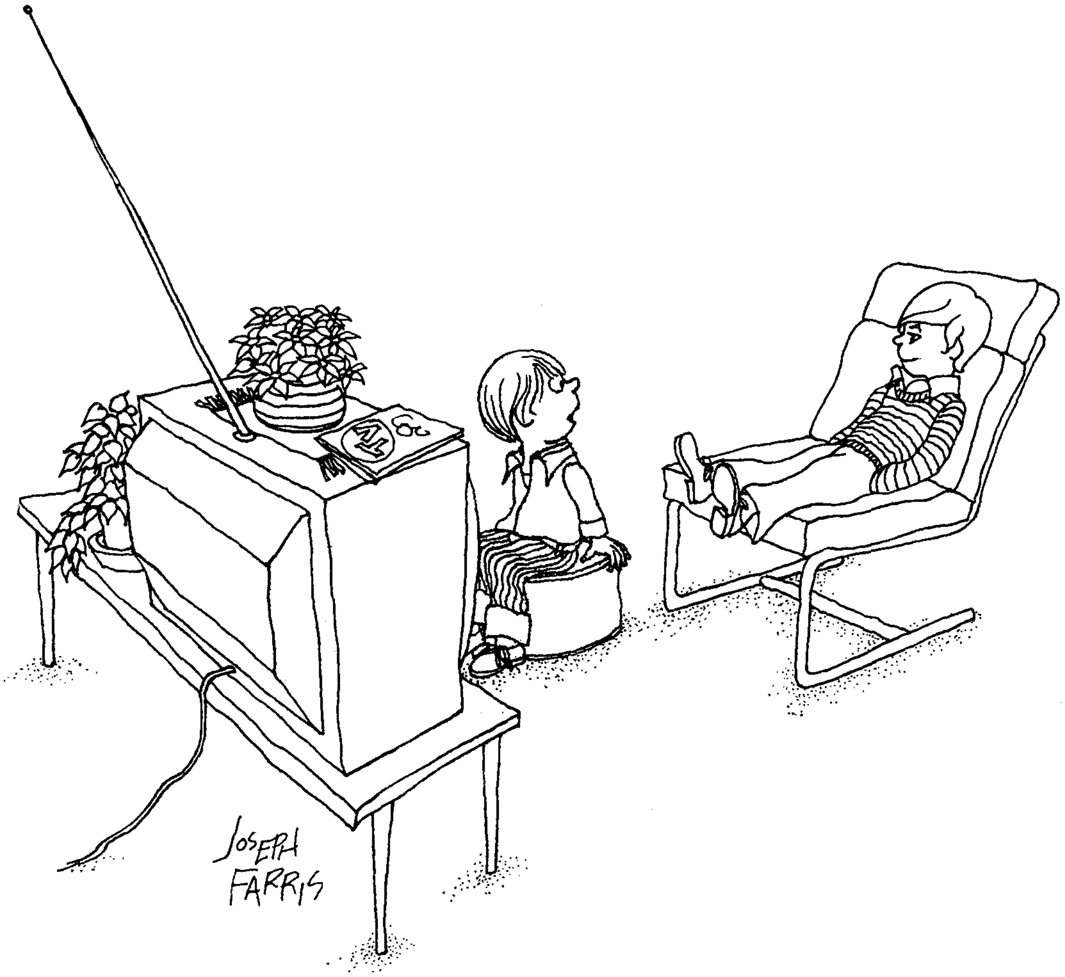
"Please, sir, buy my matches," I whined. "Owing to a conspiracy among the reviewers, my latest book is already on the eighty-nine-cent table at Barnes & Noble. Have pity on me—don't let them recycle it. Also, I write by gaslight, and Consolidated Edison is threatening to cut off the gas. Support the arts, even if, as I suspect, you can barely support yourself."

My prospect gaped at me incredulously and, muttering to himself, went back into the club. An ashen-haired model in three shades of denim, leading an ashen-haired borzoi, approached; as they neared me, the dog sat down growling and she pulled him past with an apologetic "Sorry, he hates beggars" that at least certified that my disguise was valid. Then two character actors, their brows furrowed by unemployment, emerged from The Players. Sucking in my cheeks to simulate the ravages of hunger, I bore down on them.

" 'A benison, playgoers, a cornucopia! A feast for the intelligence!' " I snuffled. "That is what the New York critics wrote about my last play—amateur rights now available from Samuel French, Incorporated. And how many scripts have they sold? Three lousy copies! How am I to sustain myself, to wield my pen in the tradition of Congreve, Sheridan, and Wilde, without your philanthropic assistance? Buy my vestas, I implore you."

"Beat it, chump," the elder of the pair countered roughly. "Save those hard-luck stories for the Bowery.





"The Great Society—did it come and go, is it yet to come, was it just talk, or what?"

Write yourself a soap for Procter & Gamble, or go on relief, like the rest of us."

Crestfallen and perspiring from the heat of the shawl, I shambled back to the hotel and sat down to rethink a modus operandi. Could it be, I asked myself, that the persona I had chosen was too depressing, that people would be more generous if the nature of my plight were bizarre or offbeat? To the fiery temperament, decision is consonant with action; in a trice I divested myself of my rags, slipped into a dinner jacket, and, faultlessly arrayed in black silk hose but no slippers, shot uptown in a taxi. Dismounting between two expensive Park Avenue apartments in the Sixties, I took up a stand near the canopy of the more opulent. Several cabs arrived bearing couples and parties, but I ignored them. At length, one discharged a jovial, fortyish individual with a worldly air, smoking a Perfecto. I accosted him furtively.

"Excuse me, friend, but I'm in a bit of a jam. Might we have a word?"

His eyes encompassed my garb, widened at my stockinged feet. "What is it?"

"Well," I confided, chuckling in hearty man-to-man fashion, "the fact is, I was having a slap and a tickle with a certain married lady in this building whose identity must be protected at all costs. I mean, we're all human, what? As the fellow said, who's to cast the first stone?"

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently. "So her husband came home unexpectedly and you left just in the nick without your pumps. Where do I fit into this?"

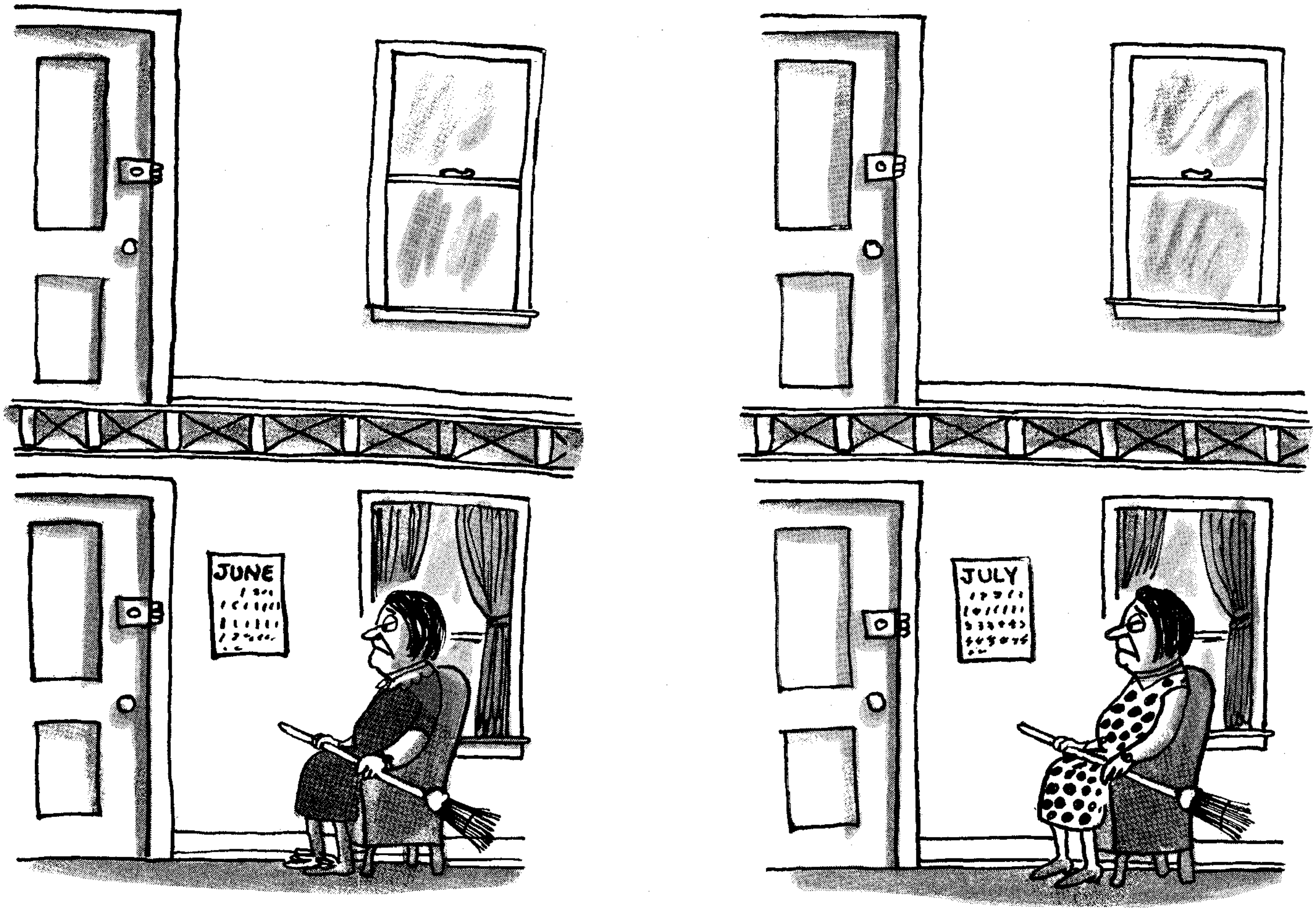
"Wait. I was coming to that." I swallowed. "You see, I'm a writer by profession, and I'm supposed to autograph my new best-seller at Doubleday's for admirers, but I can't let them see me like this. Unfortunately, though, I forgot my wallet upstairs, too. If you could lend me the price of a new pair—"

He cut me short with a paternal hand on my sleeve. "Shape up, brother," he said. "You're not a writer—you're a schmo. Anyone that leaves their shoes and their wallet in a lady's boudoir is a butterfingers. Take my advice—if you want to play Lothario, go join the Actors Studio." He shook his head commiseratingly and melted into the foyer.

Dashed though I was by his rebuff, I was not minded to give up so easily, and I squared my jaw. Of the next two arrivals, the first rejected my appeal on the ground that no shoe stores were open at that hour, the second derisively demanded the name of my inamorata. In nineteen years' residence in the house, he said, he had yet to see a female worthy of pursuit. As if to make matters worse, it shortly came on to rain, and by the time I reached home in my wet socks I had such a cold that laryngologists skyed in from as far away as Mayo to study it.

DURING the long, slow convalescence that followed, I stewed over my inability to equal Sebastiano's receipts or to glean even a mite of aesthetic pleasure from the process. At last, I hit on the reason. The identities I had chosen, match girl and philanderer, were too foreign to my nature. Temperamentally a dreamer and a rover, I was trying to be a schnorrer, too, which was altogether alien, for *au fond* I was prouder than a Spanish hidalgo and would accept alms from no man. It was out of character—as if Lord Olivier were to impersonate Pecksniff and then pass the hat. Ergo, I must not dissemble; I must boldly admit myself a genius whose wares were unsalable, a drug on the market, and if that shamed an apathetic public into showering me with gold, I could with dignity accept my rightful due. Immediately a weight lifted from my shoulders. Donning the velvet jacket, Windsor tie, and beret I normally wear when writing, I hurried to the Marboro bookshop on West Eighth Street. Rapture—my suspicion was confirmed; an unsold pile of my most recent opus, reduced to fifty-nine cents, loomed up higher than a ziggurat. Folding my arms, I took up a position alongside it and waited to be pitied.

Half an hour passed and nobody appeared—not even a kleptomaniac. Finally, a heavily bearded man in a filthy



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Confederate tunic, who looked like Colonel Mosby but proved to be a youth of seventeen, materialized and asked the clerk for a primer on flagellation. A couple of teen-agers with schoolbags came in, leafed through Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen's "Pornography and the Law," and left, sniffing disappointedly. A stout yenta in picador dress but minus leather chaps exchanged a copy of Sara Kasdan's "Love and Knishes" for a poster of Donatello's David. With that, all activity halted, and I grew hot under the collar. My patience was ebbing fast.

"Hey, General Guderian, what gives here?" I queried the uniformed guard sporting a nightstick. "Where are the browsers?"

"Nobody gets up before noon in the Village," he said. "Takes a while for the marijuana fumes to clear."

In due course, the pace altered; shoppers, most of them somnambulists, started drifting through the aisles, languidly fingering the bargains and striving to read the erotica sealed in cellophane. Posed by my works, I assumed an expression at once dismal and haughty, insouciant yet despondent, that would have wrung the stoniest heart. But naught booted me, truth to tell, for as the illiterate swine neared my books their faces hardened and they sheared off, burying their noses in the fescennine pages of Harold Robbins and Irving Wallace. Resolved that those who had died for literature should not have fallen in vain, I determined to speak out.

"So the philistines have triumphed again, have they?" I began, raising my voice. "What price now Kafka in his garret, Melville eking out his days as a customs inspector? Was it for this that Keats—"

Suddenly the words died in my throat; a Lincolnian figure I recognized as—or took to be—Philip Roth's had entered the door and was scanning the counters for remaindered copies of his books. He did not have to scan long, because adjacent to mine stood another ziggurat, even taller and likewise discounted, of "The Great American Novel." In the same instant, his quick novelist's eye discerned what I was doing and he strode angrily toward me.

"Scab! Cut-rate fink!" he exploded. "So this is how you dispose of your overstock, by appealing to the sentimental side of your non-readers!"

"For shame, mealymouth!" I flung back. "Who are you to criticize? You were just sneaking in to push your own remainders. I at least was bent on deriving aesthetic pleasure from my humiliation."

"Oho!" he jeered. "Uncontent with being a dreamer and a rover, you're a masochist, too. My psychiatrist has an ugly name for that!"

"You don't say," I returned, interested. "What is it?"

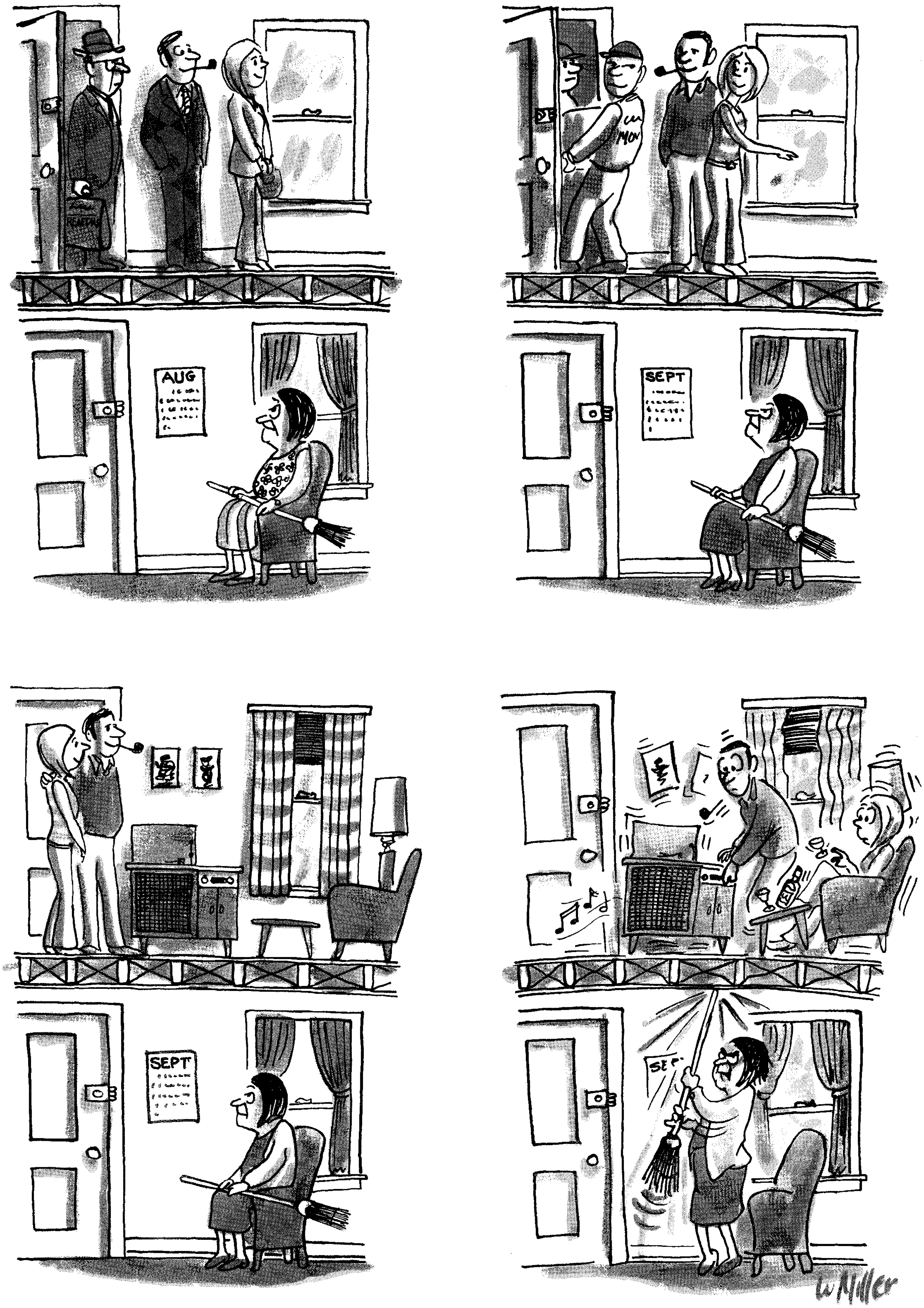
"Well, I forget, actually," he said, "but I'll give you his phone number—you can ask him."

"Gee, that's nice of you, Roth," I said. "Look here, I'd like to inscribe one of my books for you."

"And I for you," he said, doing so and handing it to me. "Listen, if you're going uptown, why don't we split a cab? After all, between us we sold a couple of books this afternoon."

And that, plus a talk we had about girls over a glass of tea at the Belmore Cafeteria, is the sum total of what I gleaned from patterning myself on the author of "How to Make Begging Pay." Well, I hope his manual sells like hotcakes in Monza and never gets remaindered. Because if the silly beggar comes around to me for sympathy, I'll tell him a thing or two.

—S. J. Perelman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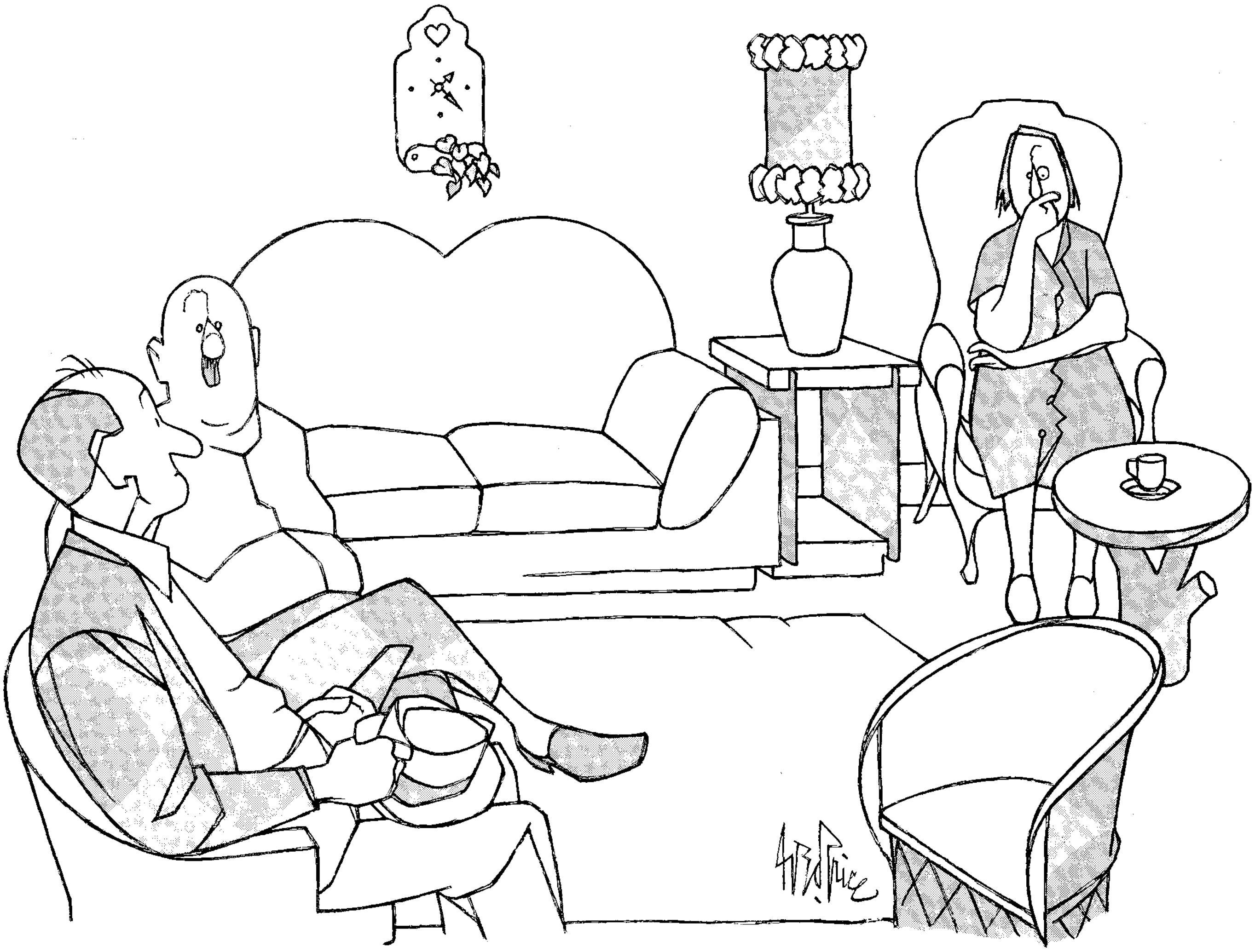
THE AUTUMN OF THE PATRIARCH

OVER the weekend the vultures got into the Presidential Palace by pecking through the screens on the balcony windows, and the flapping of their wings stirred up the stagnant time inside, and at dawn on Monday the city awoke out of its lethargy of centuries with the warm, soft breeze of a great man dead and rotting grandeur. Only then did we dare go in without attacking the crumbling walls of reinforced stone, as the more resolute had wished, and without using oxbows to knock the main door off its hinges, as others had proposed, because all that was needed was for someone to give a push and the great armored doors that had resisted the lombards of William Dampier during the building's heroic days gave way. It was like entering the atmosphere of another age, because the air was thinner in the rubble pits of the vast lair of power, and the silence was more ancient, and things were hard to see in the decrepit light. All across the first courtyard, where the paving stones had given way to the underground thrust of weeds, we saw the disorder of the quarters of the guard who had fled, the weapons abandoned in their racks, the big, long rough-planked tables with plates containing the leftovers of the Sunday lunch that had been interrupted by panic, in the shadows we saw the annex where Government House had been, colored fungi and pale irises among the unpled briefs whose normal course had been slower than the pace of the driest of lives, in the center of the courtyard we saw the baptismal font where more than five generations had been christened with martial sacraments, in the rear we saw the ancient viceregal stable, which had been transformed into a coach house, and among the camellias and butterflies we saw the berlin from stirring days, the wagon from the time of the plague, the coach from the year of the comet, the hearse from Progress in Order, the sleepwalking limousine of the first century of peace, all in good shape under the dusty cobwebs and all painted with the colors of the flag. In the next courtyard, behind an iron grille, were the lunar-dust-covered rosebushes under which the lepers had slept during the great days of the house, and they had proliferated to such a degree in their abandonment that there was scarcely an odorless chink in that atmosphere of roses which mingled with the stench that came to us from the rear of the garden and the stink of the henhouse and the smell of dung and fermented urine from the cows and soldiers of the colonial basilica that had been converted into a milking barn. Opening a way through the asphyxiating growth we saw the arches of the gallery with potted carnations and sprigs of astromeda and pansies where the concubines' quarters had been, and judging from the variety of domestic leftovers and the quantity of sewing machines we thought it possible that more than a thousand women had lived there with their crew of seven-month runts, we saw the battlefield disorder of the kitchens, clothes rotting in the sun by the washbasins, the open slit trench shared by concubines and soldiers, and in back we saw the Babylonian willows that had been carried alive from Asia Minor in great seagoing hothouses, with their own soil, their sap, and their drizzle, and behind the willows we saw Government House, immense and sad, where the vultures were still entering through the chipped blinds. We did not have to knock down the door, as we had thought, for the main door seemed to open by itself with just the push of a voice, so we went up to the main floor along a bare stone stairway where the opera-house carpeting had been torn by the hooves of the cows, and from the first vestibule on down to the private bedrooms we saw the ruined offices and reception rooms through which the brazen cows wandered, eating the velvet curtains and nibbling at the trim on the chairs, we saw heroic portraits of saints and soldiers thrown to the floor among broken furniture and fresh cow flops, we saw a dining room that had been eaten up by the cows, the music room profaned by the cows' breakage, the domino tables destroyed, and the felt on the billiard tables cropped by the cows. Abandoned in a corner we saw the wind machine, the one which counterfeited any phenomenon from the four points of the compass, so that the people in the house could bear up under their nostalgia for the sea that had gone away, we saw birdcages hanging everywhere, still covered with the sleeping cloths put on some night the week before, and through the numerous windows we saw the broad and sleeping animal that was the city, still innocent of the historic Monday that was beginning to come to life, and beyond the city, up to the horizon, we saw the dead craters of harsh moon ash on the endless plain where the sea had been. In that forbidden corner which only a few people of privilege had ever come to know, we smelled the vultures' carnage for the first time, we caught their age-old asthma, their premonitory instinct, and guiding ourselves by the foul smell from their flapping wings in the reception room we found the wormy shells of the cows, their female hindquarters repeated many times in the full-length mirrors, and then we pushed open a side door that connected with an office hidden in the wall, and there we saw him, in his denim uniform without insignia, in his boots, the gold spur on his left heel, older than all old men and all old animals on land or sea, and he was stretched out on the floor, face down, his right arm bent under his head as a pillow, as he had slept night after night every night of his ever so long life as a solitary despot.

CLOSED
LASZLO

Only when we turned him over to look at his face did we realize that it was impossible to recognize him, even though his face had not been pecked away by vultures, because none of us had ever seen him, and even though his profile was on both sides of all coins, on postage stamps, on condom labels, on trusses and scapulars, and even though his engraved portrait with the flag across his chest and the dragon of the fatherland was displayed at all times in all places, we knew that they were copies of copies of portraits that had already been considered unfaithful during the time of the comet, when our own parents knew who he was because they had heard tell from theirs, as they had from theirs before them, and from childhood on we grew accustomed to believe that he was alive in the house of power because someone had seen him light the Chinese lanterns at some festival, someone had told about seeing his sad eyes, his pale lips, his pensive hand waving through the liturgical decorations of the presidential coach, because one Sunday many years ago they had brought him the blind man on the street who for five centavos would recite the verses of the forgotten poet Rubén Darío and the blind man had come away happy with the nice wad they had paid for a recital that had only been for him, even though the blind man had not seen him, of course, not because he was blind but because no mortal had ever



"She's been a lot easier to live with since the bottom dropped out of her ESP."

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seen him since the days of the black vomit, and yet we knew that he was there, we knew it because the world went on, life went on, the mail was delivered, the municipal band played its retreat and silly waltzes on Saturday under the dusty palm trees and the dim street lights of the main square, and other old musicians took the places of the dead musicians in the band. In recent years when human sounds or the singing of birds were no longer heard inside and the armored doors were closed forever, we knew that there was someone in Government House because at night lights that looked like a ship's beacons could be seen through the windows of the side that faced the sea, and those who dared go closer could hear a disaster of hooves and animal sighs from behind the fortified walls, and one January afternoon we had seen a cow contemplating the sunset from the presidential balcony, just imagine, a cow on the balcony of the nation, what an awful thing, what a stinking country, and all sorts of conjectures were made about how it was possible for a cow to get onto a balcony, since everybody knew that cows can't climb stairs, much less carpeted ones, so in the end we never knew if we had really seen it or whether we had been spending an afternoon on the main square and as we strolled along had dreamed that we had seen a cow on the presidential balcony, where nothing had been seen or would ever be seen again for many years, until dawn last Friday, when the first vultures began to arrive. Rising up from where they had always dozed on the cornices of the charity hospital they came, they came from farther inland, they came in successive waves, out of the horizon of the sea of dust where the sea had been, for a whole day they flew in slow circles over the house of power until a king with bridal-fan feathers and a crimson ruff gave a silent order and that breaking of glass began, that breeze of a great man dead, that in and out of vultures through the windows imaginable only in a house which lacked authority, so we dared go in too and in the deserted sanctuary we found the rubble of grandeur, the body that had been pecked at, the smooth maiden hands with the ring of power on the bone of the third finger, and his whole body was sprouting tiny lichens and parasitic animals from the depths of the sea, especially in the armpits and the groin, and he had the canvas truss on his herniated testicle, which was the only thing that had escaped the vultures in spite of its being the size of an ox kidney, but even then we did not dare believe in his death, because it was the second time he had been found in that office, alone and dressed and dead seemingly of natural causes during his sleep, as had been announced a long time ago in the prophetic waters of soothsayers' basins.

THE first time they found him had been at the beginning of his autumn, the nation was still lively enough for him to feel menaced by death even in the solitude of his bedroom, and still he governed as if he knew he was predestined never to die, for at that time it did not look like a presidential palace but, rather, like a marketplace where a person had to make his way through barefoot orderlies unloading vegetables and chicken cages from donkeys in the corridors, stepping over beggar women with his famished godchildren who were sleeping in a huddle on the stairs awaiting the miracle of official charity, it was necessary to elude the flow of dirty water from the foulmouthed concubines who were putting fresh flowers in the vases in place of nocturnal flowers and swabbing the floor and singing songs of impossible love to the rhythm of the dry branches that beat rugs on the balconies, and all of it in the midst of the uproar of tenured civil servants who found hens laying eggs in desk drawers, and the traffic of whores and soldiers in the toilets, and a tumult of birds, and the fighting of street dogs in the midst of audiences, because no one knew who was who, or by whom, in that palace with open doors in the grand disorder of which it was impossible to locate the government. The man of the house not only participated in that marketplace disaster but had set it up himself and ruled over it, for as soon as the lights in his bedroom went on, before the cocks began to crow, the reveille of the presidential guard gave notice of the new day to the nearby Conde barracks, and from there it was repeated for the San Jerónimo base, and from there to the harbor fort, and there it would be repeated in the six successive reveilles that would first awaken the city and then the whole country, while he meditated in the portable latrine trying to stifle with his hands the buzzing in his ears, which was beginning to show itself at that time, and watched the passage of the lights of ships along the fickle topaz sea, which in those days of glory was still beneath his window. Every day, ever since he had taken possession of the house, he had supervised the milking in the cow barns, to measure with his own hand the quantity of milk that the three presidential wagons would carry to the barracks in the city, in the kitchen he would have a mug of black coffee and some cassava without knowing any too well the direction in which the whimsical winds of the new day would blow him, always attentive to the gabbling of the servants, who were the people in the house who spoke the same language as he, whose serious blandishments he respected most, and whose hearts he best deciphered, and a short time before nine o'clock he would take a slow bath in water with boiled leaves in the granite cistern built in the shadow of the almond trees of his private courtyard, and only after eleven o'clock would he manage to overcome the drowsiness of dawn and confront the hazards of reality. Previously, during the occupation by the Marines, he would shut himself up in his office with the commandant of the landing force to decide the destiny of the nation and sign all manner of laws and decrees with his thumbprint, for in those days he did not know how to read or write, but when they left him alone with his nation and his power again he did not poison his blood with the sluggishness of written law but governed orally and physically, present at every moment and everywhere with a flinty parsimony but also with a diligence inconceivable at his age, besieged by mobs of lepers, blind people, and cripples who begged for the salt of health from his hands, and lettered politicians and dauntless adulators who proclaimed him the corrector of earthquakes, eclipses, leap years, and other errors of God, dragging his great feet of an elephant walking in the snow all through the house as he resolved problems of state and household matters with the same simplicity with which he gave the order take that door away from here and put it over there for me—they took it away—put it back again for me—they put it back—the clock in the tower should not strike twelve at twelve o'clock but twice during the daytime so that life would seem longer—the order was carried out, without an instant of hesitation, without a pause—except for the mortal hour of siesta time, when he would take refuge in the shade of the concubines. He would choose one by assault, without undressing her or getting undressed himself, without closing the door, and all through the house one could hear his heartless panting of an urgent spouse, the craving tinkle of his gold spur, his dog whimper, the surprise of the woman who wasted her time at love in trying to get rid of the squalid stares of the seven-month runts, her shouts of get out of here, go play in the courtyard, this isn't for children to see, and it was as if an angel had flown across the skies of the nation, voices were muffled, life came to a halt, everybody remained stone-still with a finger to his lips, not breathing, silence, the General is screwing, but those who knew him best had no faith even in the respite of that sacred moment, for it always seemed that he was in two places at once. They would see him playing dominoes at seven o'clock at night and at the same time he had been seen lighting cow chips to drive the mosquitoes out of the reception room, nor did anyone harbor any illusions until the lights in the last of the windows went out and they heard the noise

BURDEN

I called you because I could not stand alone
looking north to that skyline-
tree globed with its yellow apples
balancing like a fountain of planets
in the bright light and the blue air.

And because on the way there
I looked at a smooth cirque
the brook had worn in a stone;
and nothing as soft as water
could, by taking care,
have so pestled and polished
that granite mortar, only
by a thousand years of indifference,
of aiming elsewhere.

I wish we might do—or no,
look back and find we had done—
some unadvertised thing
overwhelming and un-self-aware
as water streamlining a stone, or a tree's
kindling in an empty meadow
its casual Hesperides.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

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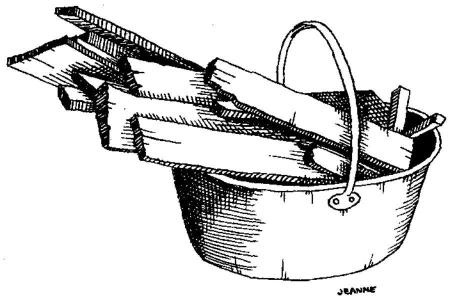
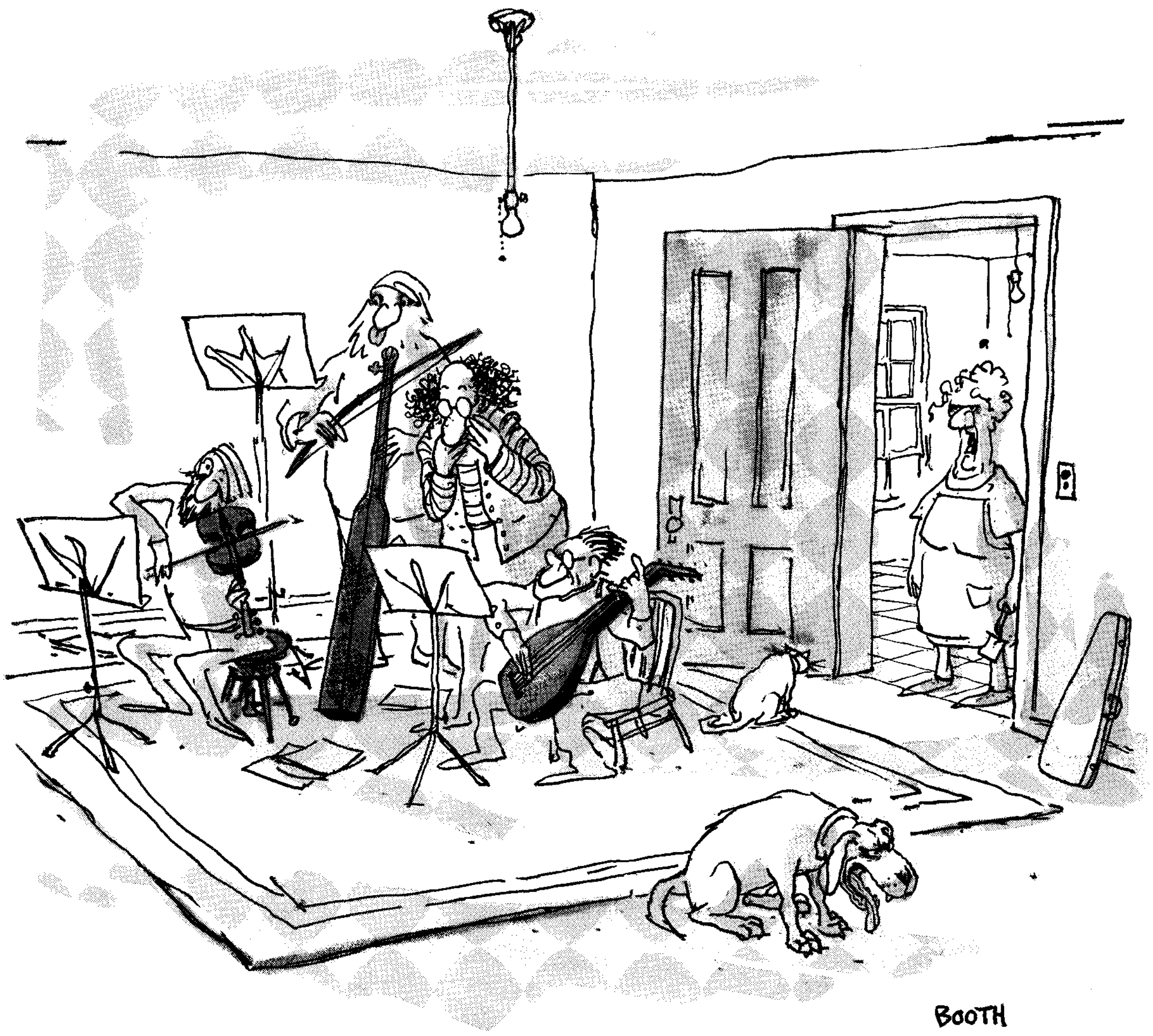
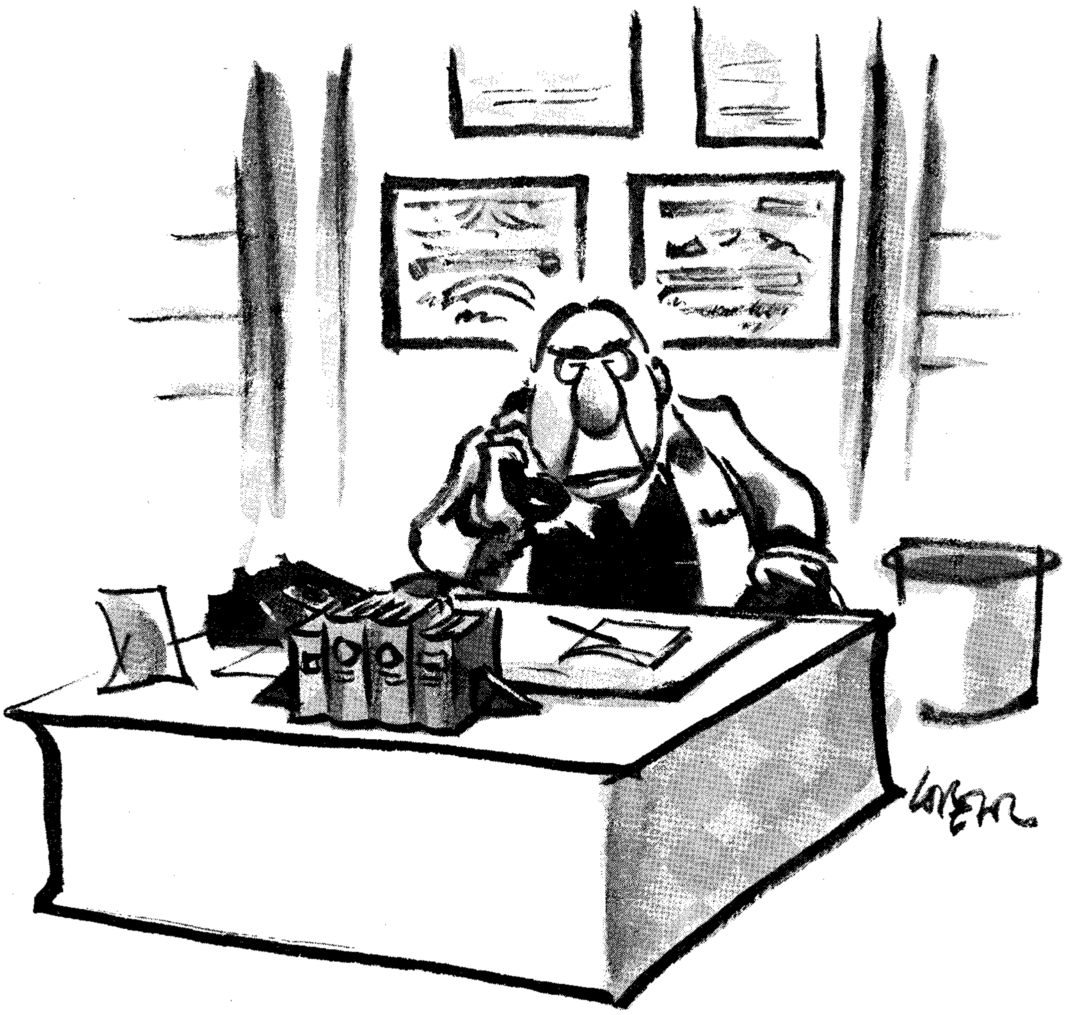




"Last call for stuffed peppers or I feed 'em to the dog!"

of the three crossbars, the three locks, the three bolts on the door of the presidential bedroom, and they heard the thump of the body as it collapsed from fatigue onto the stone floor, and the breathing of a decrepit child that grew deeper as the tide rose, until the nocturnal harp of the wind silenced the cicadas and their fiddling and a broad big sea wave swept through the streets of the ancient city of viceroys and buccaneers and poured into Government House through all the windows like a tremendous August Saturday that caused barnacles to grow on the mirrors and left the reception room at the mercy of the sharks, and it rose higher than the highest levels of prehistoric oceans and overflowed the face of the land and space and time, and only he remained floating face down on the lunar water of his dreams of a solitary drowned man, in his denim private soldier's uniform, his boots, his gold spur, and with his right arm folded under his head to serve as a pillow.

That simultaneous presence everywhere during the flinty years that preceded his first death, that going up as he went down, that going into ecstasy in the sea while in agony in unsuccessful loves, was not a privilege of his nature, as his adulators proclaimed, or a mass hallucination, as his critics said, but his luck in counting on the complete service and doglike loyalty of Patricio Aragonés, his perfect double, who had been found without anyone's searching for him when they came with the news, General sir, a false presidential coach is driving around to Indian villages doing a prosperous business of imposturing, they had seen the taciturn eyes in the morguelike shadows, they had seen the pale lips, the hand of a sensitive bride with a velvet glove that went along throwing handfuls of salt to sick people kneeling in the street, and behind the coach followed two bogus cavalry officers collecting hard cash for the favor of health, just imagine, General sir, what a sacrilege, and he gave no order against the impostor but asked instead that they bring him secretly to the Presidential Palace with his head covered by a burlap bag so that people would not get them mixed up, and then he suffered the humiliation of seeing himself in such a state of equality, God damn it, this man is me, he said, because it really was as if he were, except for the authority of the voice, which the other one never managed to imitate, and for the clearness of the lines on the hand, where his life line went along without obstacles all around the base of the thumb, and if he did not have Patricio Aragonés shot immediately it was not because he was interested in keeping him as his official impostor, that occurred to him later, but because the possibility that the cipher of his own fate was written on the hand of an impostor bothered him. When he became convinced of the vanity of that hope Patricio Aragonés had already impassively survived six assassination attempts, had acquired the habit of dragging his feet, which had been flattened out with a mallet, his ears buzzed, and his hernia ached at dawn in the winter, and he had learned to take off and put on the golden spur as if the straps were tangled up simply to gain time at audiences, muttering God damn it these buckles Flemish blacksmiths make aren't even good for this, and from the jokester and gabbler that he had been when he was a glassblower at his father's carquaise he became thoughtful and sombre and paid no attention to what people were saying to him but scrutinized the shadows of their eyes to guess what they were not saying to him, and he never answered a question without first asking in turn what do you think, and from the slothful wastrel he had been in his business as a vender of miracles he became diligent to the point of torture and an implacable walker, he became tightfisted and rapacious, he resigned himself to sleeping on the floor, his clothes on, face down and with no pillow, and he renounced his premature presumption of an identity of his own and all hereditary vocation for the golden



"I do not make house calls, Madam. On the other hand, I've never been accused of providing unnecessary medical attention."

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flightiness of simply blowing and making bottles, and he confronted the most terrible risks of power, laying cornerstones where the second stone was never to be laid, cutting ribbons in enemy territory, and bearing up under so many soft-boiled dreams and so many repressed sighs of impossible illusions as he crowned but did not so much as touch all those ephemeral and unattainable beauty queens, for he had become resigned forever to live a destiny that was not his, even though he did not do it out of greed or conviction but because he had exchanged his life for the lifetime job of official impostor with a nominal salary of fifty pesos a month and the advantage of living like a king without the calamity of being one, what more could you ask?

That mixup of identities reached its high point one night when the wind was long and he found Patricio Aragonés sighing out toward the sea amidst the fragrant vapor of the jasmines and asked him with legitimate alarm if they had put wolfsbane in the food, because he was drifting off as if pierced by evil air, and Patricio Aragonés answered no, General, it's worse than that, on Saturday he had crowned a carnival queen and had danced the first waltz with her and now he couldn't find any exit out of that memory, because she was the most beautiful woman on earth, the kind you never get for yourself, General, if you could only see her, but he answered with a sigh of relief and said what the hell, Patricio Aragonés, this is the kind of trouble a man gets into when he gets all tied up with women, he proposed abducting her as he had done with so many good-looking women who had become his concubines, I'll have her held down by force on the bed with four troopers at her arms and legs while you take care of her with your soup ladle, God damn it, you can take her while she's bulldogged, he told him, even the tightest of them roll around with rage at first, and then they beg you don't leave me like this, General, like a sad rose apple whose seed has fallen off, but Patricio Aragonés didn't want that much, he wanted more, he wanted her to love him, because this girl is one of those who know where the tune comes from, General, you'll see when you get a look at her. So as a formula for relief he pointed out the nocturnal pathways to the rooms of his concubines to Patricio Aragonés and authorized him to make use of them as if it were he himself, by assault and quickly and with his clothes on, and Patricio Aragonés in good faith sank into that morass of loves even believing that he could put a gag on his urges through them, but such was his anxiety that sometimes he forgot the conditions of the loan, he would unbutton his fly absentmindedly, linger over details, carelessly stumble across the hidden jewels of the basest of women, draw out their deepest sighs, and even make them laugh with surprise in the shadows, you old devil, General, they would tell him, you're growing greedy on us in your old age, and from then on neither of them, nor any of the women either, ever knew whose child was whose or by whom, because Patricio Aragonés's children were seven-monthers just like his.

So it came to pass that Patricio Aragonés became the man most essential to the seat of power, the most beloved and also perhaps the most feared, and the General had more time available to take care of the armed forces, not because the armed forces were what sustained his power, as we all thought, but quite the contrary, because they were his most feared natural enemy, so he made some officers believe that they were being watched by others, he shuffled their assignments to prevent plotting, every army post received a ration of eight blank cartridges for every ten live rounds, and he sent them gunpowder mixed with beach sand, while he kept the good ammunition within reach in an arsenal in the Presidential Palace, the keys to which hung on a ring with other keys that had no duplicates and opened doors that no one else could open, protected by the tranquil shadow of his lifelong comrade General Rodrigo de Aguilar, an artilleryman and Academy graduate who was also his Minister of Defense and at the same time commander of the presidential guard, director of the state security services, and one of the very few mortals authorized to beat him in a game of dominoes, because he had lost his right arm trying to defuse a dynamite charge minutes before the presidential berlin was to pass by the site of an assassination attempt. He felt so safe under the protection of General Rodrigo de Aguilar and with the presence of Patricio Aragonés that he began to relax his concern with self-preservation and was becoming more and more visible, he dared take a ride through the city with only one aide in a covered wagon bearing insignia, looking through the peepholes at the arrogant gilt stone cathedral which he had declared by decree the most beautiful in the world, he peeped at the ancient stone mansions with entranceways from times when all was drowsy and the sunflowers turned seaward, the cobbled streets with the smell of snuff in the viceregal quarter, the pale young ladies making bobbin lace with ineluctable decency among the pots of carnations and the bunches of pansies in the light of balconies, the checkerboard convent of the Biscayan Sisters with the same harpsichord exercise at three in the afternoon with which they had celebrated the first passage of the comet, he went through the Babelic labyrinth of the commercial district, with its lethal music, the labarums of lottery tickets, the pushcarts with cane juice, the strings of iguana eggs, the Turks and their sunlight-faded bargains, the fearsome tapestry of the woman who had been changed into a scorpion for having disobeyed her parents, the alley of misery of women without men who would emerge naked at dusk to buy blue corbinas and red snappers and exchange mother-directed curses with the women selling vegetables while their clothes were drying on the carved wooden balconies, he smelled the rotten-shellfish wind, saw the everyday light of the pelicans around the corner, the disorder of colors of the Negro shacks on the promontories of the bay, and suddenly there it was, the waterfront, alas, the waterfront, the dock and its spongy planks, the old battleship of the Marines, longer and gloomier than truth, the black dockworker woman who was too late in getting out of the way of the fearsome little wagon and felt touched by death at the sight of the sunset old man who was contemplating the waterfront with the saddest look in the world. It's him, she exclaimed with surprise, hurray for the stud, she shouted, hurray, shouted the men, the women, the children who came running out of the Chinese bars and lunchrooms, hurray, shouted the ones who held the horses' legs and blocked the coach's way so they could shake the hand of the power that was, a maneuver so swift and unforeseen that he barely had time to push aside the armed hand of his aide, scolding him in a tense voice, don't be a damned fool, Lieutenant, let them love me, so overwhelmed by that outpouring of love and by similar ones during the days that followed that it was hard for General Rodrigo de Aguilar to make him get out of his head the idea of riding about in an open carriage so that the patriots of the nation could see him full length, what the hell, because he didn't even suspect that the assault at the waterfront might have been spontaneous but that the ones that followed had been organized by his own security services in order to please him but without any risks.

So honeyed was he by the breezes of love on the eve of his autumn that he dared go out of the city after many years, he started up the old train painted with the colors of the flag again and went creeping and crawling about the ledges of his vast mournful realm, opening a path through orchid sprigs and Amazonian balsam apples, rousing monkeys, birds of paradise, jaguars sleeping on the tracks, even the glacial and deserted villages of his native barren uplands, where they waited for him at the station with bands playing mournful music, tolling death knells, displaying signs of welcome for the nameless patriot who sits at the right hand of the Holy Trinity, they recruited rustics from the back reaches who came down to meet the hidden power in the funereal shadows of the presidential coach, and those who managed to get close enough saw only the quivering lips, the palm of a hand with no origins which waved from the limbo of glory, while a member of the escort tried to get him away from the window, be careful, General, the nation needs you, but he would reply sleepily don't worry, Colonel, these people love me, and it was the same on the wooden paddle-wheeler that went along leaving a wake of player-piano waltzes in the midst of the sweet fragrance of gardenias and rotting salamanders of the equatorial tributaries, eluding prehistoric dragons in their skins like leather gun cases, providential isles where sirens lay down to give birth, sunsets which were the disasters of immense vanished cities, even the burning and desolate shantytowns where the inhabitants appeared on the riverbank to see the wooden boat painted

"I'd like to ask you in, Peterson, but this is my own private hell."

with the national colors and they could just make out an anonymous hand with a velvet glove which waved from a window of the presidential stateroom, but he saw the groups on shore who were waving malanga leaves for lack of flags, he saw those who jumped into the water with a live tapir, a gigantic yam that was as big as an elephant's foot, a cage of partridges for the presidential stewpot, and he sighed with emotion in the ecclesiastical penumbra of the stateroom, see how they come, Captain, see how they love me.

In December, when the Caribbean world turned to glass, he would take the closed carriage on a climb along the cornices of crags until he came to the house perched on top of the reefs, and he would spend the afternoon playing dominoes with the former dictators of other nations of the continent, the dethroned fathers of other countries to whom he had granted asylum over the course of many years and who were now growing old in the shadow of his mercy, dreaming in chairs on the terrace about the chimerical vessel of their second chance, talking to themselves, dying dead in the rest home he had built for them on the balcony of the sea after having received all of them as if each were the only one, for they all appeared at dawn in the dress uniform they had put on inside out over their pajamas, with chests of money they had pilfered from the public treasury and suitcases with boxes of decorations, newspaper clippings pasted into old ledgers, and photograph albums they would show him at the first audience, as if they were credentials, saying look, General, that's me when I was a lieutenant, this was the day I was inaugurated, this was the sixteenth anniversary of my taking power, here, look, General, but he would give them asylum without paying any more attention to them or inspecting credentials, because the only document of identity for an overthrown president should be his death certificate, he would say, and with the same disdain he would listen to the self-deluding little speech of I accept for this short time your noble hospitality while the justice of the people brings the usurper to account, the eternal formula of puerile solemnity which a while later he would hear from the usurper, and then from the usurper's usurper, as if the God-damned fools didn't know that in this business of men if you fall, you fall, and he put all of them up for a few months in the Presidential Palace, made them play dominoes until he had fleeced them down to their last cent, and then he took them by the arm over to the window looking out onto the sea, he helped them grieve over this stinking life that only goes in one direction, he consoled them with the illusion that they would go over there, look, he said, over there to that big house that looks like an ocean liner aground on the top of the reefs, where they would have some lodgings with good light and good food, and plenty of time to forget along with other companions of misfortune, and with a terrace overlooking the sea, where he liked to sit on December afternoons not so much for the pleasure of playing dominoes with that bunch of boobs but to enjoy the base good fortune of not being one of them, to look at himself in the instructive mirror of their misery while he wallowed in the great slough of felicity, dreaming alone. Tiptoeing like an evil thought in pursuit of the tame mulatto girls who swept Government House in the dimness of dawn, he sniffed out their public dormitory and drugstore-hair-grease trail, he would lie in wait for the chance to catch one alone and make rooster love to her behind office doors while they burst with laughter in the shadows, what a devil you are, General, such a great man and still so horny, but he would be sad after making love and would start singing to console himself where no one could hear him, bright January moon, he would sing, see how sad I am standing on the gallows by your window, he would sing, so sure of his people's love on those Octobers with no evil omens that he would put up a hammock in the courtyard of the suburban mansion where his mother, Bendición Alvarado, lived and sleep his siesta in the shade of the tamarind trees, without an escort, dreaming about the errant fish who swam in the colored waters of the bedrooms, a nation is the

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THE GOING AWAY OF YOUNG PEOPLE

1
This was the day
The crumbs from last night's dinner
Lay all day on the table.

Your room filled only by sunlight
Is darkened by the late sleeper.

You forgot your love.
I'd mail it but
There's the chore of string
And paper and
The timbre of hi-fi turned off
Strings the psyche.
Anyway it's stuff I'm used
To stumbling over in various
Recesses of my house
Wondering why I haven't
Given it away, put it
To some use—
But keep on hoarding it, ashamed.

2
And our sailers-away hang yet full sail
In our autumn windows,
The windows across the street
Becalmed of young people.
Grass infiltrates their marigolds.
The garage cries out.

3
I won't say goodbye.
But all leave-taking is a permanence.
We can't be sewed back up.
My mother's face at the window
Like a postage stamp
Hinges a faded September.

4
And over a drink my old friend fights tears,
Fights impatiently sympathy,
At her window cuts at the traffic
With her hand—"It was all woods!
Gone! And I've failed, too."

5
Windows between Septembers,
More and more windows,
Muffling, fogging over,
At last reflect only me
In car window, kitchen window,
Across-the-street windows,
This window I open over your bed
In case you should come back
For what you forgot.

—Eleanor Ross Taylor

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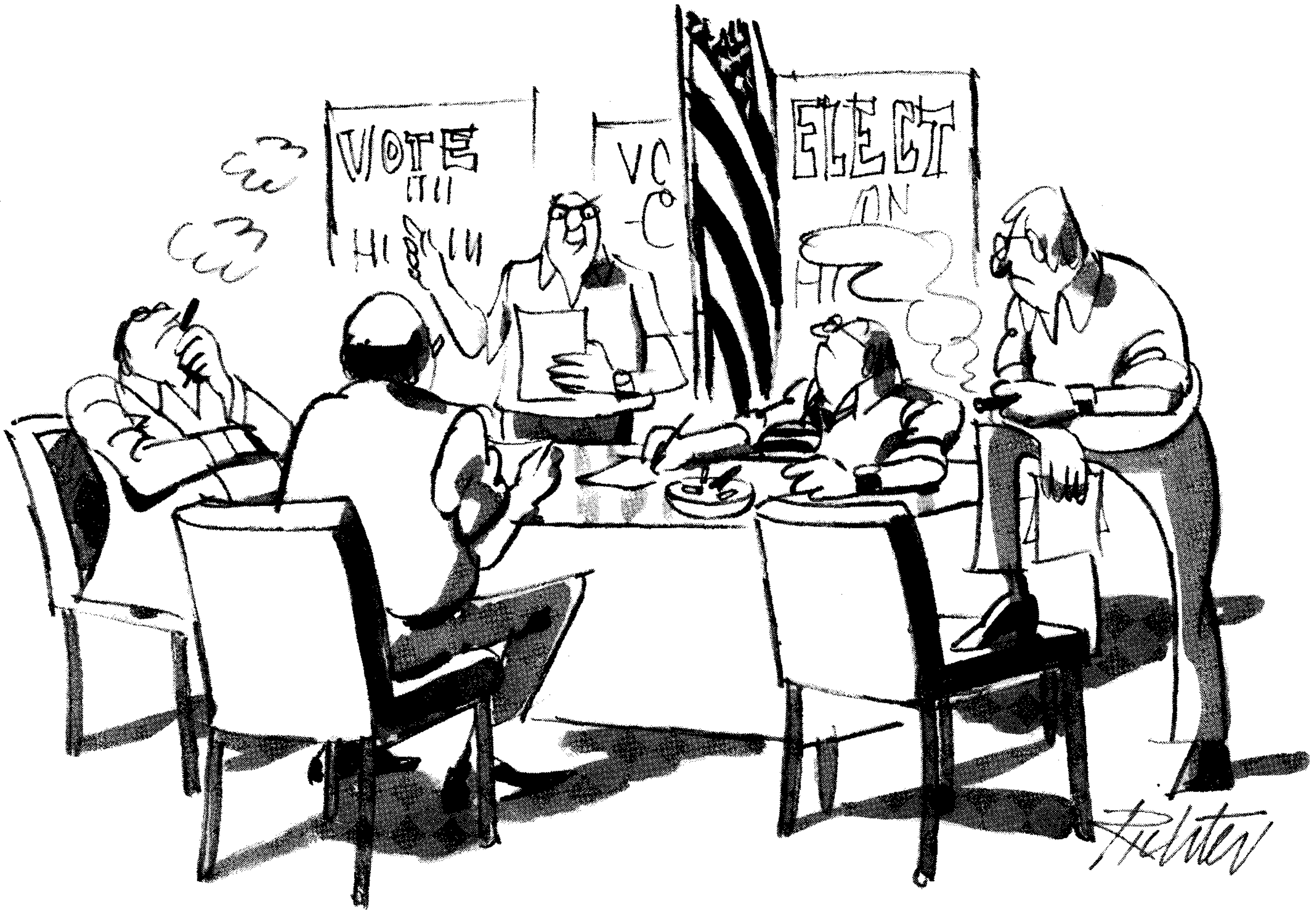

"So much for our Southern strategy. That leaves our Northern strategy, our Eastern strategy, our Southwestern strategy, our Midwestern strategy, and our Far Western strategy."

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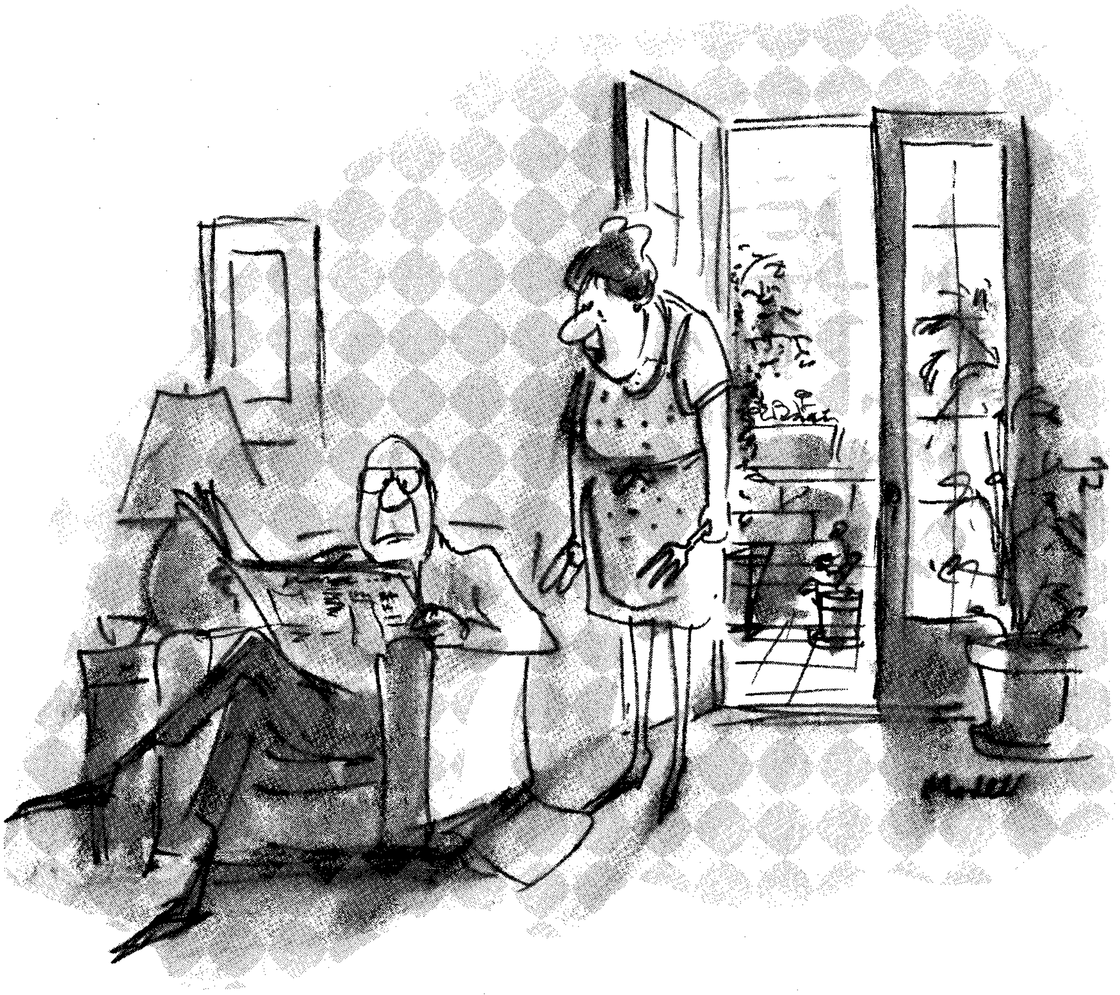
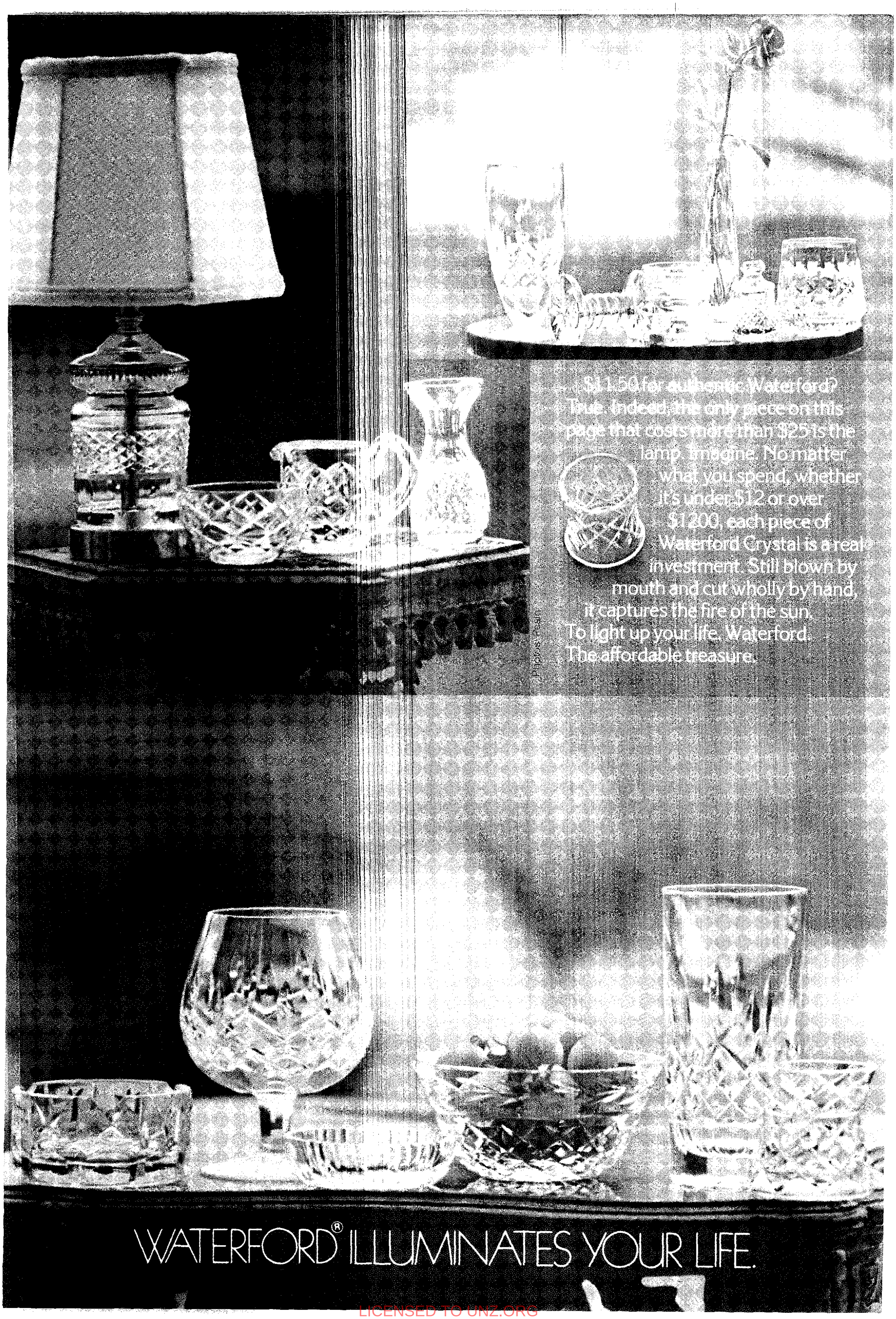
best thing that was ever invented. Mother, he would sigh, yet he never waited for the answer from the only person in the world who dared scold him for the rancid onion smell of his armpits but returned to the Presidential Palace through the main door in exaltation with that miraculous season of the Caribbean in January, that reconciliation with the world at the end of old age, those mellow soft afternoons after he had made peace with the papal nuncio and the latter would visit him without an appointment to attempt to convert him to the faith of Christ while they had chocolate and cookies, and bursting with laughter he would charge, if God is the man you say he is, tell him to rid me of this beetle that's buzzing in my ear, he would unbutton the nine buttons of his fly and show the nuncio his huge tool, tell him to deflate this creature, he would say, but the nuncio went along with his shepherd's work with patient stoicism, tried to convince him that everything that is truth, no matter who says it, comes from the Holy Spirit, and he would see the nuncio to the door when the first lights went on, dying with such laughter as had rarely been heard, don't waste your gunpowder on buzzards, Father, he told him, why should you want to convert me since everything I'm doing is just what you people want, what the hell.

THAT floating calmness shattered its hull suddenly at a cockpit on a faraway plain when a bloodthirsty cock tore the head off his adversary and ate it, pecking at it before an audience that was maddened by blood and a drunken brass band that celebrated the horror with festive music, and though he was the only one who spotted the evil omen, he sensed that it was so clear and so imminent that he secretly ordered his escort to arrest one of the musicians, that one, the one playing the tuba, and, indeed, they found a sawed-off shotgun on him and under torture he confessed that he had planned to shoot him during the confusion as the people left, it was quite obvious, of course, the General explained, because I was looking at everybody and everybody was looking back at me, but the only one who didn't dare look at me one single time was that son of a bitch with the tuba, poor devil, and still he knew that that wasn't the ultimate reason for his anxiety, because he kept on feeling it at night in Government House even after his security service had shown that there was no reason for worry, General sir, everything was in order, but he clung to Patricio Aragonés as if he were himself after he received the omen at the cockpit, he gave him his own food to eat, he gave him his own honey to drink with the same spoon in case it had been poisoned, so that he would at least die with the consolation that they had both died together, and they went like fugitives through forgotten rooms, walking on the rugs so that no one would hear their great furtive Siamese-elephant steps, navigating together in the intermittent light from the beacon as it came in through the windows and flooded the rooms of the house every thirty seconds with green, amidst the vapor from cow flops and the mournful greetings of nocturnal ships on the sleeping seas. They would spend whole afternoons watching it rain, counting swallows on languid September afternoons like two aged lovers, so far removed from the world that he himself did not realize that his fierce struggle to exist twice was feeding the contrary suspicion that he was existing less and less, that he was lying in a lethargy, that the guard had been doubled and no one was allowed in or out of the presidential quarters, that someone had still managed to get through that strict filter and had seen the birds silent in their cages, the cows drinking at the baptismal font, the lepers and cripples sleeping in the rose beds, and everybody at midday seemed to be waiting for dawn to come, since he had died of natural causes during his sleep as had been announced in the prophetic basins but the high command was delaying the notice while they tried to settle in bloody secret meetings their postponed quarrels.

Although he did not know of those rumors he was aware that something was about to occur in his life, he would interrupt the slow domino games to ask General Rodrigo de Aguilar how the mess was going, friend, everything under control, sir, the nation was calm, he watched for signs of premonition in the funeral pyres of cow chips that burned in the courtyard corridors, and in the wells with their ancient waters, but he could find no answer for his anxiety, he visited his mother, Bendición Alvarado, in the suburban mansion when the heat died down, they would sit and take in the cool afternoon breezes under the tamarinds, she in her maternal rocking chair, decrepit but with her soul intact, tossing handfuls of grain to the hens and the peacocks who pecked about the courtyard, and he in the large wicker chair, fanning himself with his hat, following with his look of old hunger the big mulatto women who brought him colored fruit juices to quench his hot thirst, General, thinking oh Bendición Alvarado, my mother, if you only knew that I can't stand the world anymore, that I'd like to go away, I don't know where, Mother, far away from so much injustice, but not even his mother was shown the inside of his sighs and he would return to the Presidential Palace with the first lights of evening, go in through the service entrance, hearing the clicking of sentries' heels as he went along the corridors, and they saluted him all's well, General sir, everything in order, but he knew that it wasn't true, that they were dissembling from habit, that they lied to him out of fear, that nothing was true in that crisis of uncertainty which was rendering his glory bitter and had been taking away his old desire to command ever since that fateful night at the cockpit. Until very late he would stay stretched out face down on the floor without sleeping, through the open window facing the sea he could hear the distant drums and sad bagpipes that were celebrating some wedding among the poor with the same uproar with which they would have celebrated his death, he could hear the farewell of a vagabond steamer that was weighing anchor at two o'clock in the morning without permission from the port captain, he could hear the paper sound of the roses as they opened at dawn, without one moment of rest, sensing with a woodsman's instinct the imminence of the afternoon when he was on his way back from the suburban mansion and was surprised by a mob in the street, an opening and closing of windows and a panic of swallows in the diaphanous December sky, and he peeped through the curtain of the carriage to see what was going on and he said to himself this is it, Mother, this is it, he said to himself, with a terrible feeling of relief, seeing the colored balloons in the sky, the red and green balloons, the yellow balloons like great blue oranges, the innumerable wandering balloons that took flight in the midst of swallows' fright and floated for an instant in the crystal light of four o'clock and suddenly broke with a silent and unanimous explosion, releasing thousands and thousands of bits of paper over the city, a blizzard of broadsides which the coachman took advantage of in order to slip through the tumult of the public market without anyone's recognizing the coach of power, because everybody was busy in the scramble for the papers from the balloons, General sir, they were shouting out the words on them from the balconies, from memory they repeated down with oppression, they shouted death to the tyrant, and even the sentries along the corridors of the Presidential Palace were reading aloud about the union of all without distinction of class against the despotism of centuries, patriotic reconciliation against the corruption and the arrogance of the military, no more blood, they shouted, no



"You'll never guess who has leaf drop."



$11.50 for authentic Waterford? True. Indeed, the only piece on this page that costs more than $25 is the lamp. Imagine. No matter what you spend, whether it's under $12 or over $1200, each piece of Waterford Crystal is a real investment. Still blown by mouth and cut wholly by hand, it captures the fire of the sun. To light up your life. Waterford. The affordable treasure.

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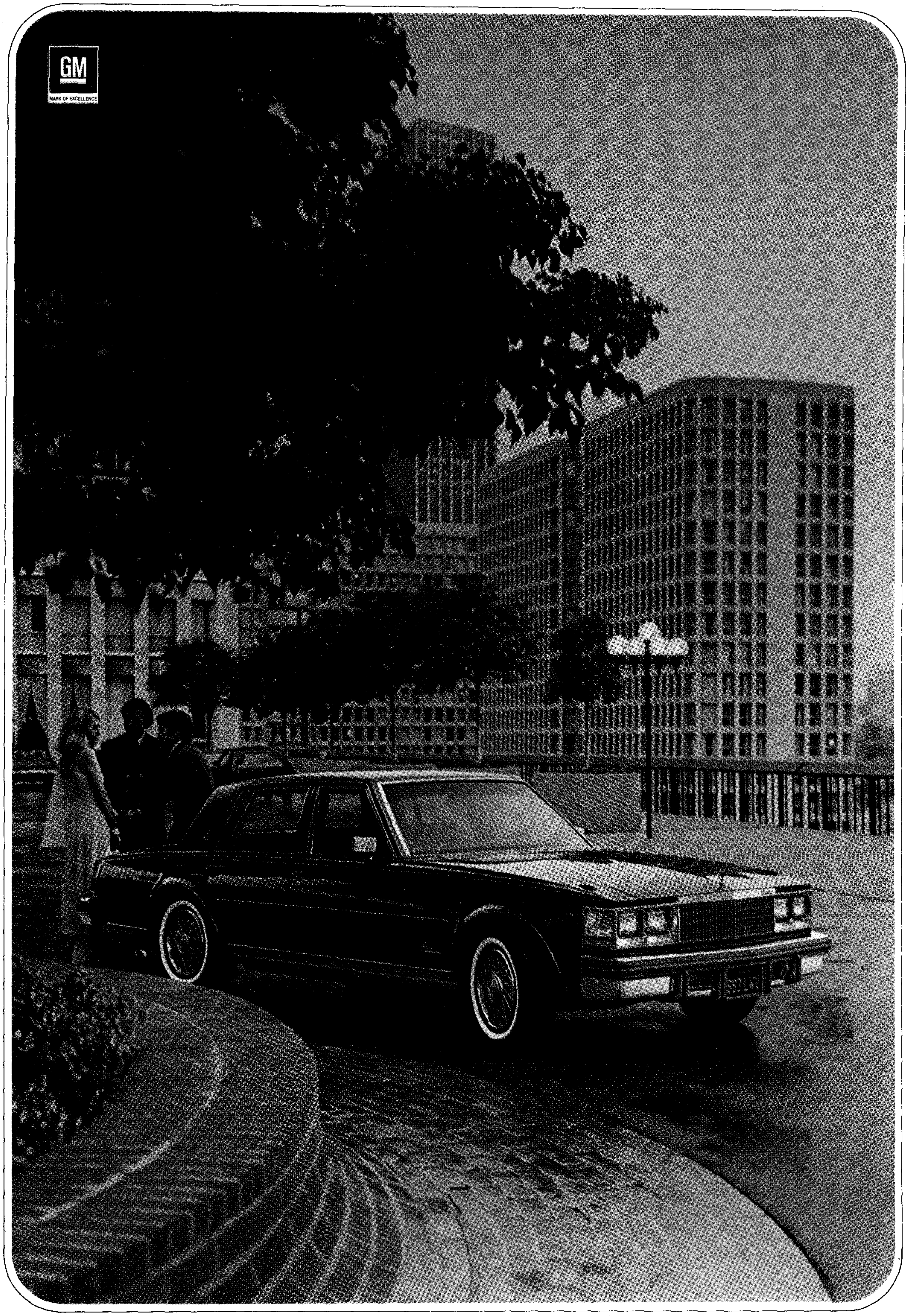
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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Seville and the quest for perfection.

An American success story.

Few cars in so short a period of time have so captured the imagination of the motoring public as this car. Seville by Cadillac. At its introduction, this was a new kind of luxury car...designed for American tastes but at home anywhere in the world. The car complete—the first American car to combine international size and styling with Cadillac comfort and convenience.

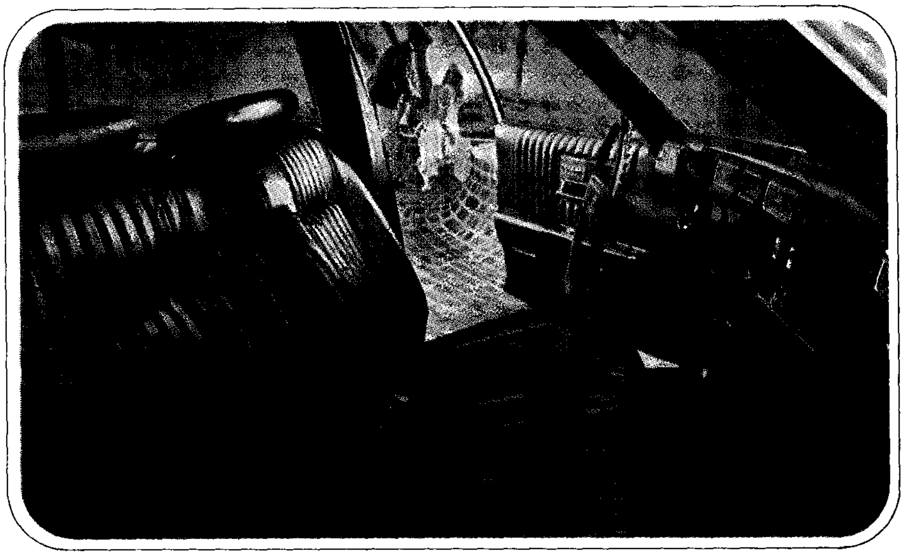
A credit to its engineering.

So well-engineered was it that a number of Seville's proven design concepts have been incorporated in the 1977 Cadillacs that we proudly label the next generation of the luxury car. But Seville remains unique. And the quest for perfection goes on.

The quest.

Seville was a great car when it was introduced. It is an even more refined car today. For it is our policy to constantly seek out ways to enhance Seville—and as we find them they are incorporated into the car. There are many such refinements. Some might appear minor. Some not so minor. Altogether, they make Seville an even more desirable car choice for 1977. Examples of these refinements include the following:

Four-wheel disc brakes.



Four-wheel disc brakes.

They are standard equipment. Combined with a power brake booster, they provide the braking capability you would expect of one of the world's best-equipped cars.

A retuned suspension system.

You might never notice the difference. But we would. So we retuned the suspension system. Complementing the suspension system are special Butyl® rubber body mounts to provide vibration-dampening qualities—for both vertical and lateral movement.

Styling refinements.

The timeless styling of Seville has been enhanced by a new, more distinctive grille. And you may now select either the vinyl top or the stylish simplicity of an all-metal roof. All other styling remains happily unchanged.

A unique American luxury car.

Most important, it's a Seville—designed and engineered to be one of the world's great cars. A car of innovation—incorporating the latest American technical achievements. Such as its Electronic-Fuel-Injected Engine with an on-board analog computer. It's a beautiful road car. As a matter of fact, Seville just might be the best-performing car you've ever driven. There's only one way to know. Call your Cadillac dealer and have him arrange a test drive for you. Haven't you waited long enough?

Seville
BY CADILLAC

She took part in a revolution where little blood was shed.

Getting blood from a baby is a little like trying to get blood from a stone.

An infant has very little blood to spare.

Yet, there are times a newborn child requires critical blood tests. And some very fast results.

Union Carbide has answered these needs by developing a revolutionary blood testing instrument known as the CentrifiChem Analyzer.

It requires unusually small quantities of blood. Which means enough can be drawn through a simple prick in the finger or heel of a child or adult.

With that tiny amount of blood, the CentrifiChem System can detect symptoms of cardiac, liver, kidney and other bodily disorders. And this unique machine is capable of performing blood tests so fast it can help save a life that once might have been lost.

Union Carbide has developed three vital systems for the critical clinical diagnostics field.

The Centria system, which is able to detect the minutest quantities of substances circulating in the bloodstream.

The CintiChem system, designed exclusively for the nuclear medicine laboratory.

And, of course, the CentrifiChem system.

It's about as close as you can get to a bloodless revolution.

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CARBIDE

Today, something we do will touch your life.

more pillaging, the whole country was awakening from its age-old sleep at the moment he was going through the coach-house door and he ran into the terrible news, General sir, that Patricio Aragonés had been fatally wounded by a poisoned dart.

Years before, during one night of bad moods, he had proposed to Patricio Aragonés that they gamble their lives on heads or tails, heads you die, tails I die, but Patricio Aragonés made him see that they would both meet death in a tie because all coins had both their faces on both sides, he then proposed that they gamble their lives at the domino table, the best out of twenty games, and Patricio Aragonés accepted with great honor, General sir, with the proviso that you grant me the privilege of being allowed to beat you, and he accepted, agreed, so they played one game, they played two, they played twenty, Patricio Aragonés always won, a long and bloody battle was joined, and they reached the last game without his having won a single match, and Patricio Aragonés dried the sweat of his brow with his shirtsleeve, sighing I'm deeply sorry, General, but I don't want to die, and then he went about picking up the pieces, placed them in order in the little wooden box while he said to Patricio Aragonés, like a schoolmaster chanting a rote lesson, that he had no need to die at the domino table either but in his own time and his own place from natural causes in his sleep, as had been predicted ever since the beginning of his days by the sibylline basins, and not even that way, when you come to think of it, because Bendición Alvarado didn't bring me into the world to pay any heed to basins but to command, and after all I am what I am, and not you, so give thanks to God that this was only a game, he told Patricio Aragonés, laughing, not having imagined then or ever that the terrible joke was to come true the night he went to Patricio Aragonés's room and found him facing the demands of death, hopeless, with no chance of surviving the poison, and Patricio Aragonés greeted him from the door with his hand outstretched, God save you, stud, it's a great honor to die for your country.

He stayed with him during his slow agony, the two of them alone in the room, giving him the spoonfuls of anodyne with his own hand, and Patricio Aragonés took them without gratitude, telling him between spoonfuls, I will leave you here for a while, my General, with your world of stink, because my heart tells me that quite soon we shall meet again in the depths of Hell, I all twisted up worse than a mullet because of this poison and you with your head in your hand looking for a place to put it, let it be said without the least bit of respect, General sir, that I can tell you now that I never loved you as you think but that ever since the days of the Filibusters, when I had the evil misfortune to chance into your domains, I've been praying that you would be killed, in a good way even, so that you would pay me back for this life of an orphan you gave me, first by tamping my feet flat so that they would be those of a sleepwalker like yours, then by piercing my nuts with a shoemaker's awl so I would develop a rupture, then by making me drink turpentine so I would forget how to read and write after all the work it took my mother to teach me, and always obliging me to go through the public ceremonies you didn't dare face, and not because the nation needs you alive as you say but because even the toughest man can get all tight when he crowns a beauty whore and doesn't know from what direction death will explode in on him, let it be said without the least respect, General, but he wasn't bothered by the insolence but, rather, by the ingratitude of Patricio Aragonés, who I set up in life like a king in a palace and I gave you what no one has ever given anybody in this world, even lending you my own women, we'd best not talk about that, General, Patricio Aragonés said, because it's better to be gelded by a mace than to go about laying mothers on the ground as if it were a matter of branding calves, just because those poor heartless bitch waifs don't even feel the brand or kick or twist or complain like calves, and they don't smoke from the haunches or smell of singed flesh, which is the least one asks of good women, but they lay down their dead-cow bodies so a person can do his duty while they go on peeling potatoes and shouting to the other women, please keep an eye on the kitchen for me while I take a breather here, so my rice doesn't burn, only you would think that stuff like that is love, General, because it's the only kind you know, without the least respect of course. And then he began to roar shut up, God damn it, shut up or you'll pay for it, but Patricio Aragonés kept on saying without the slightest intention of a joke why should I shut up when all you can do is kill me and you're already killing me, it would be better now to take advantage and look truth in the face, General, so you can know that no one has ever told you what he really thinks but that everyone tells you what he knows you want to hear while he bows to your face and thumbs his nose at you from behind, you might even thank fate that I'm the man who most pities you in this world because I'm the only one who looks like you, the only one honorable enough to sing out to you what everyone says, that you're president of nobody and that you're not on the throne because of your big guns but because the English sat you there and the Gringos kept you there with the pair of guns on their battleship, because I saw you scurrying like a cockroach this way and that, back and forth, when the Gringos shouted to you we're leaving you here with your nigger whorehouse, so let's see if you can put it all together without us, and if you never got up from your chair since that time or have never gone out it's probably not because you don't want to but because you can't, recognize it, because you know that the moment they see you on the street dressed as a mortal they're going to fall on you like a pack of dogs to collect from you, in one case for the killings at Santa María del Altar, in another for the prisoners thrown into the moat of the harbor fort to be eaten by crocodiles, in another for the people you skin alive and whose hides you send to their families as a lesson, he said, dipping into the bottomless well of his long-postponed rancor and drawing out the string of atrocities of his regime of infamy, until he could no longer tell him any more because a fiery rake tore his guts apart, his heart softened again, and he ended with no instance of offense but almost one of supplication, I'm serious, General, take advantage of the fact that I'm dying now and die with me, no one has more right than I to tell you this, because I never had any intention of looking like anyone, much less a national hero, but only a sad little glassblower making bottles like my father, take a chance, General, it doesn't hurt as much as it seems, and he said it with an air of such serene truth that the rage to answer did not overcome him but, rather, he tried to hold Patricio Aragonés up in his chair when he saw that he was starting to twist about and hold his belly in his hands and was sobbing with tears of pain and shame, I'm so sorry, General, but I'm shitting in my pants and he thought he meant it in a figurative sense, that he was dying of fear, but Patricio Aragonés answered him no, I mean real shit shitting, General, and he managed to beseech him, hold on, Patricio Aragonés, hold on, we

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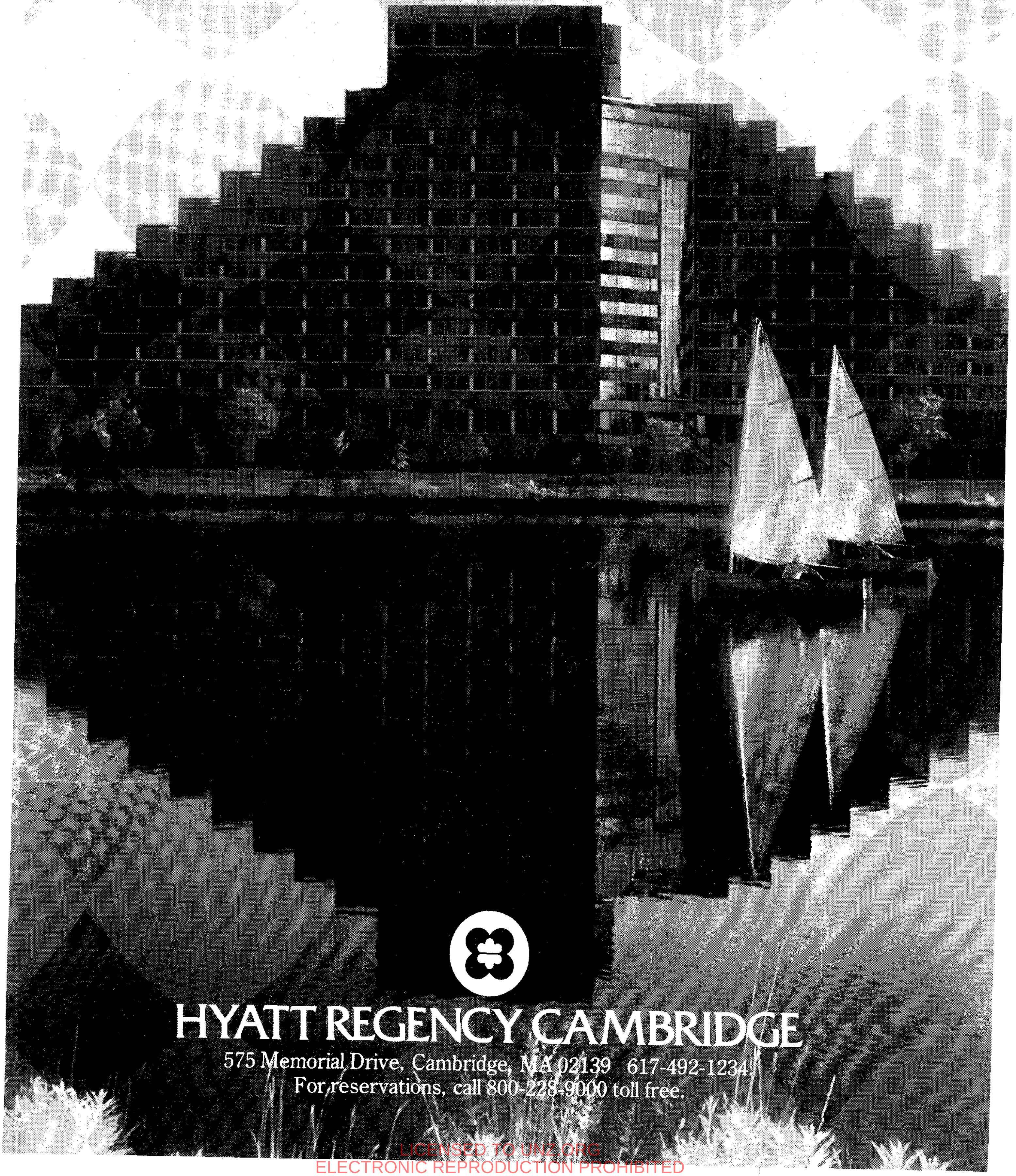

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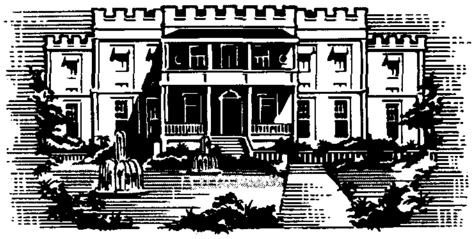
generals of the fatherland have to die like men even if we pay for it with our lives, but he said it too late, because Patricio Aragonés fell face down and on top of him, kicking with fear and soaked in filth and tears. In the office next to the hearing room he had to scrub the body with a dishrag and soap to get rid of the bad smell, he dressed it in the clothes he was wearing, he put the canvas truss on, the boots, the gold spur on the left heel, feeling as he did it that he was changing into the most solitary man on earth, and last of all he erased all traces of the farce and prefigured the perfection, down to the tiniest details, that he had seen with his own eyes in the premonitory waters of the basins, so that at dawn on the next day the cleaning women would find the body, as they did find it, stretched out face down on the floor of the office, dead for the first time of natural causes in his sleep, in his denim uniform with no insignia, his boots, the gold spur, and with his right arm folded under his head as a pillow.

THEY did not spread the news immediately that time either, contrary to what he expected, but many prudent hours passed with clandestine investigations, secret agreements among the heirs of the regime, who were trying to gain time by denying the rumor of death with all manner of contradictory versions, they brought his mother, Bendición Alvarado, out into the commercial district to show that she was not wearing a mourning face. They dressed me in a flowered dress like a chippy, sir, they made me buy a macaw-feather hat so that everybody would see me happy, they made me buy every piece of junk to be found in the stores in spite of my telling them no, sir, it wasn't a time for buying but for crying, because even I believed that it was really my son who had died, and they forced me to smile when people took full-length pictures of me, because the military men said it had to be done for the good of the country. Meanwhile he wondered, confused in his hiding place, what's happening out in the world, since nothing had changed with the trick of his death, how was it that the sun had risen and had risen again without stumbling, why that Sunday look, Mother, why the same heat without me, he was wondering in surprise when a sudden cannon shot sounded from the fortress on the harbor and the main bells of the cathedral began to toll and all the way up to Government House came the surge of the crowds that were rising up out of the age-old morass with the greatest piece of news in the world, and then he half opened the bedroom door and peeped into the audience room and saw himself laid out more dead and more decorated than all the dead popes of Christendom, wounded by the horror and the shame of his own body of a military stud lying among the flowers, his face pale with powder, his lips painted, the hard hands of a dauntless young lady crossed over the chest armored with military decorations, the showy dress uniform with the ten pips of General of the Universe, a rank someone had invented for him after death, the king-of-spades sabre he had never used, the patent-leather boots with two gold spurs, the vast paraphernalia of power and the lugubrious martial glories reduced to the human size of a faggot lying in state. God damn it, that can't be me, he said to himself, contemplating the procession that was parading around his corpse, and for an instant he forgot the murky reasons for the farce and felt raped and diminished by the inclemency of death toward the majesty of power, he saw life without him, he saw with a certain compassion how men were bereft of his authority, he saw with a hidden uneasiness those who had only come to decipher the enigma of whether it really was or was not he, he saw a very old man who gave the Masonic salute from the days of the Federalist War, he saw a man in mourning who kissed his ring, he saw a schoolgirl who laid a flower on him, he saw a fishwife who could not resist the truth of his death and strewed her basket of fresh fish all over the floor and embraced the perfumed corpse, sobbing aloud that it was him, my God, what's going to become of us without him, she wept. So it was him, they shouted, it was him, shouted the throng suffocated by the sun in the main square and then the bells of the cathedral stopped tolling their knell and those of all the churches announced a Wednesday of jubilation, Easter rockets exploded, Roman candles, drums of liberation, and he watched the assault groups that came in through the windows in the face of the silent complacency of the guard, he watched the ferocious leaders who dispersed the procession with clubs and knocked down the inconsolable fishwife, he watched the ones who attacked the corpse, the eight men who took it out of its immemorial state and its chimerical time of agapanthus lilies and sunflowers and dragged it down the stairs, those who gutted the insides of that paradise of opulence and misfortune, thinking they were destroying the lair of power forever, knocking over the papier-mâché Doric capitals, velvet curtains, and Babylonian columns crowned with alabaster palm trees, throwing birdcages out the window, the throne of the viceroys, the grand piano, breaking the funeral urns with the ashes of unknown patriots and Gobelin tapestries of maidens asleep in gondolas of disillusion and enormous oil paintings of bishops and archaic military men and inconceivable naval battles, annihilating that world so that in the memory of future generations not the slightest memory of the cursed line of men of arms would remain. And then he peeped into the street through the slats in the blinds to see what degree the ravages of defenestration had reached and with just one

Marriott introduces Barbados' newest resort. It started back in 1820.



That was the year the infamous pirate, Sam Lord, built his castle on Barbados, perhaps the loveliest island in the Caribbean. Certainly the one with the friendliest people. Here his Georgian castle still stands, overlooking a magnificent beach. Surrounded by a manicured English garden, seventy acres of private grounds.

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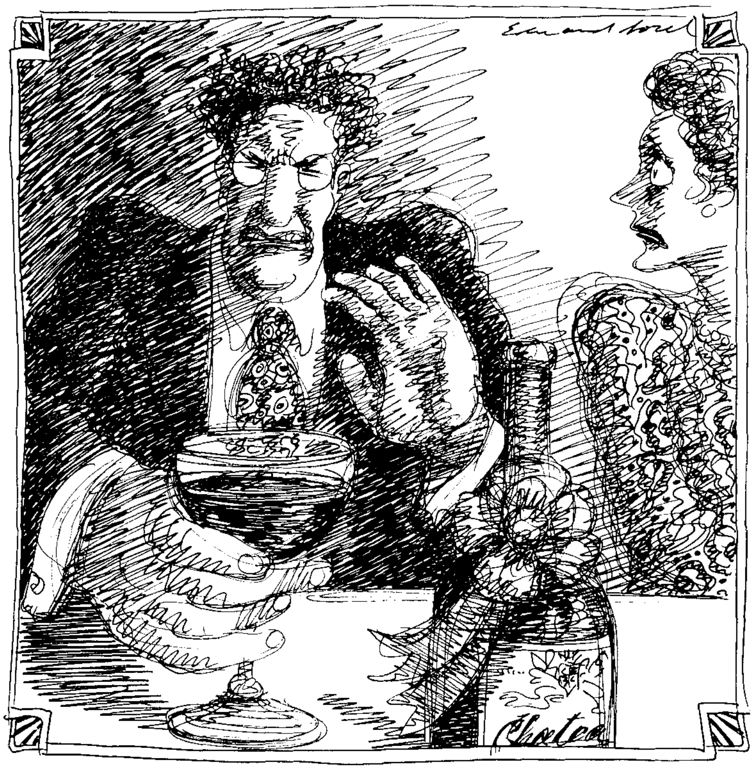
glance he saw more infamy and more ingratitude than had ever been seen and wept over by his eyes since the day he was born, Mother, he saw his merry widows leaving the building through the service entrance, leading the cows from the stables by the halter, carrying off government furniture, the jars of honey from your hives, Mother, he saw his seven-month runts making music of jubilation with kitchen pots and treasures from the crystal and table service for pontifical banquets, singing with street-urchin shouts my papa is dead, hurray for freedom, he saw the bonfire that had been lighted in the main square to burn the official portraits and the almanac lithographs that had been in all places and at all times ever since the beginning of his regime, and he saw his own body dragged by as it left behind along the street a trail of medals and epaulets, hussar's buttons, strands of brocade and frog braiding and tassels from the playing-card sabre and the ten sad pips of General of the Universe, Mother, look what they've done to me, he said, feeling in his own flesh the ignominy of the spitting and the sickbed pans that were thrown on him from the balconies as he went by, horrified by the idea of being quartered and devoured by dogs and vultures amidst the delirious howls and the roar of fireworks celebrating the carnival of his death.

When the cataclysm had passed he still heard the distant music of the windless afternoon, he went on killing mosquitoes and with the same slaps trying to kill the katydids in his ears which hindered him in his thinking, he still saw the light of the fires on the horizon, the lighthouse that tinted him with green every thirty seconds through the slits in the blinds, the natural breathing of daily life which was getting to be the same again while his death was changing into a different death, more like so many others in the past, the incessant torrent of reality which was carrying him off toward the no man's land of compassion and oblivion. God damn it, screw death, he exclaimed, and then he left his hiding place exalted by the certainty that his grandest hour had struck, he went through the sacked salons dragging his thick phantom feet in the midst of the ruins of his former life, in the shadows that smelled of dying flowers and burial candlewicks, he pushed open the door of the Cabinet room, heard through the smoky air the thin voices around the long walnut table, and saw through the smoke that all the ones he wanted to be there were there, the liberals who had sold the Federalist War, the conservatives who had bought it, the generals of the high command, three of his Cabinet ministers, the archbishop and Ambassador Schontner, all together in one single plot calling for the unity of all against the despotism of centuries so that they could divide up among themselves the booty of his death, so absorbed in the depths of greed that no one noticed the appearance of the unburied president, who gave a single blow with the palm of his hand on the table and shouted aha! and that was all he had to do, for when he lifted his hand from the table the stampede of panic was over and all that was left in the room were the overflowing ashtrays, the coffee mugs, the chairs flung on the floor, and his comrade of a lifetime, General Rodrigo de Aguilar, in battle dress, minute, impassive, wafting away the smoke with his one hand and indicating to him to drop to the floor, General sir, because now the fun is going to begin, and they both dropped to the floor at the instant the machine guns' death jubilation started up by the front of the building, the butcher feast of the presidential guard, who with great pleasure and great honor, General sir, carried out his fierce orders that no one should escape alive from the meeting where treason was being hatched, any who tried to escape through the main door were mowed down with machine-gun bursts, the ones who were hanging out the windows were shot down like birds from a blind, the ones who were able to escape the encirclement and took refuge in nearby houses were gutted out with phosphorus grenades, and they finished off the wounded in accordance with the presidential criterion that any survivor is a dangerous enemy as long as he lives, while he remained lying face down on the floor two feet away from General Rodrigo de Aguilar, tolerating the hail of glass and plaster that came through the windows with every explosion, murmuring without pause as if he were praying, that's it, old friend, that's it, the trouble's over, from now on I'm going to rule alone with no dogs to bark at me, tomorrow we'll have to see what good has come out of this God-damned mess and what hasn't, and if we don't have anything to sit on in the meantime we'll get six leather stools of the cheapest sort, some straw mats, and put them here and there to cover up the holes, we'll buy a few more odds and ends, and that's it, no plates, no spoons, no nothing, I'll bring it all from the barracks, because I'm not going to have any military men or officers around, God damn it, all they're good for is to waste more milk and when there's trouble, as we've seen, they spit on the hand that feeds them, I'll only keep the presidential guard, who are straight shooters and brave fellows, and I'm not going to name any Cabinet, God damn it, just a good Minister of Health, for health is the only thing anyone really needs in life, and maybe another one with a good hand for what has to be put in writing, and that way we can rent out the ministries and barracks and save money on help, because what's needed here isn't people but money, we'll get two good maids, one for cleaning and cooking and the other to wash and iron, and I'll take care of the cows and the birds myself when we get some, and no more of jumping whores in the toilets or lepers in the rosebushes or doctors of philosophy who know everything or wise politicians who see everything, because after all this is a presidential palace and not a nigger whorehouse as Patricio Aragonés said the Gringos said, and I'm more than enough to keep on ruling all alone until the comet comes by again, and not just once but ten times, because the way I am I don't intend to die again, God damn it, let other people die, he said, talking without any pauses to think, as if he were reciting by heart, because he had known ever since the war that thinking aloud was driving off the fear of the dynamite charges that were shaking the building, making plans for tomorrow in the morning and for the coming century at dusk, until the last coup de grâce rang out in the street and General Rodrigo de Aguilar crawled over to the window and gave the order to get the garbage wagons and take away the dead bodies and he left the room saying, have a good night, General, the same to you, old friend, he answered, thank you very much, lying face down on the funereal marble of the Cabinet room, and then he folded his right arm to serve as a pillow and fell asleep at once, more alone than ever, lulled by the sound of the trail of yellow leaves of his autumn of pain, which had begun forever that night with the smoking bodies and the puddles of red moons of the massacre.

HE did not have to take any of the predicted measures, because the army broke up on its own, the troops scattered, the few officers who resisted until the last moment in the garrisons in the city and in another six in the countryside were wiped out by the presidential guard with the help of

Sometimes it is more embarrassing to give than to receive.



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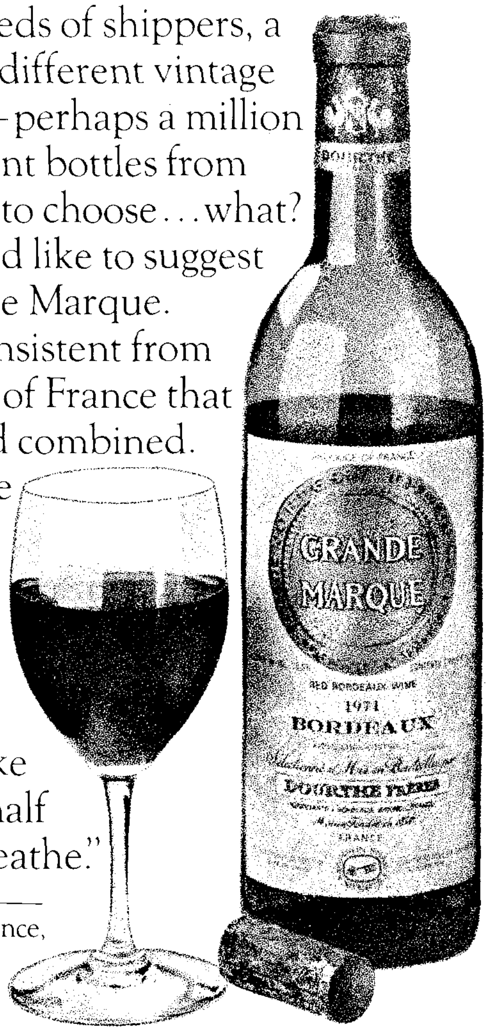
TIP: The bouquet and taste of a great red wine like Grande Marque improves when cork is removed a half hour or so before serving and wine is allowed to "breathe."



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civilian volunteers, the surviving ministers fled into exile at dawn and only the two most faithful remained, one who was also his private physician and the other had the best handwriting in the country, and he did not have to kowtow to any foreign power, because the government coffers were overflowing with wedding rings given as surety by instant partisans, nor did he have to buy any mats or leather stools of the cheapest sort to repair the ravages of defenestration, because even before the pacification of the country was over the audience room was restored and more sumptuous than ever, and there were birdcages everywhere, chattering macaws, royal lory parrots who sang in the cornices for Spain and not for Portugal, discreet and serviceable women who kept the building as neat and clean as a battleship, and in through the windows came the music of glory, the same Roman candles of excitement, the same bells of jubilation that had begun celebrating his death and went on celebrating his immortality, and there was a great permanent rally in the main square with shouts of eternal support and large signs saying God Save the Magnificent Who Arose from the Dead on the Third Day, an endless celebration that he did not have to prolong with any secret maneuvers as he had done at other times, because affairs of state took care of themselves without any help, the nation went along, he alone was the government, and no one circumvented his will whether by word or deed, because he was so alone in his glory that he no longer had any enemies left, and he was so thankful for his comrade of a lifetime Rodrigo de Aguilar that he did not get nervous again over the expense of the milk but ordered the private soldiers who had distinguished themselves by their ferocity and sense of duty to form in the courtyard, and pointing to them according to the impulses of his inspiration he promoted them to the highest ranks, knowing that he was restoring the armed forces who were going to spit on the hand that fed them, you to captain, you to major, you to colonel, what am I saying, to general, and all the rest to lieutenant, what the hell, old friend, here's your army, and he was so moved by those who had been grieved by his death that he had them fetch the old man with the Masonic salute and the gentleman in mourning who had kissed his ring and he decorated them with the medal of peace, he had them bring in the fishwife and he gave her what she said she needed most, which was a house with a lot of rooms where she could live with her fourteen children, he had them bring in the schoolgirl who had laid a flower on the corpse and granted her what she most wanted in this world, which was to get married to a man of the sea, but in spite of those acts of relief his confused heart did not have a moment of rest until in the courtyard of the San Jerónimo barracks he saw bound and spat upon the assault groups who had sacked the Presidential Palace, he recognized them one by one with the remorseless memory of rancor and he went about separating them into different groups according to the intensity of the offense, you here, the one who led the assault, you over there, the ones who had thrown the inconsolable fishwife to the floor, you here, the ones who had taken the corpse out of the coffin and dragged it down the stairs and through the mire, and all the rest on this side, you bastards, although he was really not interested in the punishment but in proving to himself that the profanation of the body and the attack on the building had not been a spontaneous and popular act but an infamous mercenary deal, so he took charge of the interrogation of the prisoners, physically present and doing the talking himself, to get them to tell him willingly the illusory truth that his heart needed, but he could not manage it, he had them hung from a horizontal beam like parrots, tied hand and foot with their heads down, for hours on end, but he could not manage it, he had one thrown into the moat of the courtyard and the others saw him quartered and devoured by the crocodiles, but he could not manage it, he chose one out of the main group and had him skinned alive in the presence of all, and they saw his flesh tender and yellow like a newborn placenta and they felt the soaking of the warm blood broth of the body that had been laid bare as it went through its throes thrashing about on the courtyard stones, and then they confessed what he wanted, that they had been paid four hundred gold pesos to drag the corpse to the dung heap in the marketplace, that they didn't want to do it for love or money because they had nothing against him, all the less so since he was dead, but that at a secret meeting where they even saw two generals from the high command they had all been frightened with every manner of threat and that was why we did it, General sir, word of honor, and then he exhaled a great mouthful of relief, ordered that they be fed and allowed to rest that night and in the morning thrown to the crocodiles, poor deceived

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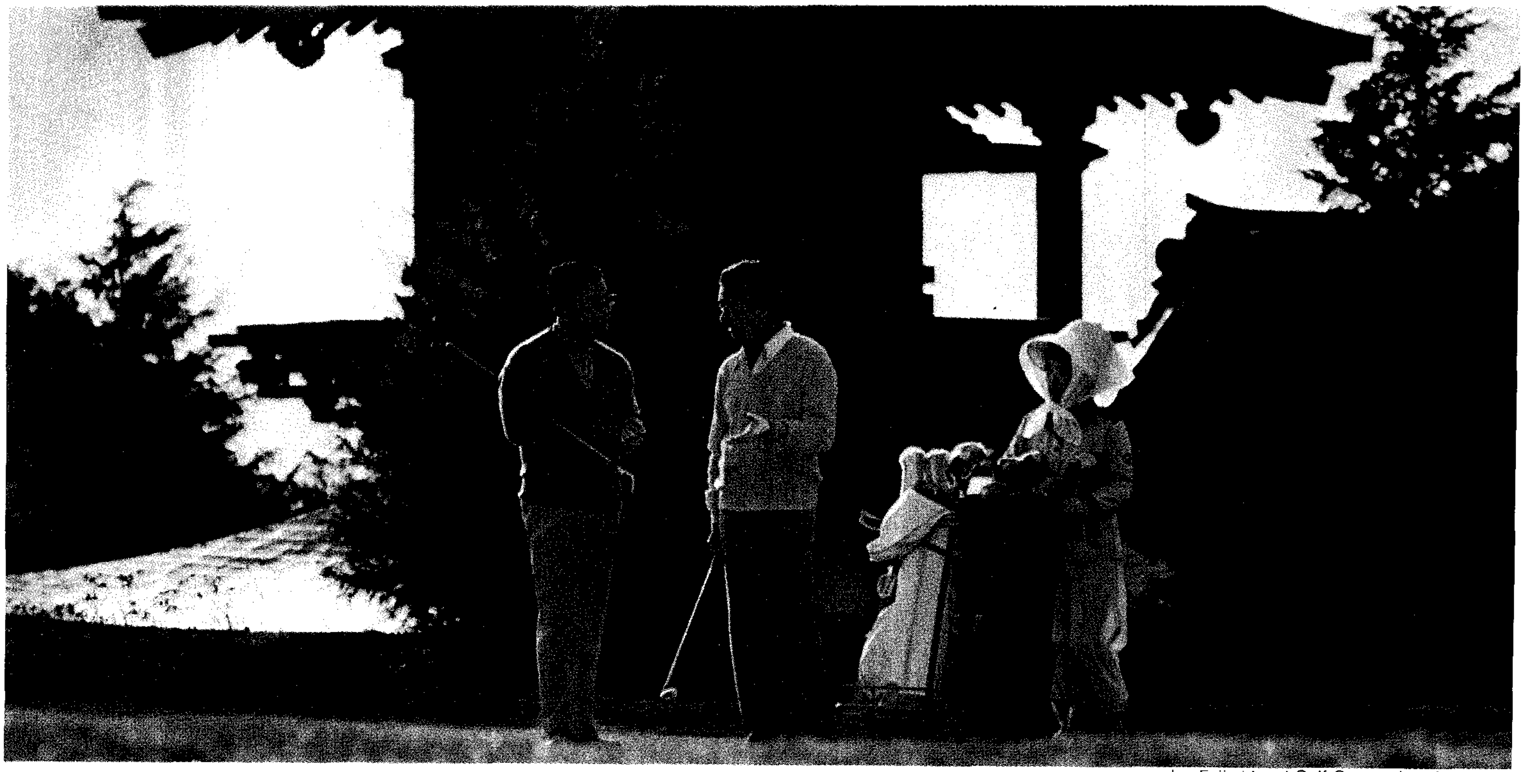

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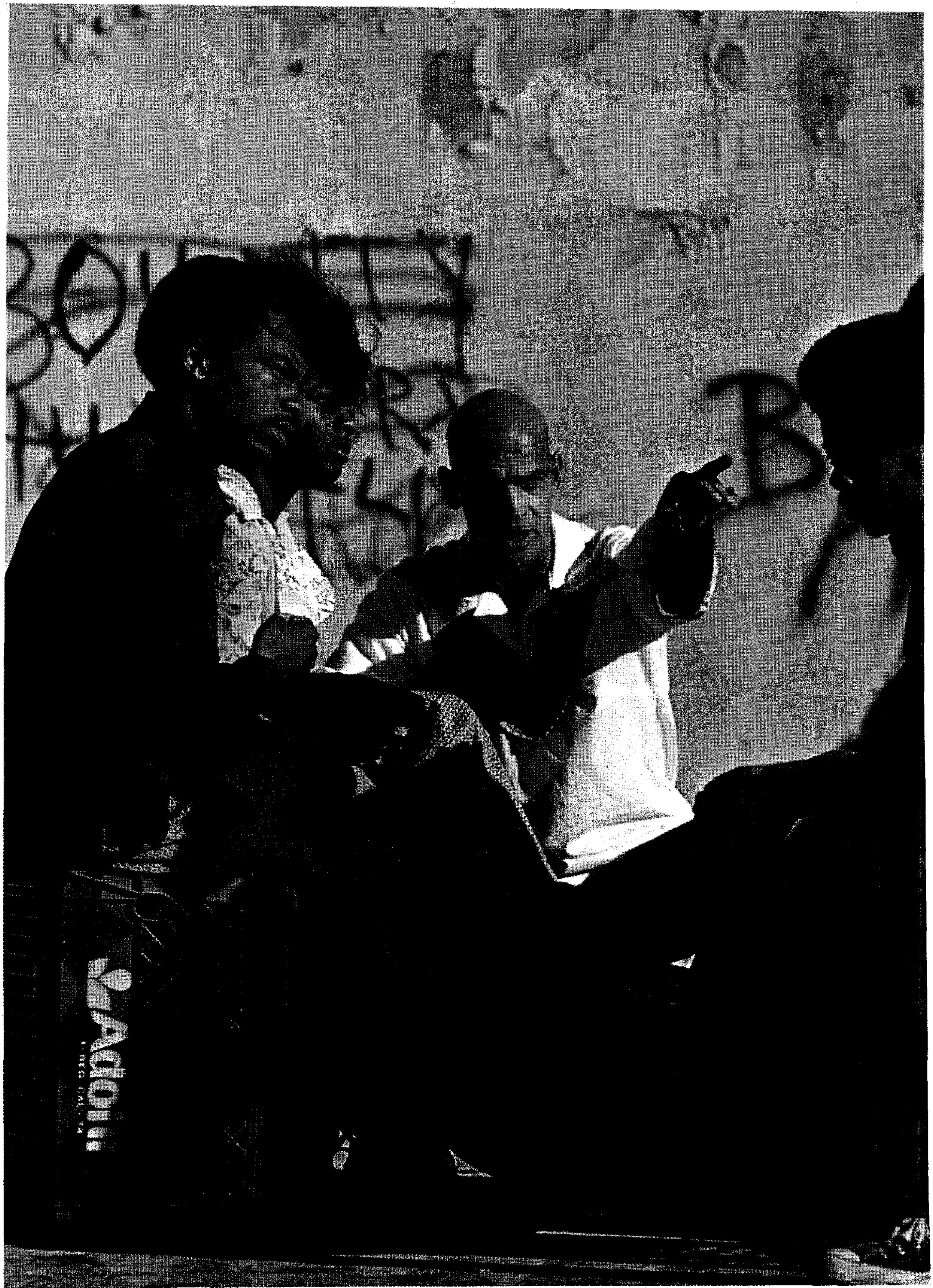

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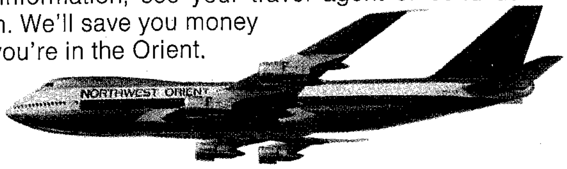
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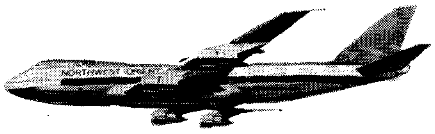

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boys, he sighed and went back to the Presidential Palace with his heart free of the hair shirt of doubt, murmuring you all saw it, God damn it, you all saw it, these people love me. Resolved to dissipate even the dregs of the uneasiness that Patricio Aragonés had sown in his heart, he decided that those acts of torture would be the last of his regime, the crocodiles were killed, the torture chambers where it was possible to crumble every bone in the body one by one without killing were dismantled, he proclaimed a general amnesty, he looked to the future with the magical idea that came to him, the trouble with this country is that the people have too much time on their hands to think, and looking for a way to keep them busy he restored the March poetry festival and the annual contest for the election of a beauty queen, he built the largest baseball stadium in the Caribbean and imparted to our team the motto of Victory or Death, and he ordered a free school established in each province to teach sweeping and the pupils fanaticized by the presidential stimulus went on to sweep the streets after having swept their houses and then the nearby highways and roads, so that in official processions with the national flag and large banners saying God Save the All Pure Who Watches Over the Cleanliness of the Nation piles of trash were carried back and forth from one province to another without anyone's knowing what to do with them, while he dragged his slow feet of a meditative beast about in search of new formulas to keep the civilian population busy, opening a way among the lepers and blind men and cripples who begged the salt of health from his hands, baptizing with his name at the font in the courtyard the children of his godchildren among persistent adulators who proclaimed him the one and only, because now he could not count on the resources of any lookalike and he had to make himself double in a marketplace of a palace where every day cages and more cages of rare birds arrived ever since the secret was let out that his mother, Bendición Alvarado, followed the trade of birdwoman, and even though some sent them out of adulation and others sent them as a joke after a short time there was no room to hang any more cages, and he tried to attend to so many public matters at the same time that among the crowds in the courtyards and the offices it was impossible to tell who were the servants and who were the ones served, and they knocked down so many walls to make more room and opened so many windows for a view of the sea that the simple act of going from one room to another was like crossing the deck of a sailboat adrift in a crosswind autumn.

The March trade winds had always come in through the windows of the building, but now they said they were the winds of peace, General sir, and it was the same buzzing in the eardrums that he had heard for many years, but even his physician told him that it was the buzz of peace, General sir, because ever since they had found him dead the first time all things in Heaven and on earth had changed into things of peace, General sir, and he believed it, and he believed it so much that in December he went back to going up to the house on the reef to seek solace in the misfortune of the brotherhood of nostalgic former dictators, and the second time he was found chewed away by vultures in the same office, wearing the same clothes and in the same position, none of us were old enough to remember what had happened the first time, but not even the least prudent among us would accept appearances, because so many times it had been a given fact that he was prostrate with epilepsy and would fall off his throne during the course of audiences, twisting with convulsions as gall froth foamed out of his mouth, that he had lost his speech from so much talking and had ventriloquists stationed behind the curtains to make it appear that he was speaking, that shad scales were breaking out all over his body as punishment for his perversions, that in the coolness of December the rupture sang sea chanteys to him and he could only walk with the aid of a small orthopedic cart which bore his herniated testicle, that a military van had brought in a coffin with gold trim and purple ribbons and that someone had seen Bendición Alvarado bleeding to death from weeping in the rain garden, but the more certain the rumors of his death seemed, the more he would appear alive and authoritarian at the least expected moment to impose other unforeseen directions to our destiny, and we knew that no evidence of his death was final, because there was always another truth behind the truth.

—GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Gregory Rabassa.*)

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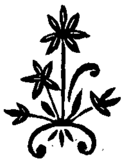
Some fellows need a couple of belts to get started.

AROUND CITY HALL

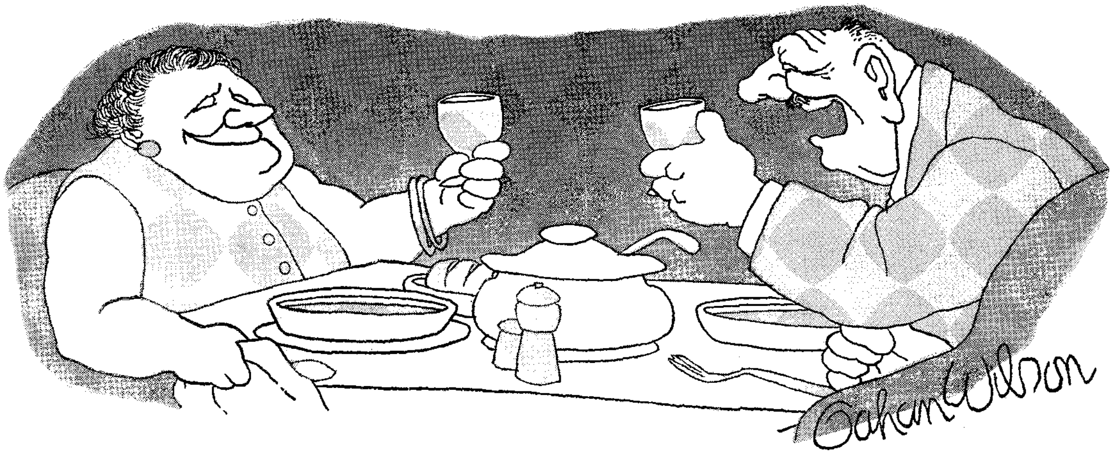
PARABLES

IN a recent report issued by a Washington-based group called the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, which concluded that more than half of the Americans of voting age—perhaps seventy million in all—may not bother going to the polls this fall, the national decrease in registered voters between November, 1972, and July, 1976, was put at five and a half million. Although the report, prepared for the committee by Peter D. Hart Research Associates, did not dwell on the sharp falling off of enrollment in this state, the fact is that at the time of the 1972 Presidential election over nine million two hundred thousand New Yorkers were registered to vote, whereas by last spring the total was just over seven million one hundred thousand. Thus it appears that New Yorkers may account for three out of every eight of the onetime voters who are now so disenchanted with politics that they have turned their backs on the process. The dramatic decline in local registration has not gone unnoticed here: The name of an ad-hoc group set up this summer, under the chairmanship of former Governor Averell Harriman, to conduct a large-scale registration drive is the Committee for Two Million. The turnout for last week's primary, in which New York Democrats and Republicans chose their nominees for United States senator, gave no encouragement about increased voter interest to the committee leaders or to anyone who finds it hard to understand how the United States could rank twenty-second in voter participation among the twenty-three nations regarded as democracies. In New York as elsewhere, of course, ordinary people, busy with various aspects of survival, have only so much time for politics, and perhaps if this had not been the year of precinct-by-precinct, and sometimes gavel-to-gavel, coverage of the Presidential campaigns, local citizens might have paid a little more attention to the senatorial contests. As it was, the Democratic primary, narrowly won by former Ambassador to the United Nations Daniel Patrick Moynihan, brought out only twenty-four per cent of the registered members of that party. Moynihan took thirty-six per cent of the vote, only one per cent more than Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug, with the three other candidates, former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, City Council President Paul O'Dwyer, and multimillionaire garage builder Abraham Hirschfeld, trailing far behind. And only eleven per cent of those eligible bothered to vote in the Republican primary—in which, as expected, the incumbent, James Buckley, easily overcame his challenger, Representative Peter Peyser of Westchester.



The discovery of more important business elsewhere was the general reaction here on primary day, in spite of the fact that the voters in the Democratic senatorial race had an unusually colorful and varied cast of characters to choose from. Three of the five contenders—Mrs. Abzug, Moynihan, and Clark—are political nonesuches whose physical traits, rhetorical styles, and even sartorial idiosyncrasies (Mrs. Abzug's big hats, Mr. Moynihan's plaid caps and bow ties, Mr. Clark's Hush Puppies) are celebrated far beyond the boundaries of the state. Indeed, after the start of the campaign, in June, all three interrupted their local handshaking from time to time to go off and raise money among their supporters in such places as Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington, and Dallas—a development that was in itself of some significance, since before the city's well-publicized money shortage the traffic was usually the other way around, with candidates from other parts of the country coming to New York in search of funds. Another of the Democrats, Paul O'Dwyer, is a longtime political maverick whose gleaming white hair and County Mayo brogue are familiar from civil-rights wars here and abroad and from numerous previous campaigns, including two earlier senatorial races: In 1970, he came in second in the Democratic primary, which he had won in 1968, though he lost the election that year to Jacob Javits. Nonconformity was also the advertised stock-in-trade of Hirschfeld, the fifth Democrat in the race ("Of all the candidates, there's only one different enough to make a difference"), and certainly he was the only candidate to spend anywhere near three-quarters of a million dollars on the race, most of it his own money and most of it invested in television and radio commercials in which he described, in a heavy Polish-Jewish accent, how important it was to have a practical businessman in the Senate. This was the same message featured in his previous senatorial primary campaign, in 1974, in which he finished last behind Clark, who then lost the election to Javits. It is a peculiarity of New York politics that, in any election, most of the candidates will have run against most of the other candidates at least once. Although Moynihan once ran unsuccessfully for the Democratic nomination for City Council president, that was eleven years ago, and he undoubtedly benefitted last week from the voters' sense that he was something new and different on the New York political scene.

In a less eventful year, local political satirists and cartoonists would surely have found this uncommon quintet irresistible, but, as it was, most of these sharpshooters were preoccupied with variations on jokes about teeth, stumbling, grits, and calculated Presidentiality. The Democrats in the Senate race resorted to numerous attention-getting devices, accusing each other of hypocrisy, demagoguery, bellicosity, crossing picket lines, never going near picket lines, McCarthyism, endangering America's military defenses, subverting the American family, being interested only in "self-promotion" (Ramsey Clark, who brought this charge against Moynihan and Mrs. Abzug, seemed to be under the impression that this was a brand-new attribute among politicians), and being insufficiently committed to Israel—regarded as a fatal flaw in a New York Democratic primary, in which about thirty-five per cent of the voters are likely to be Jewish. (Leonard Saffir, campaign manager for Senator Buckley, accused the Democratic candidates of conducting a campaign that was insulting to New York Jews—of whom, Saffir noted, he was one—by treating them as if they were one-issue voters with no concern for economic conditions, the energy crisis, or other matters. He added quickly that, as everyone knew, Senator Buckley was a vigorous supporter of Israel.) Throughout the campaign, however, the crowds were generally small, and accounts of how the race was going were usually found deep inside local newspapers. Two days before the primary, the *Times*' latest bulletin was on page 40, sixteen pages after an account of the senatorial primary in Vermont. One notable exception was the Labor Day picture on the *Times*' front page, showing the former Ambassador to the United Nations just after he had been hit with a mocha-cream pie during a walking tour on the lower East Side. Despite this forceful gesture, even the



"To your continued survival!"

• •

pie thrower (who said his act had been prompted by reports of Moynihan's "high tastes") seemed to have his mind on another political contest. His hat bore a large button that read "Nobody for President."

The race for the Republican senatorial nomination also might have got more attention in some other year. For one thing, it was the first statewide Republican primary since 1921. (New York Republicans have usually enjoyed the luxury of lying comfortably in wait as their prospective Democratic opponents exhaust themselves before the finals.) For another, its plot was that perennial tabloid favorite David and Goliath. Candidate Peyser ran his campaign, which was managed by his twenty-two-year-old son, from the basement of the family home in Irvington, on less than a tenth of the million two hundred thousand dollars raised for the primary and election campaigns by Buckley, who has thirty-one campaign offices around the state and six full-time field representatives. Moreover, Buckley refused to debate his opponent or even to appear on the same platform with him, the word out of his office being that "it would be a waste of time to pay any attention to him." Mrs. Abzug, who, in expectation of winning the primary attacked the man she planned to face in November almost as often as she did her Democratic primary opponents, kept referring to him as "Lord Buckley." Nevertheless, the Senator, who said he preferred an Abzug primary victory, on the theory that the Congresswoman would be easier to beat in November than Moynihan, had kind words for her during the summer preliminaries, claiming that she had mellowed in her political style and even mellowed toward him. In fact, he liked to tell his audiences, "sometimes she calls me 'Sweet Old Buckley,' " although, he added, "sometimes she just uses the initials." It is not clear whether the eighty-nine per cent of registered Republicans who stayed away from the polls last week did so because they were unused to primaries or because many of them were still irritated by Buckley's actions at the Republican Convention, when he indicated some willingness to go along with the scheme of a small band of ultra-conservatives to nominate him for President. "If the delegates at Kansas City make a judgment that involves me, I'd be prepared to go forward," he said, apparently regarding this development as a serious possibility. He backed away a few days later, by which time his total firm delegate count came to one—or eleven hundred twenty-nine short of the number needed for nomination. After he announced, at a Kansas City press conference, "My name is Jimmy Buckley. I'm running for senator," most New York delegates, Ford and Reagan supporters alike, found themselves in agreement for virtually the only time at the Convention, as they took turns denouncing his role as "strange," "naïve," "stupid," and "ding-a-ling." His fellow New Yorker, Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller, was apparently so eager to put the Senator's gaffe out of his mind that for a few long moments during a pre-Convention appearance on "Meet the Press" he was unable to remember Buckley's name, and it had to be supplied for him by one of the panelists.

ASIDE from what the *Times* called "the Buckley caper," members of the New York Republican delegation had reason to consider themselves of some consequence at Kansas City, unlike the local Democrats a month earlier at Madison Square Garden, most of whom were very late comers to the Jimmy Carter bandwagon and cut no ice at all. Of the hundred and fifty-four Republicans representing New York at Kansas City, all but three, who were firmly pledged to Ronald Reagan, had remained officially uncommitted through the winter and spring, held in readiness by Rockefeller's close ally, State Republican Chairman Richard Rosenbaum, just in case—or so it was generally believed—by some miracle there should be a deadlocked Convention that would turn to the Vice-President. At a caucus on May 24th, however, as Reagan's growing strength began to cause some panic in the White House, Rosenbaum, joined by a reportedly reluctant Rockefeller (understandably finding it hard to make the one last irretrievable move that would end his long fight for the Presidency) delivered to Ford a hundred and nineteen of New York's delegates, most of whom had spent their political lives jumping up or down according to Rockefeller's signal. Once it was done, Rockefeller threw himself into Ford's campaign for the nomination. Even after the Convention started, the stocky, bustling former New York governor and the tall, dramatically bald Rosenbaum continued to work the delegation in an effort to bring uncommitted New Yorkers into the Ford camp. The Vice-President finally captured Queens delegate Terrence Flynn by promising that he himself would "do everything humanly possible" to end the violence in Northern Ireland and by agreeing to set up an appointment for Flynn to discuss the matter with Secretary of State Kissinger. In the balloting, first on the crucial procedural rule concerning the timing of Vice-Presidential choices by Presidential aspirants, then for the nomination itself, New York contributed a hundred and thirty-four and a hundred and thirty-three votes, respectively, the largest numbers provided for Ford by any delegation. ("WHO OWNS NEW YORK? ROCK GIVES IT TO FORD" was the headline in the *News*.) Without the New York votes, Ford would almost certainly have been the first incumbent President since Chester A. Arthur to be denied his party's nomination, and on the night before the final vote the President paid a visit to the

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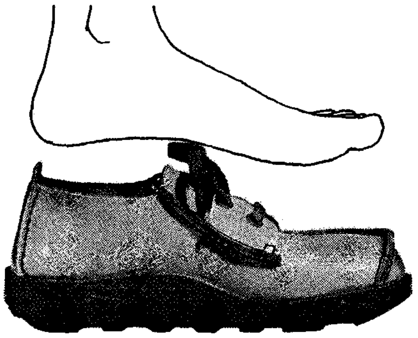

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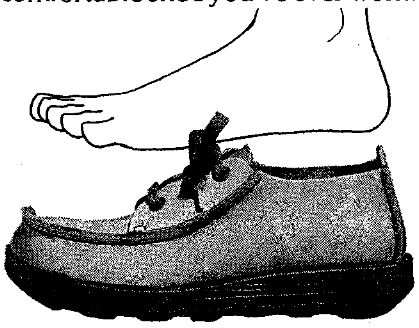

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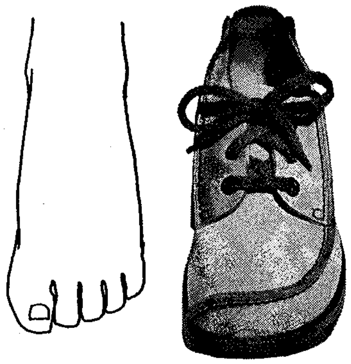

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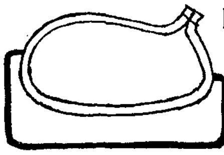

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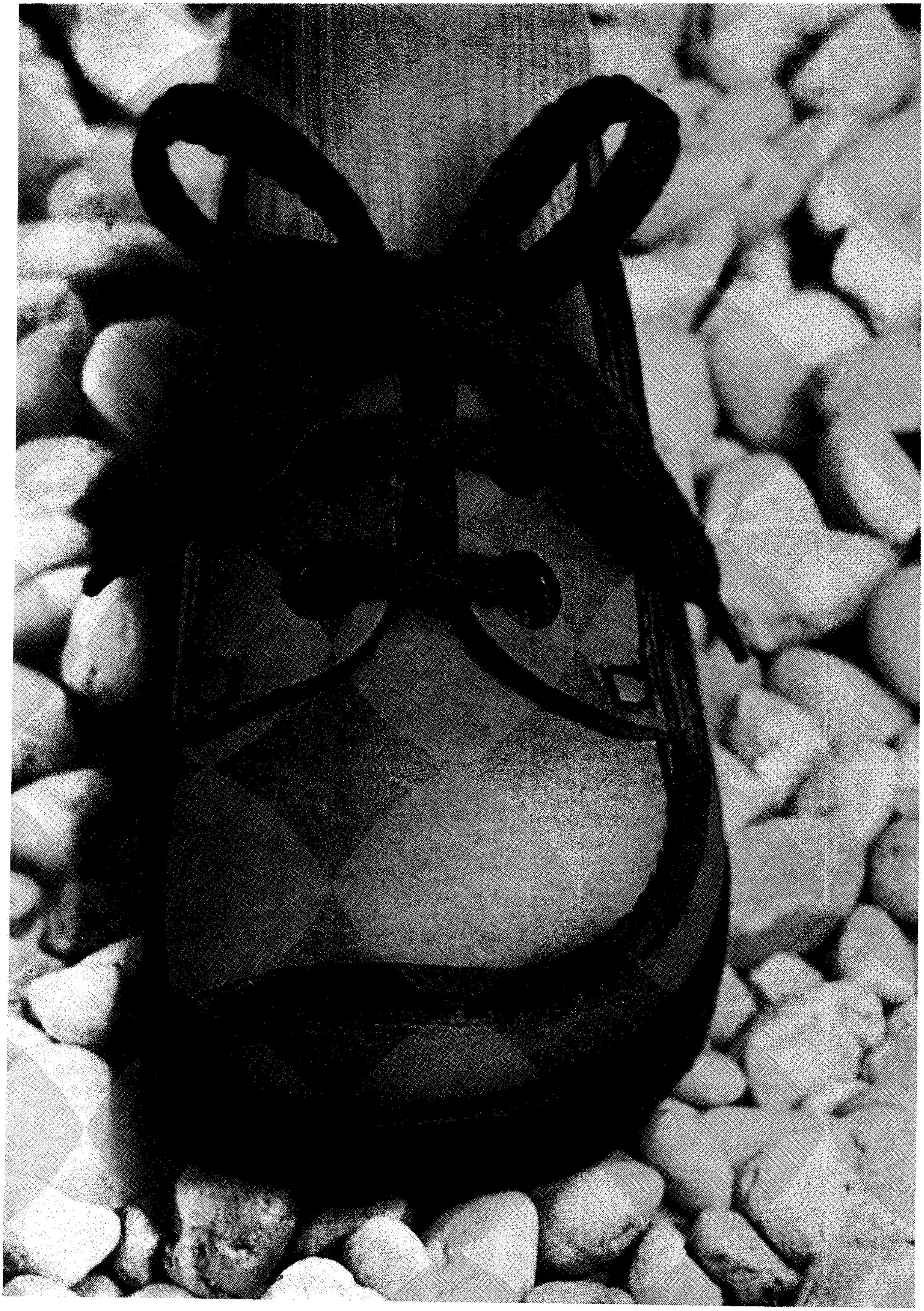

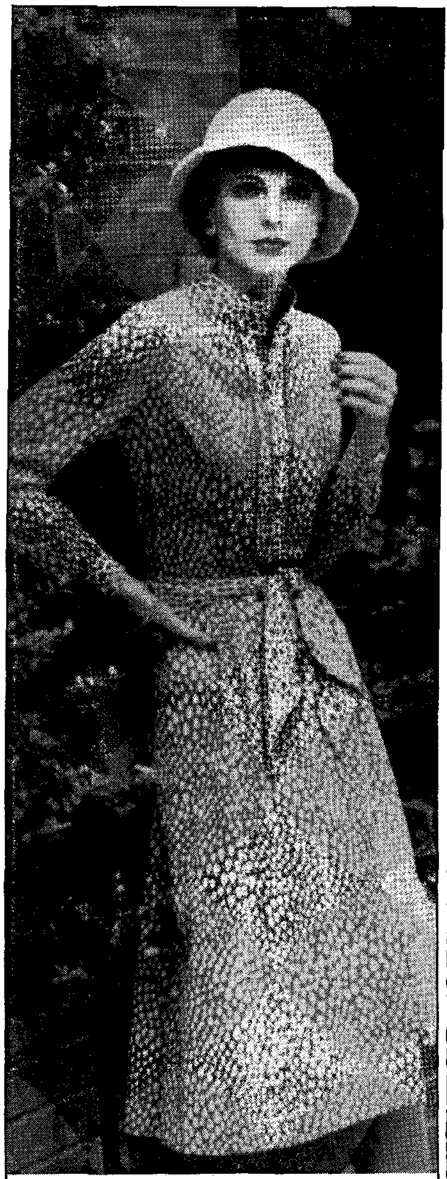

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delegation to express his gratitude. By that time, Rosenbaum, who had called for the Republicans to follow a Northeastern Strategy that would provide various benefits for that part of the country, in contrast to the Southern Strategy favored in the Nixon years, was busily commenting on reports, later believed to have been started by Rockefeller, that he would soon be leaving the New York scene to take a major role in the Ford campaign, probably as Republican National Chairman. Pointing out that he had by now served as town, county, and state leader of his party, Rosenbaum observed happily that the national role "is the only chairmanship left," and speculation began about his successor in the state job.

During the Convention, television crews seemed to be permanently in place and reporters at the ready in the floor areas and caucus rooms assigned to the New York delegation. The press was on hand to carry the word as Brooklyn county chairman George Clark, the head of the state's Reagan forces, charged Rosenbaum with "Gestapo tactics" and announced that he was going to "kick down the goddam door" of the meeting room from which the state chairman had excluded him ("Don't call us. We'll call you," Rosenbaum told him later). Reporters were there to take notes as singer Pat Boone, a Reagan supporter, assured an informal caucus of the delegates that Bible reading had made him and his family so familiar with Jewish rituals that they felt great rapport with the Jewish religion and the Jewish people. (Someone had failed to brief him on the fact that by far the largest ethnic group in the New York delegation was composed of Italian-American Catholics.) And journalists recorded the scene as Ralph De Blasio, a delegate from Greenwich Village (who had established his credentials as a non-team player two months earlier when he astonished the New York State Republican Committee by nominating Representative Peyser, thus precipitating the first Republican statewide primary in fifty-five years), cast the only vote in the Presidential nomination process that wasn't for either Ford or Reagan. De Blasio voted for Secretary of Commerce Elliot Richardson, although Richardson himself had been called in on the case to try to talk him out of it.

PART of the reason New Yorkers received so much attention in Kansas City was that they seemed to be, by all odds, the liveliest group on the floor, and to a large extent this impression was based on the bravura performance of their most distinguished member, the Vice-President of the United States. In a column entitled "Aground on a Rock," published during the Convention, Anthony Lewis of the *Times* charged that it had been Rockefeller's long domination of the Party's liberal wing that had blocked the emergence of younger moderate Republicans in the nation and insured a conservative takeover. Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke made a similar assertion, saying, "All his startings and stoppings have sort of stifled initiative." Speaking of Rockefeller's role in New York State politics, Senator Javits noted at Kansas City that a change was inevitable, that not only Rockefeller but "the people who really run the Party, Rockefeller's stewards . . . his vice-regents, must step aside." Someone who was delighted to go along with the Javits view was Perry Duryea, minority leader of the State Assembly, a longtime Rockefeller adversary who plans to be the Republican candidate for governor in 1978, perhaps with Rosenbaum, one of the vice-regents Javits was referring to, as his major competition. "I hate to see Nelson hang it up, but the time has come," said Duryea. Rockefeller's situation, as he made what was almost certainly his last appearance at a national Convention as a public officeholder and conceded that his long quest for the Presidency was over, made him a poignant—and, to those who had once thought he would make a great President, even a tragic—figure. Sombre recessional music might have seemed to be in order. Rockefeller, however, declined to play it that way and spent his time at Kansas City wheeling and dealing as energetically as ever, charging up and down the aisles, pumping hands, hugging chance acquaintances, and apparently deriving huge enjoyment from nearly every aspect of the meeting. "You've got to have a little life in this Convention to keep things going," he said, and he did his best to provide it. No one seems to know why the band played "Sweet Georgia Brown" when he went to the podium, but the beat was right. The Vice-President also managed to look rather jolly through most of a joint television appearance with Senator Barry Goldwater, whose supporters' jeers and boos had so memorably ended Rockefeller's Presidential hopes twelve years earlier. ("It's like the Sunshine Boys, only with a happy ending," commented Senator

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¼ Mile (Sec.)	*18.27*	*18.33*
¼ Mile (MPH)	*74.2*	*73.0*
Slalom MPH	*46.55*	*43.13*
Skid Pad MPH	*32.63*	*32.77*
G-Force	*0.711*	*0.717*
Braking:		
30-0 MPH (Ft)	*40.4*	*40.3*
60-0 MPH (Ft)	*154.7*	*153.2*

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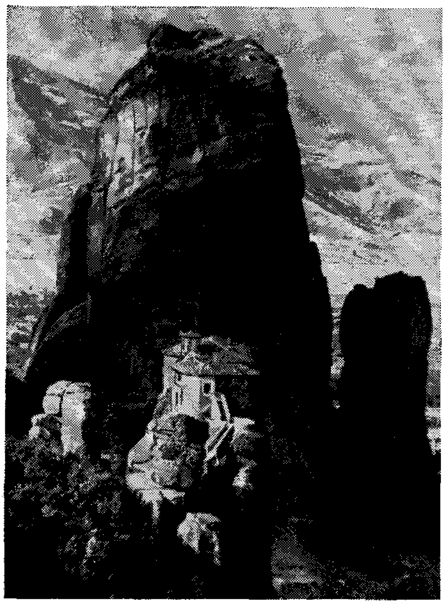

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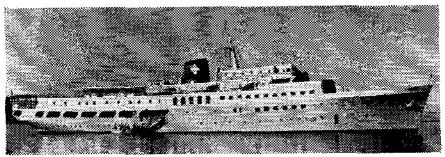

Argonaut, registered in Greece

Buckley's brother William, the columnist.) The Rockefeller caper that received the most attention at Kansas City was, of course, his grabbing of a "This Is Reagan Country" sign from a North Carolina delegate, causing a delegate from Utah to retaliate by ripping out the New York delegation's floor phone. Of Rockefeller's delighted brandishing of the detached phone for the cameras columnist Sander Vanocur marvelled in the Washington *Post*, "Zero Mostel could not have done it better. . . . It was grand; the Vice-President of the United States on comedic hold!" When angry demonstrators confronted him outside a hotel, shouting "Attica! Attica!," the Vice-President's response was to grin and wave the telephone at them. Those who thought that the attention given the phone incident was clinching evidence of the dullness of the Convention would have been surprised to read a piece in *Newsday*, written from Kansas City by that paper's associate editor, William C. Sexton, which hailed the shot of Rockefeller and his trophy as "the single most dramatic picture from the Convention." Sexton went on to say, "What seemed a trifling incident on the floor, is really the story of this assembly, the cutting off of communication with people from the wrong neighborhood—which in this club means the cities, the East, the liberal end of town."

There was one important contribution that the New York delegation made indirectly to the President's cause—a contribution that may have involved an appeal to prejudices that were not entirely geographical—which none of the New Yorkers knew about at the time. As Jules Witcover described it in the Washington *Post*, the support of Mississippi State Chairman Clarke Reed and other members of the Mississippi delegation was won for Ford by Harry Dent, the former Nixon staff assistant who was the President's Southern coördinator, after Dent told the Mississippians what he called his "updated version of the parable of talents." According to Witcover, Dent said to Reed and his friends, "Just imagine after Ford's won this nomination and we're sitting up there at the big table, carving up the pie. There's Rosy Rosenbaum sitting up there at the head of the table, where he belongs. Boy, he's really been delivering. . . . The President's going to turn to Rosy and say 'Well done, thy good and faithful servant. Thou has five talents, and thou has increased them five-fold.'. . . There we are. Old Rosy Rosenbaum, the new king of the Republican Party. The new Northeastern Strategy of the Republican Party. . . . But Clarke, baby, you got thirty pieces of silver you can walk in there and throw on that table. Thirty pieces of silver in a timely fashion would cover those twenty-five talents that Rosy had on the table. Then the President could say, 'Well done, thy good and faithful servant Clarke.' And he could put you at the head of the table and put Rosy at the foot of the table. And the Southern Strategy would prevail again. Long live the king!" Dent's updated parable brought the Mississippi delegates around despite his references to thirty pieces of silver, a phrase that, of course, has a different connotation in another Bible story.

The New York delegates may not have appreciated this plot line, once they had heard about it, but the attention they won by being what Rosenbaum called "the key to the nomination" must have been a big morale booster to the state's Republicans, who, back home, have recently felt rather like offstage voices—roles contrasting sharply with those they played during the last heady Rockefeller years in Albany, when they controlled both houses of the Legislature. Less than a year after Rockefeller resigned in favor of Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson, in December, 1973, so that he could be free to make a last pitch for the Presidency, Wilson lost the governorship to Democrat Hugh Carey, and the Democrats also won the State Assembly. Since then, the Republicans have been reduced largely to the negative position of blocking Democratic legislation through their continuing control of the State Senate—the Albany parallel to the Ford veto.

Within days after the end of the Convention, local Republicans got word that their latest joyride seemed to be over. "Senior political strategists" at the White House were telling reporters privately that Ford had "very slim hopes" of carrying New York this year, and that the state would have a low priority in the campaign. "Even if you thought it was written off, it would be utterly idiotic to say so," complained Rosenbaum, who was not chosen as Republican National Chairman (Mary Louise Smith, the incumbent, was reëlected) or given any campaign role other than responsibility for the effort in New

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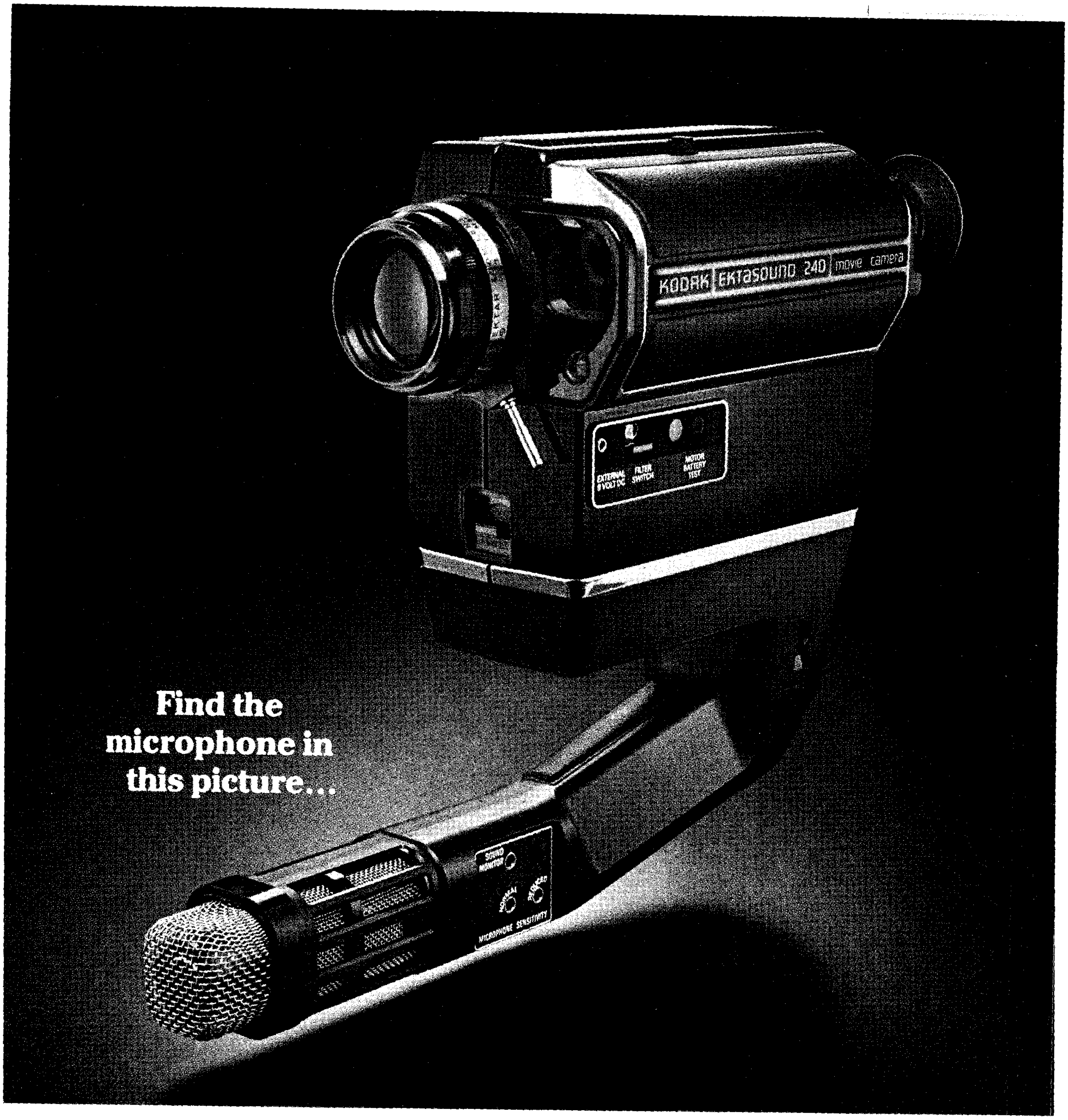
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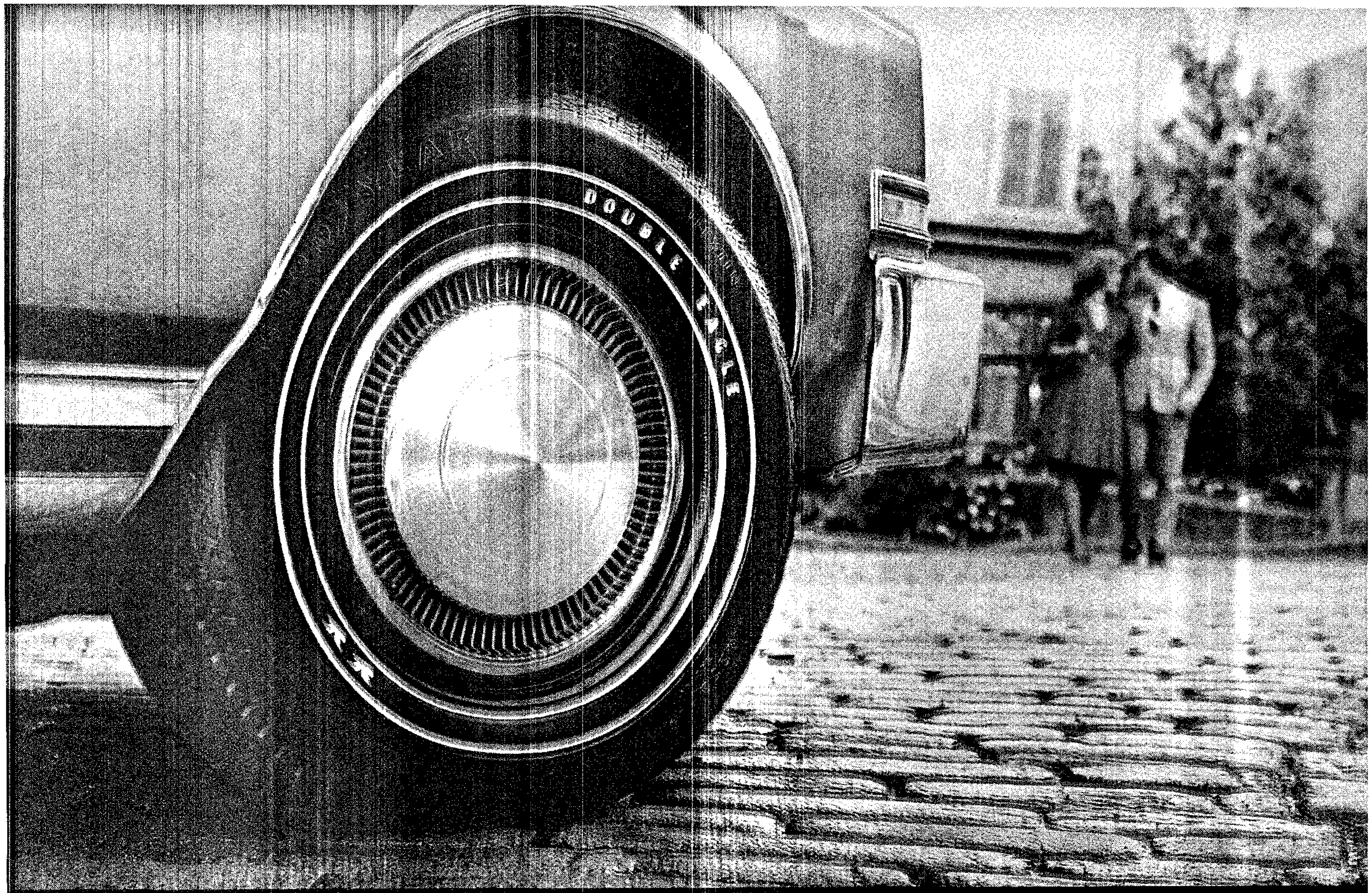

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York, which promised to be a token affair. Rockefeller had lost even this one. Early this month, however, Rosenbaum announced after a trip to Washington that Ford hadn't written off New York at all—that it would be a "target state." He was asked how Ford could hope to win the state in view of local memories of his savage attack on its largest city last fall, a recollection that Carter would surely take advantage of. ("Just one year ago, the Republicans gave us their philosophy of city life," said the Democratic candidate on September 7th, and he vowed that when he was in the White House no headline would report that the President had urged a city to drop dead.) Rosenbaum's defense was that in the last months Ford had developed "a greater sensitivity to the problems of the cities." Unfortunately, that same week proof had been provided that to some degree the President still was finding it useful to run against this city. In a fund-raising Mailgram signed by Ford and sent out by the Republican National Committee, he said it was necessary to defeat the Democrats because, among other things, their platform would only insure "on a national scale the same kind of all-out welfare-state government that has been so disastrous in New York City." A copy of the Mailgram was released by Mayor Abraham Beame, to whom, in a demonstration of the political perils of mailing lists, it had been delivered at Gracie Mansion.

SINCE New York's forty-one electoral votes make up a sizable chunk of the two hundred and seventy needed for election, neither party is likely to hand the state over to the other without some fight. Republicans, including Ford and Vice-Presidential candidate Robert Dole, have been attacking Carter for being insufficiently committed to Israel. Carter has not only denied the charge but has explained in a speech before a gathering of Jewish leaders in Atlanta that "as a Christian myself, I think that the fulfillment of Israel, the coming of that nation, is a fulfillment of Biblical prophecy." There are only about three million Jewish voters in the nation, however, and they can generally be counted on to vote Democratic. There were, at last count, about thirty-three million Catholics of voting age, largely concentrated in the Northeast and the industrial Midwest, and in 1972, after supporting Democrats for generations, Catholic voters, by a small margin, gave the majority of their votes to Richard Nixon. It was the report—even before the present controversy over the abortion laws heated up—that Southern Baptist Carter had "a Catholic weakness," as a Ford campaign aide put it, as well as a poll showing specifically that he was in trouble with Catholics in New York, where Catholics account for thirty-four per cent of the vote in a general election, that caused the President Ford Committee to give New York a higher priority in the campaign. At the Carter headquarters in Atlanta, what used to be known as the ethnic desk is now the religious-affairs desk, presided over by a nun, whose advisers include Mario Cuomo, New York's secretary of state, whom Carey encouraged to go down and help with Italian-American questions.

Carter's latest view of where some of his problems lie has caused a shift in the political fortunes of two New York politicians—Beame, the city's first Jewish mayor, and Carey, the state's second Irish Catholic governor (the first having been Al Smith, whose name Ford worked into his Kansas City acceptance speech). During the summer, Beame often dwelt publicly on the special benefits that he was certain would accrue to the city—and its mayor—after next January 20th because Beame, originally a Jackson delegate, had endorsed Carter on May 26th, whereas Carey, who had taken no position in the Presidential primaries, had waited until June 12th, when the outcome was a certainty. The Mayor seemed undaunted when, at a mid-June ceremony where virtually all the state's leading Democrats lined up to assure Carter of their support, the candidate insisted that the timing of endorsements seemed to him to be of no significance. "You remember the Biblical story of the man hiring workers for his field?" Carter asked the group. "He made no distinction between those who came early and those who came late. They got the same pay." (When local reporters, who have been talking of investing in pocket concordances of the Good Book just for Carter's visits, asked Carey whether he thought Carter had meant to include in his lesson for the day a later verse in the same chapter—Matthew 20—which begins, "So the last shall be first and the first last," the Governor said, with a diplomatic smile, that Carter had merely "addressed the question of the minimum wage.")

In the weeks after this meeting, the word spread that Beame would be the major figure in Carter's New York

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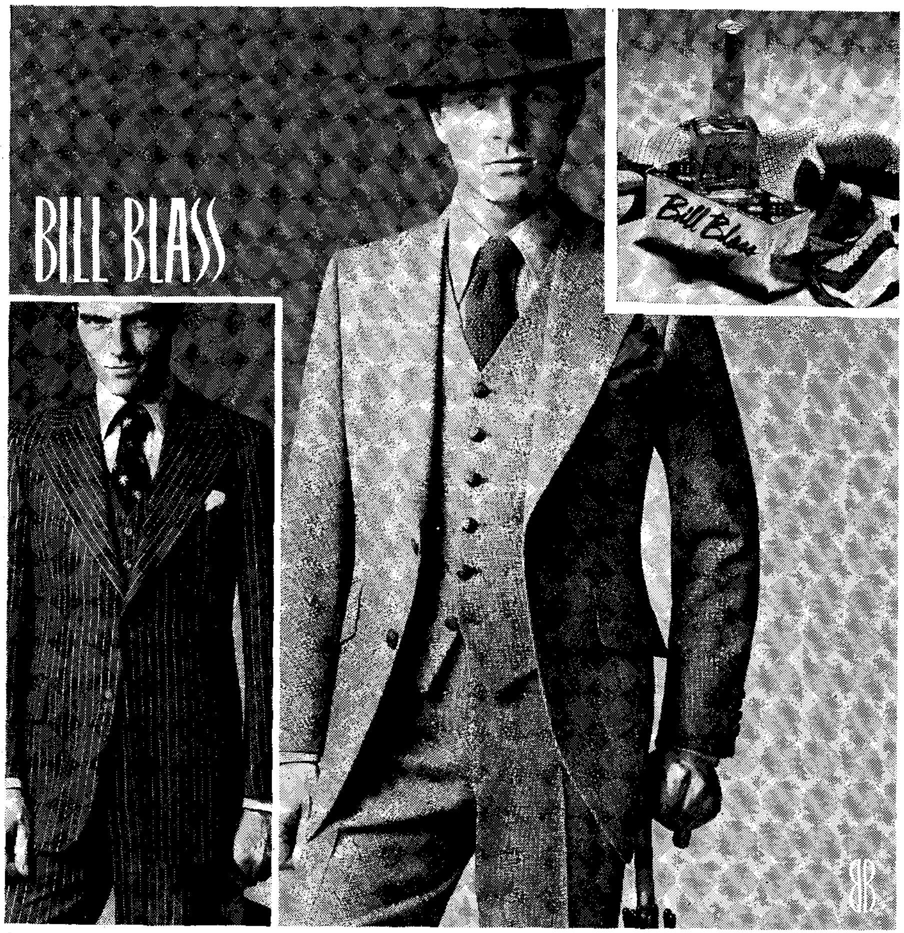
campaign. During Carter's trips to the city, the Mayor was constantly in the picture, meeting the candidate at the airport and being photographed with him around town, while the Governor remained at the Carey summer home on Shelter Island, or, on one occasion, simply explained that he had a previous social engagement. When Carter named his New York campaign director, however, the appointee was a Bostonian, Gerard Doherty, who subsequently told a reporter that the only way he could get his bearings in the city was to move east or west from St. Patrick's. Doherty, a veteran campaign worker for all three Kennedy brothers, wears a gold tiepin reading "Kennedy '62," from Edward Kennedy's first Senate race, which he managed. He is a friend of Carey's secretary, David Burke, who was previously legislative assistant to Edward Kennedy. Many of the Democratic legislators in Albany, who have been complaining that the Governor, exhausted by his efforts to deal with the fiscal problems of the city and the state, has lost his political touch, looked noticeably more cheerful after a special session of the State Legislature early in August. At a party celebrating the birthday of Manfred Ohrenstein, Minority Leader of the State Senate, they found Doherty standing waiting to meet them with Carey, for whom Edward Kennedy campaigned in 1974 and who wears a PT-109 tie clasp. Early this month, the news broke that, after a meeting with Carter, Carey had said he would do "everything I can" to see that the Democratic ticket took New York by a landslide, and Carter's office announced that the Governor would be its top speaker in the state and would also be stumping in other parts of the Northeast. The following day, Carey stood beside the Democratic candidate as Carter answered questions about his position on abortion. There are obvious advantages for Carter in having an Irish Catholic father of twelve on the campaign trail for him. The bad news is that, despite these credentials, during Carey's 1974 campaign for the governorship anti-abortion forces gave him the same kind of hard time they have recently been giving the Baptist Carter. Carey opposes abortion but accepts the Supreme Court decision regarding it, and Right-to-Life demonstrators dogged his trail two years ago and on at least one occasion broke up a meeting at which he was scheduled to speak. The good news, from Carter's point of view, is that in the 1974 election Carey handily defeated his opponent, Mal-



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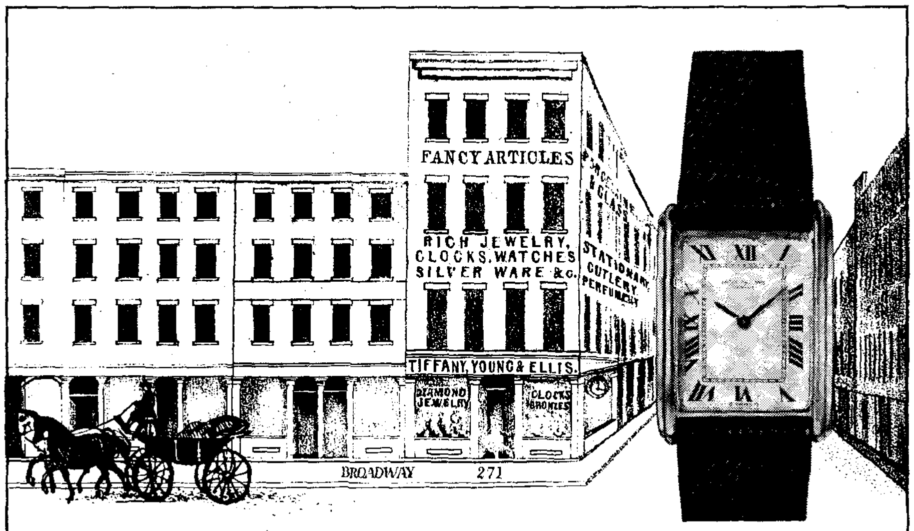

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Remember her? The girl you married? She's still there.

Behind the kids and the cook pots, the cub scouts and vacuum cleaners, she's still coming down the aisle.

Sometime, you were going to get her away from all this...say a little bit more than, "How was your day?" Kiss a little bit more than a quick kiss good-night. You'd find the right place to take her on a walk to no place special.

Sometime, you were going to find the time to talk with her about nothing special. And maybe laugh, just because you both feel happy. And kiss, at three in the afternoon. Maybe after all these years you'd see another person in her. But people don't change. She's still there. Loving you.

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Get a baby-sitter for the kids and bring your wife to Sea Pines at Hilton Head, the finest resort in America.

Witness a sunset at Harbour Town. It's unforgettable. The boats are moving in and out of the harbor, passing by the lighthouse, silhouetted against the reflection of the red sun on the waters of Calibogue Sound. And everywhere there is Spanish moss hanging from the live oak and the seductive smell of Confederate jasmine in the air. Sea Pines has more places to fall in love than maybe anyplace else on earth.

But, of course, there are other things to do. There are forty-two tennis courts, four lovely golf courses, warm South Carolina sun and water. Autumn days are in the 70's. There is a beach 4½ miles long where you can picnic quietly, just listening to the ocean.

Sailing here is a way of life, as is saltwater fishing. You can rent boats for both. Or you can rent bikes, two-seaters that will carry you up the beach or along our 11 miles of bicycle trails. Perhaps you may want to disappear together on horseback into our 572-acre forest preserve. Sea Pines lets you do as much or as little as you want.

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*slightly higher in the West.

colm Wilson, who is also a Catholic and whose position on abortion conformed to that of the Catholic hierarchy. In any event, it will be easier for Carey than for Carter to suggest to predominantly Catholic audiences that, like other voters, Catholics in this state are concerned about a broad range of issues. In this he will be following the lead of Mayor Richard Daley, of Chicago, who, last month at a news conference in that city, after mentioning his seven children, tried to help Carter out of the abortion trap by saying, "I don't think the Catholic vote or the Protestant vote is going to be directed by the clergy. . . . There are far more important questions for the citizens of America than abortion."

Since Buckley, the Republican senatorial candidate, is the sponsor of a bill calling for an anti-abortion amendment, that issue is sure to play some part in his upcoming campaign against Moynihan, whose views on abortion resemble Carey's. Although Buckley has expressed admiration for Moynihan's position on foreign affairs, he has predicted there will be spirited debate on domestic matters, pointing out that Moynihan was once on the National Board of the liberally oriented Americans for Democratic Action—a part of his life that Moynihan himself may have half forgotten and that he does not mention in his extensive biography in *Who's Who*. One issue that probably will not get much play here in the Senate race is Watergate. New Yorkers face an election in which the Republican candidate called for the resignation of the Republican President, Richard Nixon, in March, 1974, while the Democratic candidate (who had earlier asserted that Nixon's reëlection would insure an era of "Stevensonian civility" in the White House) continued to serve as Nixon's ambassador to New Delhi, keeping his counsel throughout the Watergate revelations.

One sad consequence of last week's primary was that, in what presumably was his last appearance as a senatorial candidate, Ramsey Clark will be blamed by many pro-Abzug voters as a spoiler: Had he not been in the race, his twelve per cent of the vote would have been far more likely to go to the liberal Mrs. Abzug than to Moynihan and would have given her the victory. Moynihan's State Chairman, Joseph Crangle, the Democratic leader of upstate Erie County, knew what he was doing at the June meeting of the Democratic State Committee when he took steps to make it as easy as possible for Clark to get on the ballot. Somewhat to his embarrassment, however, when the votes were counted, Crangle, who had portrayed the Manhattan Representative as hopelessly weak upstate, found that she had carried his own county. Ramsey Clark did not endear himself to some women voters by his reprimand of Mrs. Abzug in a debate just before the primary. When she had said that one reason she deserved support was that it was about time there was a woman in the Senate, Clark commented piously that "no really liberated woman would make that statement" but would instead urge a vote "on the merits alone." In any event, it appears that next January the ratio in the Senate may continue to be a hundred meritorious men to no women.

The political resurgence of the Irish in this state—not only does it have an Irish governor but for the first time in memory two Irish Catholics are running against each other for the Senate—was not reflected in Paul O'Dwyer's fourth-place showing, which proved something quite different: the failing powers of the regular Democratic organization here. The Democratic State Committee had designated O'Dwyer as its official senatorial candidate, reportedly at the insistence of the Mayor, who would rather not have O'Dwyer, who will then be seventy, running for reëlection as City Council president next year if Beame, who will be seventy-one, runs for reëlection as mayor. It could be the Sunshine Boys without a happy ending. There is a suspicion in some quarters that Bella Abzug was the beneficiary of some of the defections from O'Dwyer. After it became clear that O'Dwyer had no chance, a number of City Hall regulars are said to have urged a switch to her in the hope that she would safely reach the Senate and not be tempted to throw her impressive political energies into a race for mayor against Beame. Candidates—several congressmen, at least one state senator, a borough president or two—are already beginning to line up for that contest, paying no attention to the fact that the total vote in the municipal election also sharply decreased the last time out and that there could soon be "Nobody for Mayor" buttons all over town. —Andy Logan

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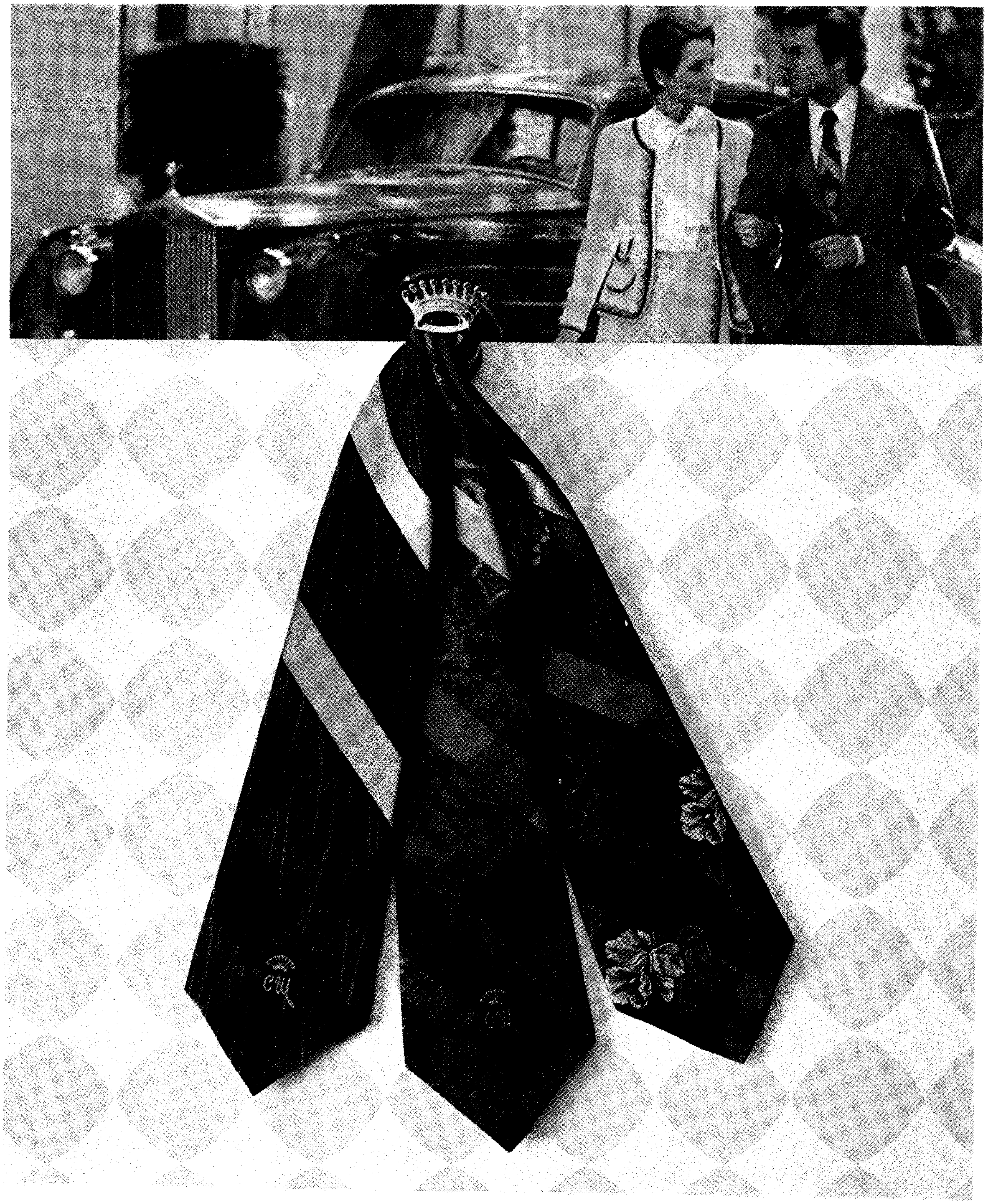
A childless watchmaker's son, he lived modestly in a small anonymous white frame bungalow just within the town limits.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

And never knew what time it was.



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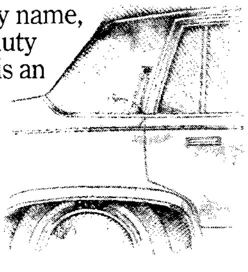
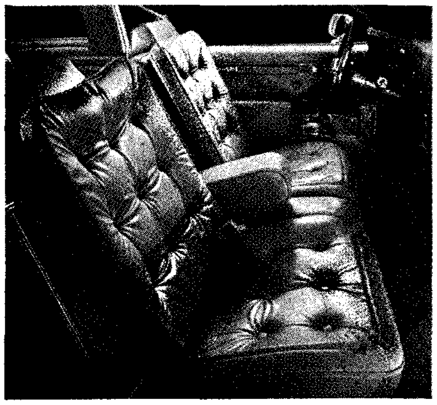


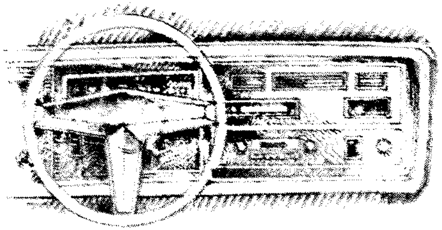
The quiet will please you. Again and again. Oldsmobile is very proud of its new sound-proofing technology. ⅜-scale mockups in vibration tests helped Olds engineers make this 98 Regency structurally strong and solid. New body and engine mounts help to isolate the interior of the car from road and engine noise. And inside, more efficient sound-absorbing materials, including a new molded acoustical headliner and one-piece wall-to-wall carpeting, help insulate passengers from outside noise.



Seats that provide the kind of comfort you expect in a luxury car. When you sit down, you'll notice that the seats provide chair-height seating that supports you comfortably—more comfortably than you may be used to. That, together with generous glass area all around, also means impressive visibility for driver and passengers.

You'll also enjoy the kind of interior elegance our 98 Regency is famous for. Seats are luxuriously upholstered in your choice of velour fabrics in a "loose-cushion" look. You can even order leather if you want.

Adjust the car to suit yourself. All the amenities that make a luxury car a luxury car—power steering, power brakes, power windows, Flo-thru Ventilation, for instance—they're still here and still standard. Adjust them the way you want and start your test drive. Once under way, you'll notice how conveniently the 98's new instrument panel puts everything within easy view and easy reach.



The ride. The acid test of any luxury car. The chassis was designed with the help of computer simulations duplicating many kinds of road conditions.

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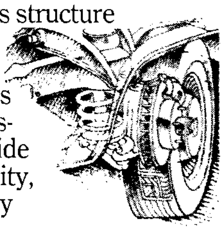

Remarkably improved gas mileage. Some people would say it's impossible to get good gas mileage in a luxury car. Oldsmobile engineers don't like the word "impossible." Smaller, lighter engines provide better fuel economy in the new 98 Regency: 21 mpg in the EPA highway test and 15 mpg in the city test with the standard Rocket 350 V-8. (EPA estimates. Your mileage depends on how you drive, your car's condition, and its equipment. In California, EPA mileage estimates are lower.)

And that's not all. In addition to all that's new, there's one thing we wouldn't think of changing: the traditional Oldsmobile quality of craftsmanship and attention to detail. As you'll discover for yourself when you test drive the new 98 Regency.

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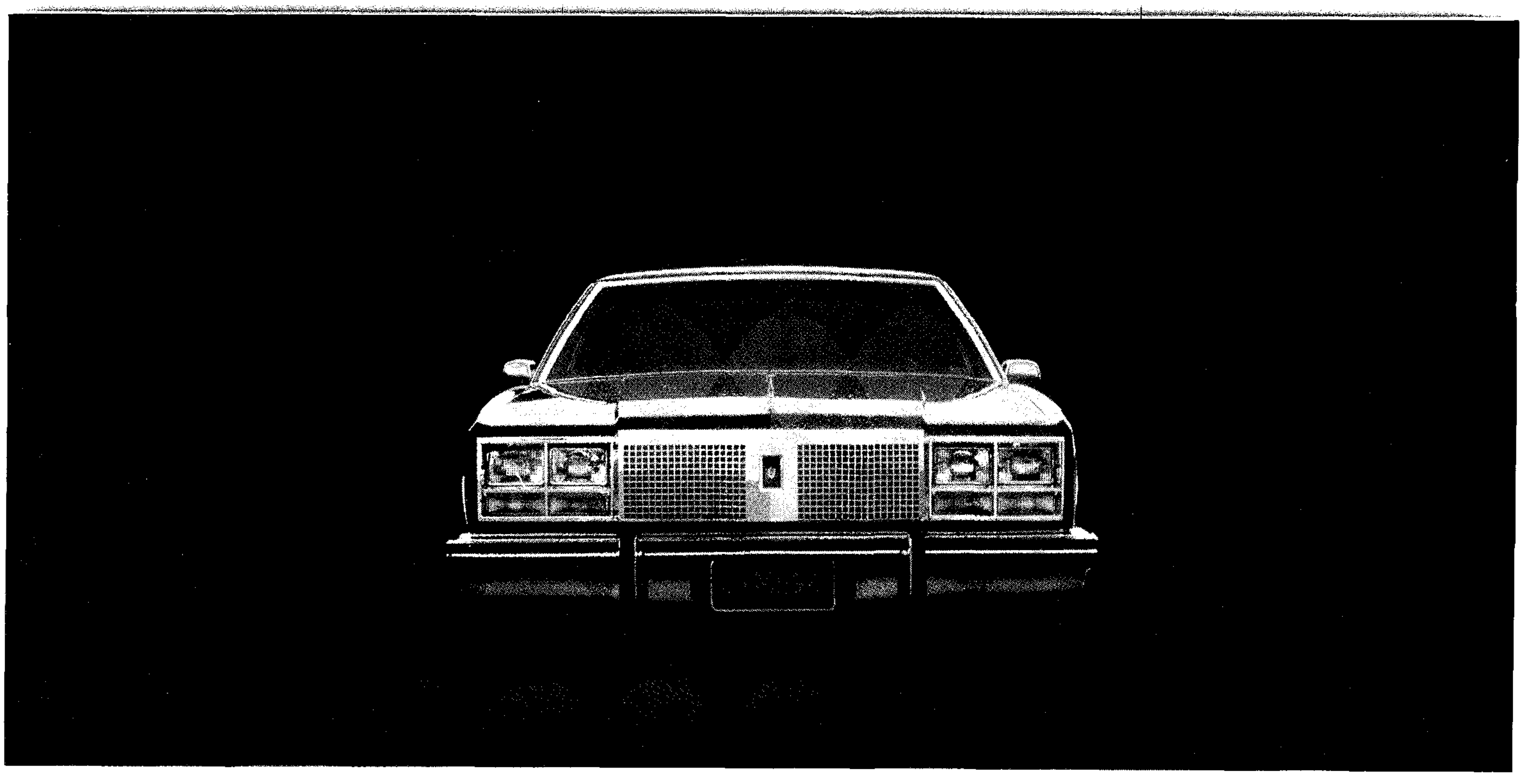
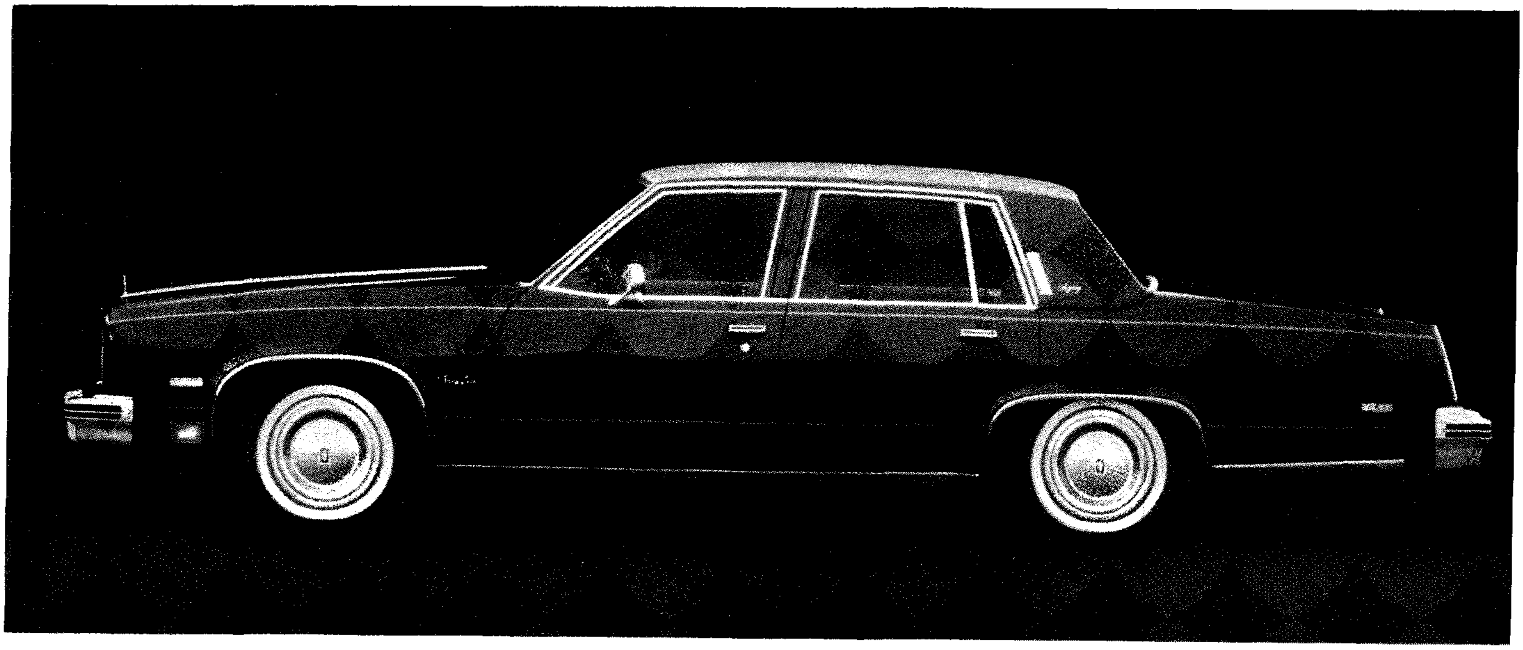
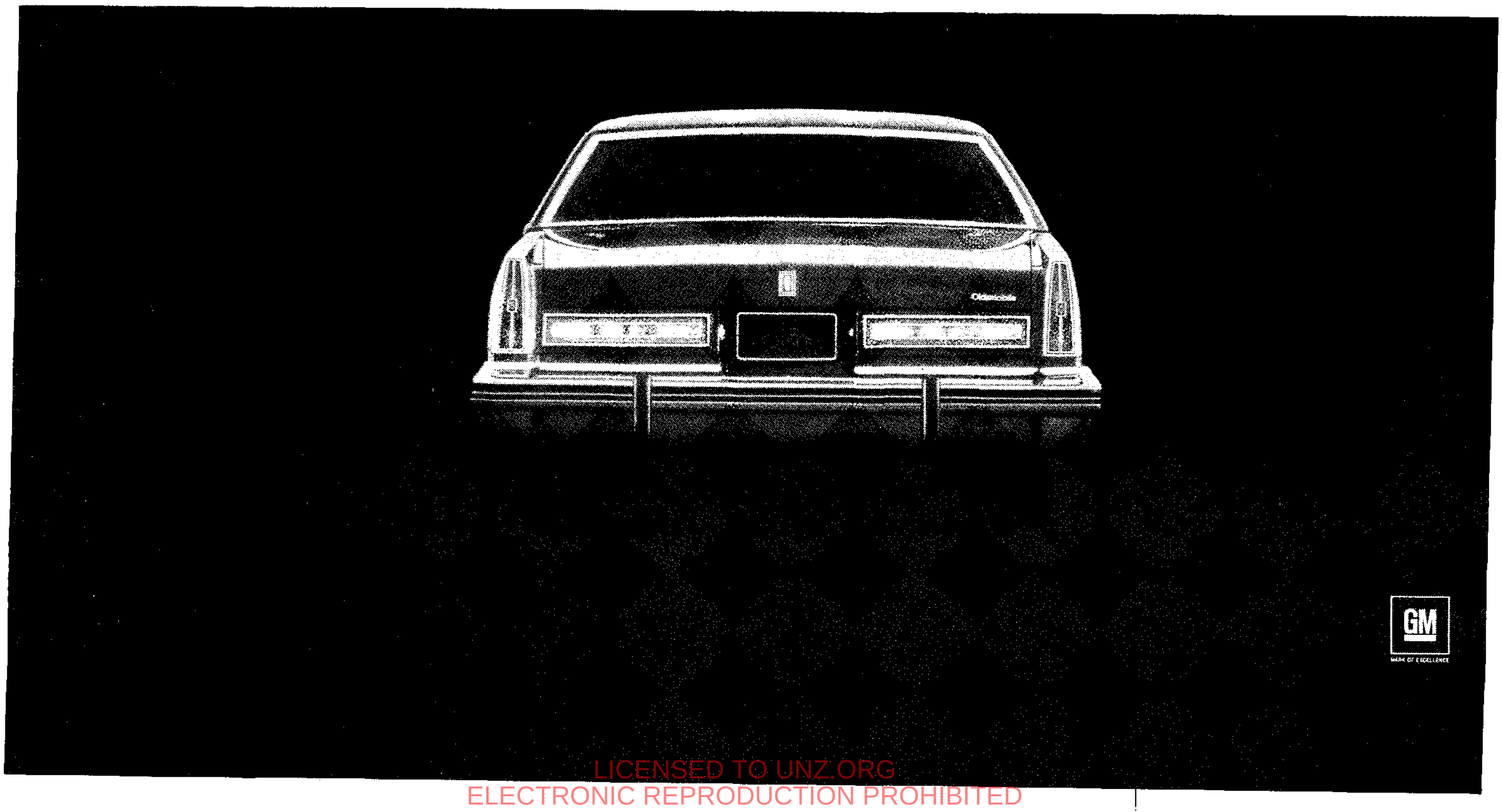
Can we build one for you?



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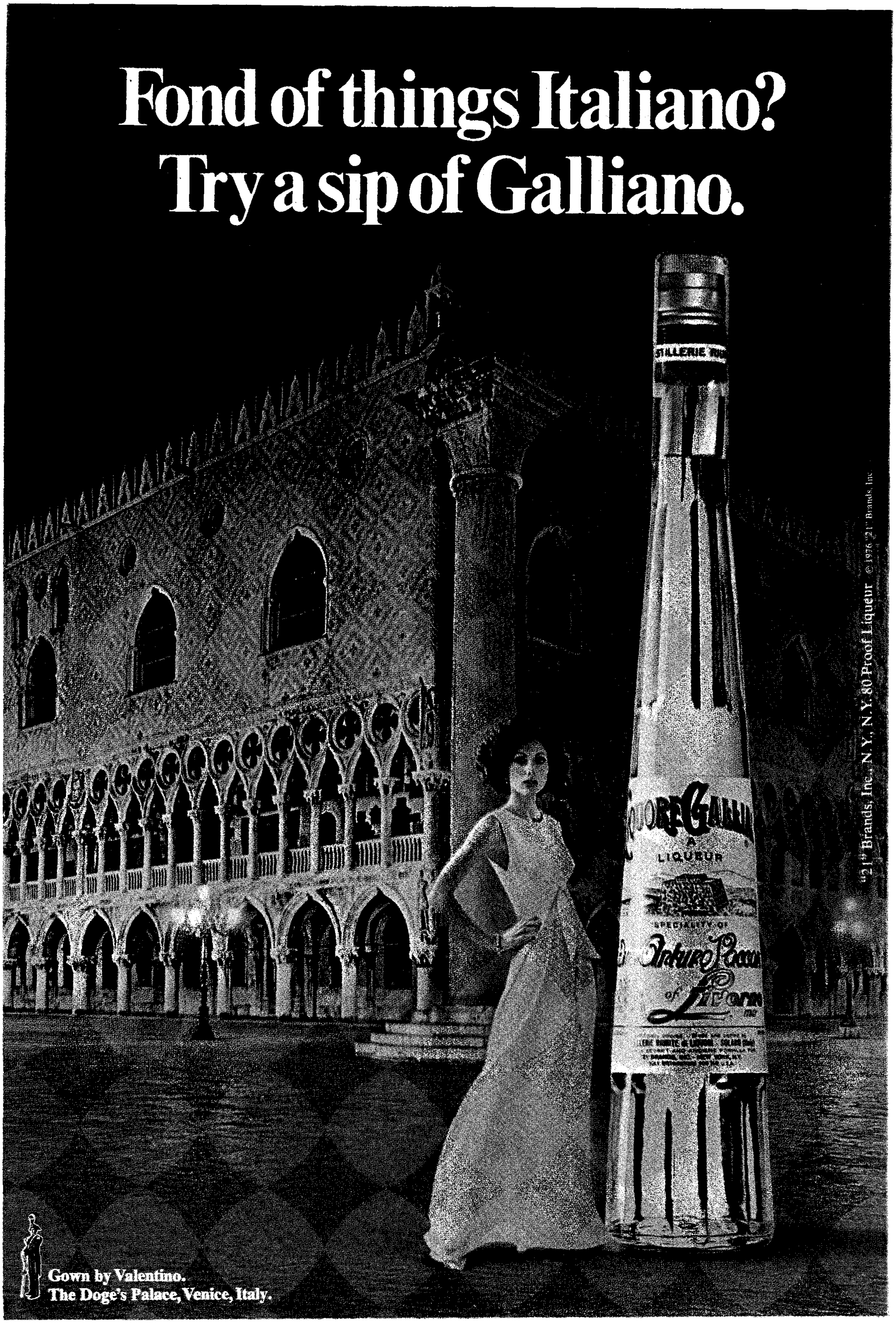
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FOOTBALL

New Deal

ONCE again, Jerry Andrewlavage, of Colgate, and Leamon Hall, of Army, made the dean's list—Andrewlavage for his forty-four-yard field goal, which started off the decline and fall of Davidson (football makes strange bedfellows), at 17–7; Hall for pitching Army to a coming-from-far-behind triumph (his passes went for 261 yards) over Holy Cross, at 26–24. Army, fielding half a dozen seniors, fourteen juniors, and a very young supporting cast, still suffers from the virulent infection known as "lack of execution," and perhaps from hypertension, too; for a Holy Cross kickoff, Army's two deep receivers lined up on the Holy Cross goal, a hundred yards from where they belonged, then came to their senses. Brundidge, collecting ten passes and a touchdown against Lafayette a week before and nine and a touchdown against Holy Cross, is a new name to remember, and Dunaway, a trackman to whom West Point football is a novel venture, snaffled the crowning touchdown pass forty-seven seconds before Holy Cross, by all odds, should have gone home a winner. The final eight minutes of the match, in which Army racked up three touchdowns, would—as the saying does not go—have to be seen to be disbelieved.

THREE weeks out of the cradle (this is the extent of Ivy League preseason practice), the eight League teams met one another at the commencement of their curriculum (the first time this had ever happened), and the results were exactly as predicted. For ever so long, the League schedule seemed discreetly seeded so that the squads deemed to be the best would not be beaten straight off. The luck of the nonseeding put into practice this fall brought Yale to Brown at the very start of the League program, and Brown, an also-runner for so many seasons, is something else these days, in part because of the current coach and in part because Michalko is its first-string quarterback. The weakness of T football is that as its quarterbacks go so go its teams. Michalko is one of the three League quarterbacks in whom, at the moment, complete trust can be placed. Phillips, who throws and runs for Yale, is another, and watching them operate against one another was worth the trip to Providence and (because ABC, which calls so many turns in this era, wanted the engagement to begin no earlier than half past three on Saturday last) an arrival back home at midnight. Lack of execution (on the part of *others*, let it be said) was prevalent, and the bouncing ball often eluded the man who thought he had it, but no matter—this was jaunty sport, filled with bemusing surprises and capable of kindling admiration for the two quarterbacks, their receivers (such as Watkins and Hill, of Brown, and Hatem, of Yale), and the shrewdness with which the reconstructed Yale line handled Brown's up-the-middle runners and with which the Brown line solved most of the problems presented by Yale's up-the-middle runners. It was Brown 14, Yale 6, in an outing that could easily have gone the other way if an irresistible force had been able to cancel a few errors. As things stand, Brown is in full battle array, and Yale is one down in the procession toward the League pennant.

The League's third ranking quarterback is Kubacki, who, passing the ball for Harvard, had so many receivers downfield in the tilt with Columbia that in his excitement he kept overthrowing whomever he chose. But, again, no matter: Kubacki hit enough of his comrades to bring about a count of 34–10 against a Columbia that has graduated a couple too many of its prestidigitators and has not yet come up with their replacements. A favorite gamble of Restic, who does Harvard's thinking on the practice field and on the sidelines, is to flood downfield with five receivers when Kubacki is pitching. One of them, Curry, whose skill at snaffling passes is as great as his skill at punting, must be covered by two of your best experts, or the consequences are dire. However you plot to thwart this flooding, it comes about that a pair of Kubacki's receivers seem always to be in the clear, and when Kubacki settles down (by next Saturday, say), the consequences to any League opponent will be even more dire. Harvard's offensive forward wall needs tinkering; one report is that Restic tried out forty-five men in that line during the first half. Harvard's defensive line has more experience; its running backs are also effective. And the reliable Lynch, checking in with two more of his field goals on Saturday, merely improves on an already winning combination. —J. W. L.

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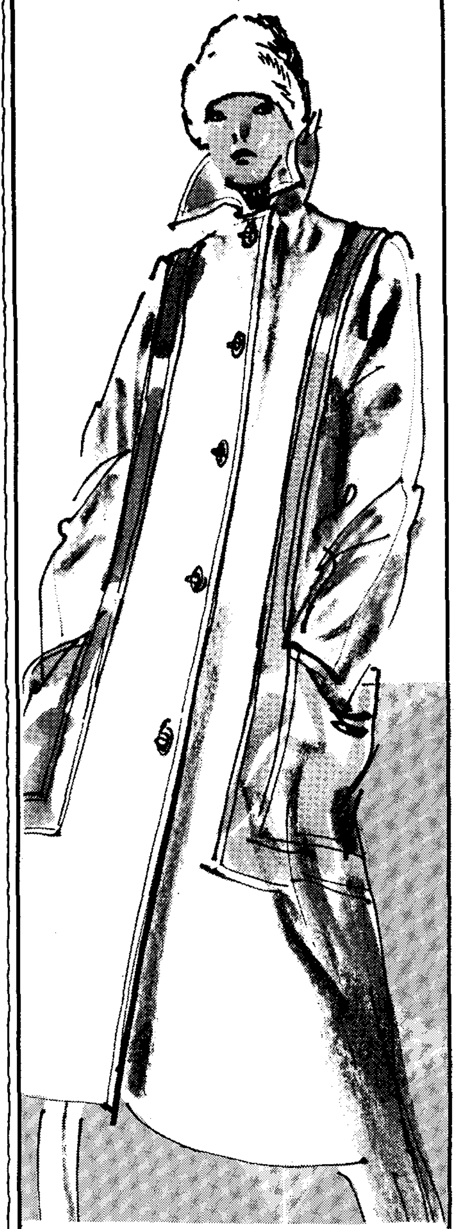

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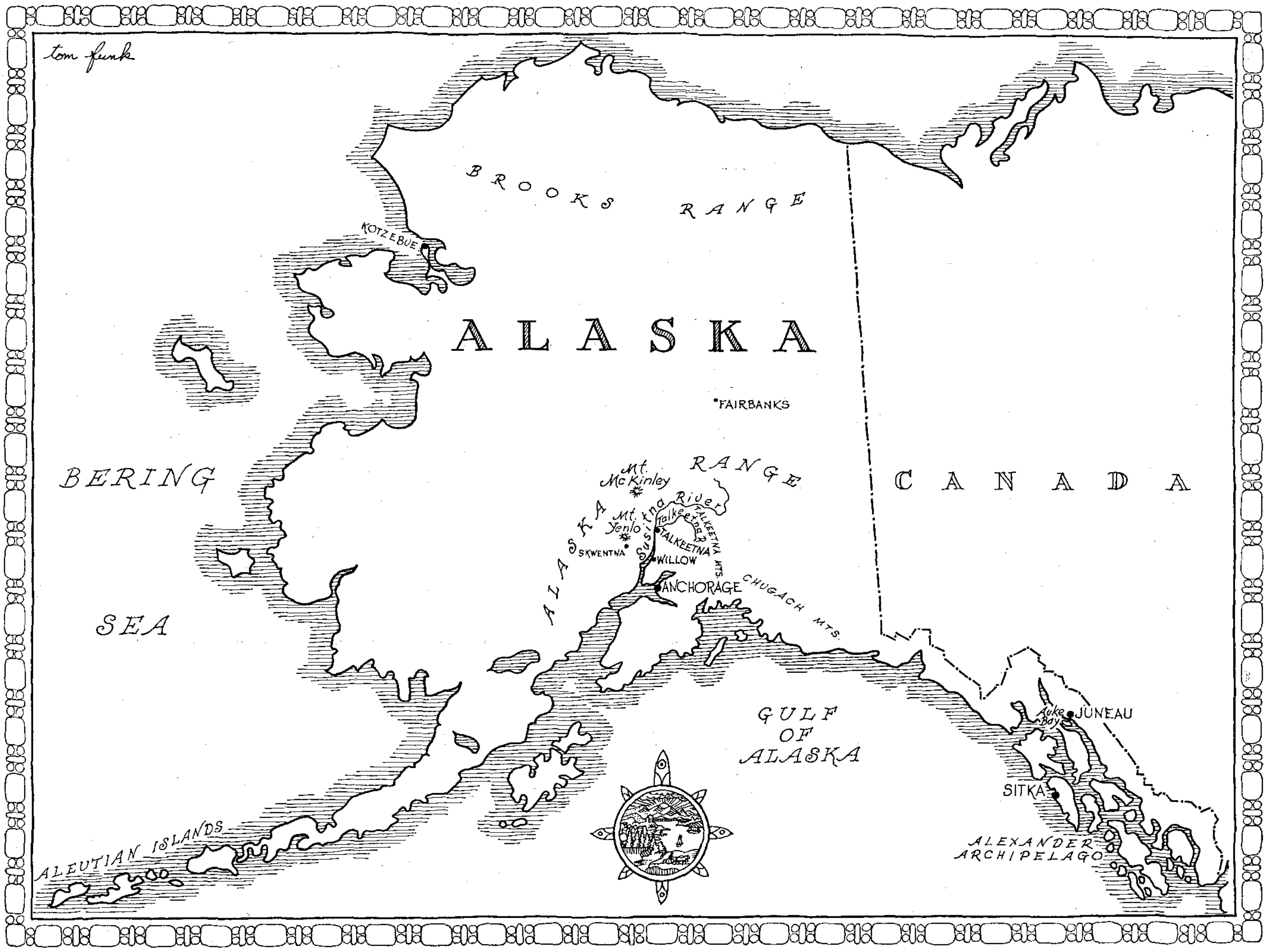
A REPORTER AT LARGE

WHAT THEY WERE HUNTING FOR—I



ONE morning in the Alaskan autumn, a small sharp-nosed helicopter, on its way to a rendezvous, flew south from Fairbanks with three passengers. They crossed the fast, silted water of the Tanana River and whirred along over low black-spruce land with streams too numerous for names. The ground beneath them began to rise, and they with it, until they were crossing broad benchlands and high hills increasingly jagged in configuration as they stepped up to the Alaska Range.

At about the same time, another and somewhat larger group took off from Anchorage in a de Havilland Twin Otter, and this sturdy vehicle, firm as iron in the air, flew north up the valley of the Big Su—Susitna River, a big river *in* a land of big rivers—and on up over alpine tundra that now, in the late season, was as red as wine. After moving over higher and higher hills, the plane moved in among mountains: great, upreaching things, gray on the rockface and then—above the five-thousand-foot contour and far on up, too high to see without pressing to the window—covered with fresh snow.

"Is the mountain out?" someone on the right side of the plane wanted to know. In so many mountains, there was one mountain. "Is the mountain out?"

"It surer than hell is."

"It never looks the same."

The mountain was a megahedron—its high white facets doming in the air. Long snow banners, extending eastward, were pluming from the ridges above twenty thousand feet.

"What would you call that mountain, Willie?"

"Denali. I'll go along with the Indians that far."

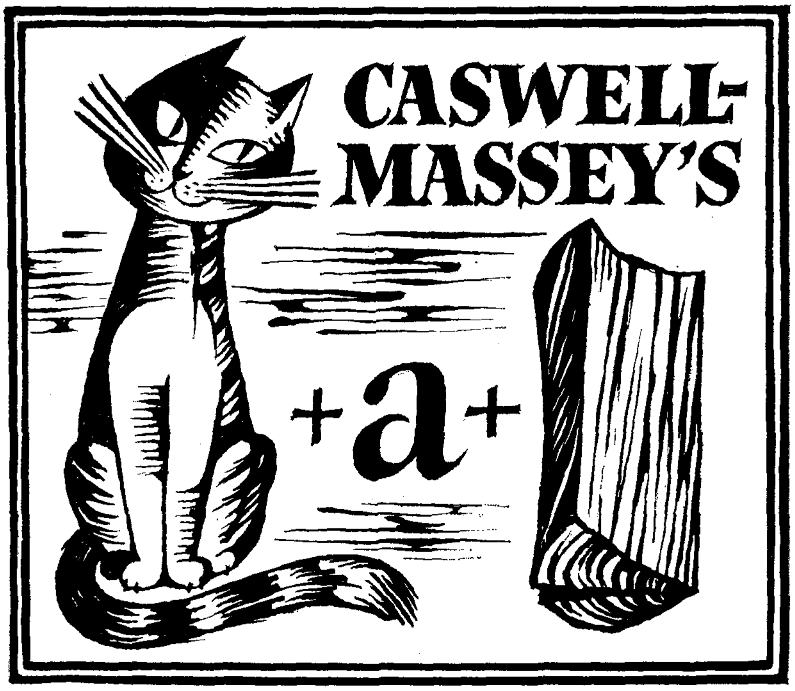
Everyone aboard was white but Willie (William Igiagruq Hensley), who was an Eskimo, and he said again, "Denali. What the hell did McKinley ever do?"

The Twin Otter by now was so deep in the Alaska Range that nothing could be seen but walls of mountain in a pass. Then, finally, the pass widened the way to the north. Banking over terraces and high riverine bluffs—Nenana River—the plane landed on gravel near a small group of buildings, a mining town. The helicopter from Fairbanks was already there. Handshakes all around. Brisk, nippy morning, right? Won't be long now. And then, in threes and fours, the group made successive flights in the small helicopter—down the right bank of the Nenana over the broad high benchland, back and forth in loosely patterned flight. Four grizzly bears—large and small, perhaps a ton or so of bear—were grazing a meadow below, eating blueberry bushes rich with fruit. The helicopter ignored the bears. It crossed the river and flew back to the north in vectors, as if looking for something. A small lake. Then a larger lake. This was indeed a hunt, and what the people in the air were hunting for was a new capital of Alaska.

WHEN states move their capitals, as most of them have done at one time or another, the usual aim is to have a seat of government somewhere near the centers of geography and population—criteria that distinctly fail to describe Juneau. Juneau, capital of Alaska since 1900, is in the eccentric region that Alaskans call Southeastern—a long, archipelagic claw that dangles toward Seattle and is knuckled to the main body of Alaska by a glacier the size of Rhode Island. Southeastern Alaska reaches so far east that all the land north of it is Canadian. British Columbia. Yukon Territory. Juneau is two time zones from Anchorage, from Fairbanks, from the center of the state. It is twenty-five hundred miles from the other end of Alaska. Many Alaskans do not regard Southeastern as part of Alaska but, rather, as an appendage of inconvenience, because Juneau is there. Juneau is an outpost—cannot be reached, or even approached, by road. Juneau was the site of a gold strike that attracted people enough to make a town, and the town's importance increased when strikes of bonanza quantity were made in mountains to the north, along the Klondike River and other tributaries of the upper Yukon. Juneau, already a mining town, was also a way station on trips to the Klondike, and it became—for the duration of the gold boom—a center of Alaskan commerce.

Anchorage is the commercial center now, and roughly half of the four hundred thousand people in Alaska live in and around Anchorage. As a result of a petition signed by sixteen thousand, an initiative appeared on the 1974 primary ballot through which the voters could indicate a wish to move their capital. Similar initiatives in 1960 and 1962 had been defeated, perhaps in part because Alaskans elsewhere in the state did not want to see even more power concentrated in Anchorage. Anchorage, for its part, wished to yield nothing to Fairbanks. Their rivalry is intense to the point of unseemliness. So the 1974 initiative was written to exclude both cities—the new capital could not be within thirty miles of either one—and in strong majority (fifty-seven per cent) the voters went for it.

The state is more or less broke—if that term can be used to describe a budget that regularly expends a great deal more than it ingests. For this reason, it might seem an act of bravado to contemplate building anything at all, let alone a new capital city. Bravado, on the other hand, is a synonym for Alaska. A high proportion of the white people who have tried to make their way in Alaska have lived from boom to boom. The first boom was in fur, and



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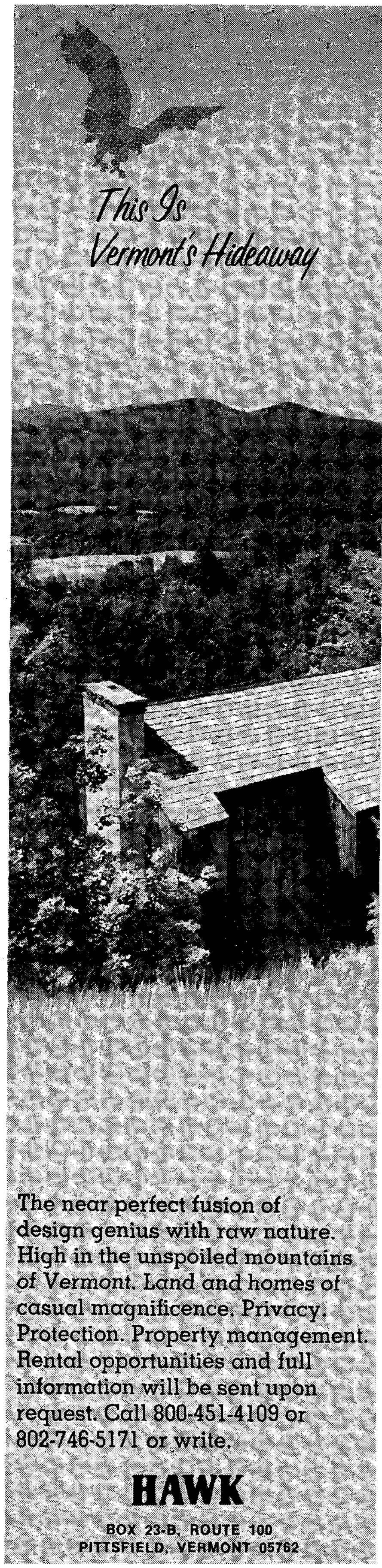

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then came gold, followed by war, and now oil. How can it matter that the treasury is atilt when the Alyeska Pipeline Service Company is moving toward completion of a tube that will draw so much oil out of the north of Alaska that the state government alone will collect in royalties as much as three and a half million dollars a day? Some Alaskans are already spending this money. Others are dreaming of ways to spend it. One of the dreams is of a new capital, in a wild setting, preferably within sight of the summits of North America's highest massif.

Following the terms of the initiative, the governor of Alaska appointed a Capital Site Selection Committee, most of whose nine members had been—like the governor himself—opponents of the initiative. One might think that only Gilbert and Sullivan could work out the story from there. The committee, though—representing a geographical spread of the state, including Southeastern—had taken up its work with a seriousness Alaskan in grandeur, and had spent well over a million dollars to narrow its choices down.

THE move to move the capital has "bestirred the community," as one Alaska senator has put it, and from the community has come a chorus of comment. The dialogue assembled here contains voices from Seward, Sitka, Fort Yukon, Kotzebue, Fairbanks, Juneau, Anchorage.

"Despite the terms of the initiative, Anchorage is the logical place for the capital. The move would cost the least, and Anchorage would serve best. Anchorage should *be* the capital."

"There are more state-government employees in Anchorage now than there are in Juneau."

"Everyone is afraid of, and is envious of, Anchorage."

"Anchorage has got enough."

"People don't want the Anchorage scourge to spread."

"The initiative was a vendetta."

"The capital move started with people in Anchorage who thought they were getting screwed by the legislature in Juneau."

"Make no mistake. Anchorage wants the capital in Anchorage and will somehow get it."

"Anchorage works hard to get things from other towns. It has from the start. When Anchorage was just a few people in tents, they tried to take the headquarters of the railroad from Seward and the U.S. District Court from Valdez. In both instances, they succeeded. Recently, they have tried hard to take the university from Fairbanks. They have part of it already. They wooed the U.S. land office away from Juneau. 'Proud' is a word still used here in Alaska—but not about Anchorage."

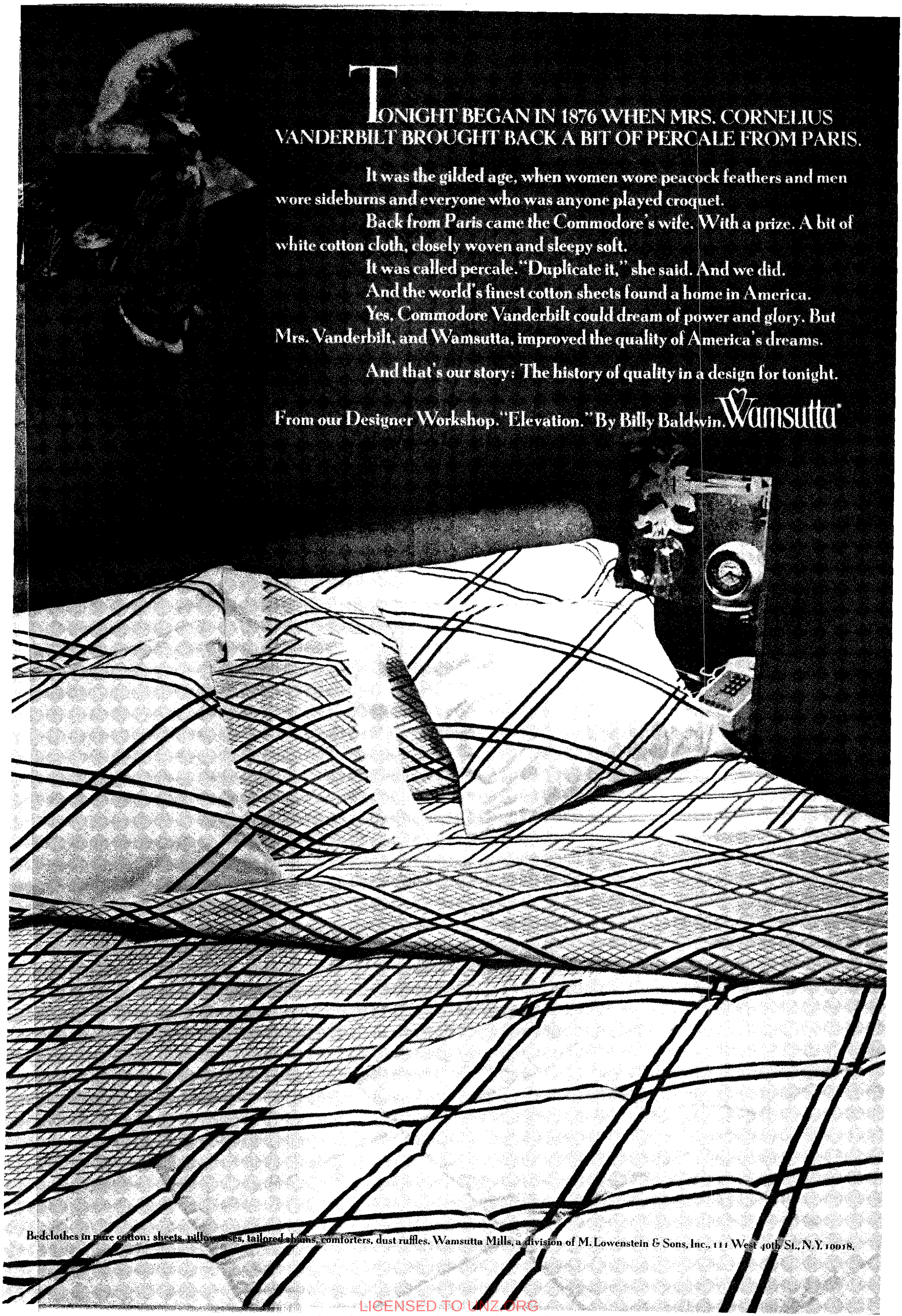
A single voice can be particularly audible in Alaska, because there are so few people. Much is made of Alaska's great size. It is worth remembering, as well, how small Alaska is—a handful of people clinging to a subcontinent. There are two and a half times as many people in the District of Columbia as there are in the State of Alaska. In ten square miles of the eastern state I live in are more people than there are in the five hundred and eighty-six thousand square miles of Alaska.

"The capital must be a new city."

"Pipeline or no pipeline, the state would go broke buying land in Anchorage. On top of that, because everybody in Alaska hates Anchorage it is politically expedient to put the capital in a new place, an undeveloped place."

"The land out there is of no great value. It's just wilderness, standing there."

THE committee's flight through the mountains that morning appeared to be, as much as anything else, a gesture of courtesy to Fairbanks, *de facto* capital of the terrain that is called the Interior. Fairbanks is the pivot from which travellers fan out to the north—the usual departure point for Arctic Alaska, and the departure point, as well, for mail planes and bush craft that serve the Interior villages. A look at a map would suggest a site near Fairbanks as an obvious capital for the state as a whole, because of Fairbanks' position near the center of the Alaskan mainland. There are drawbacks, however, in climate. The Interior is so named because it lies between the Brooks Range, which traverses the far north, and the Alaska Range, which is the climax of the mountain chain that comes up the Pacific coast and then bends across south-central Alaska to indicate the Aleutians. The Interior is the hottest region of Alaska. It is also the coldest. Temperatures there can go into the nineties in summer and into the minus-seventies in winter, and at times of deep cold large areas of the Interior will be palled with ice fog. Fairbanks has more motor vehicles per capita than does Los Angeles, and as the cars toot and tap bumpers on the long crawls through the ice fog the warm gases of their exhaust plumes seem to



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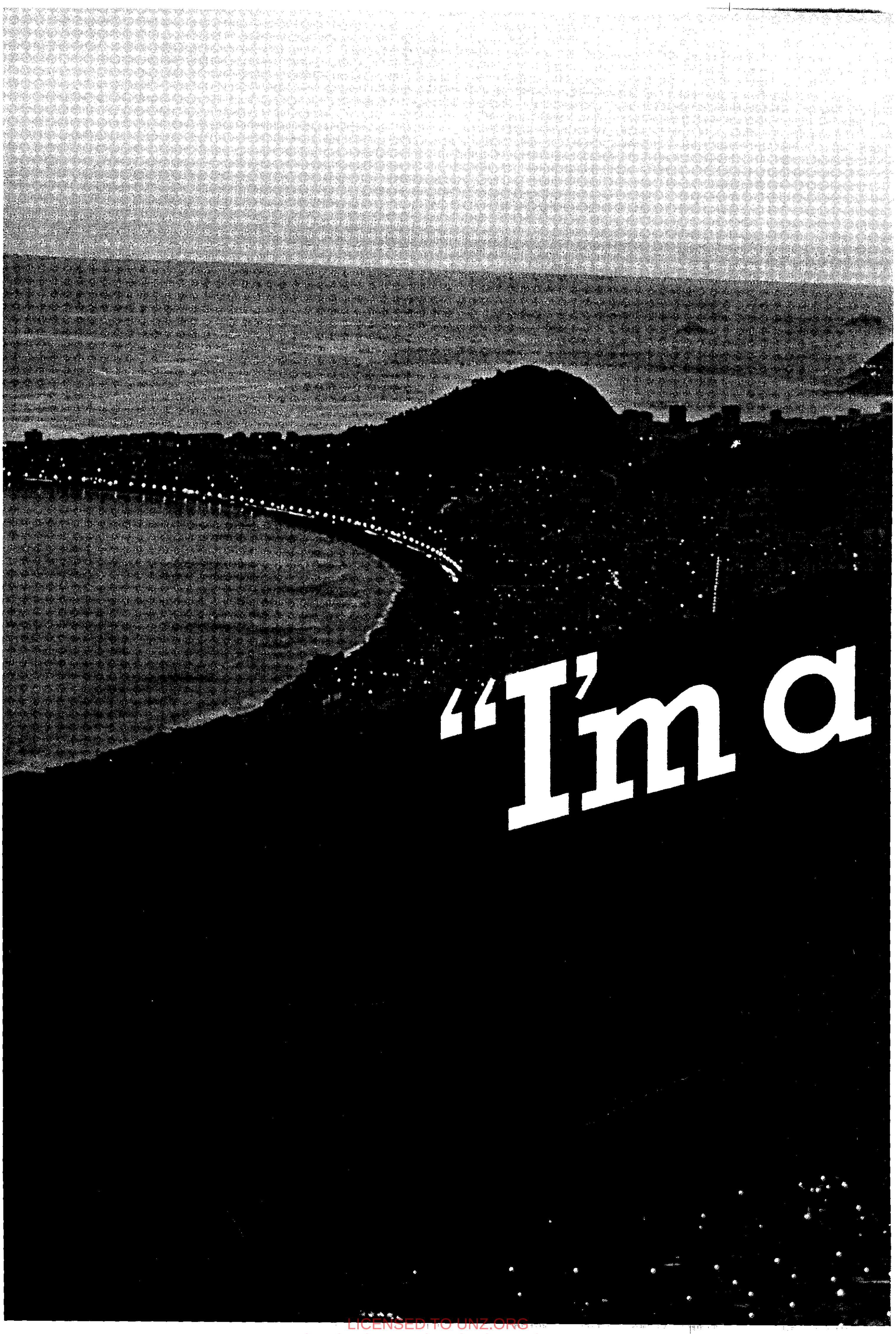

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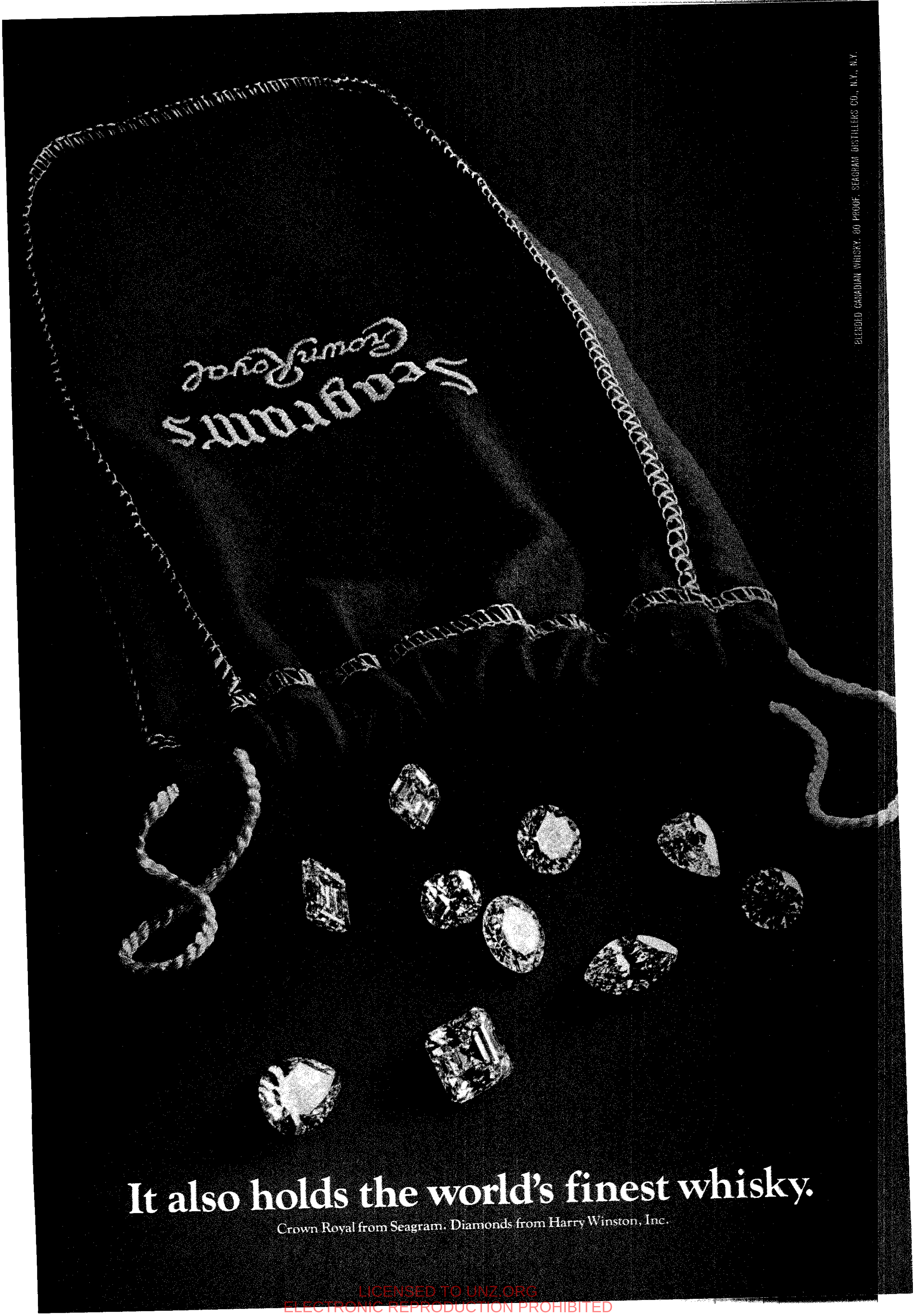
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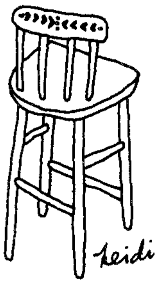
stick in the air close around them—an especially pernicious, carcinogenic subarctic variety of smog. This experience would suggest—too late to help Fairbanks—that it might be imprudent to plan deliberately to attract numerous vehicles to a single site in the Interior.

The capital committee got into the Twin Otter and flew back through the mountains toward the south. "A great place for grizzlies," said Willie Hensley, looking over his shoulder.

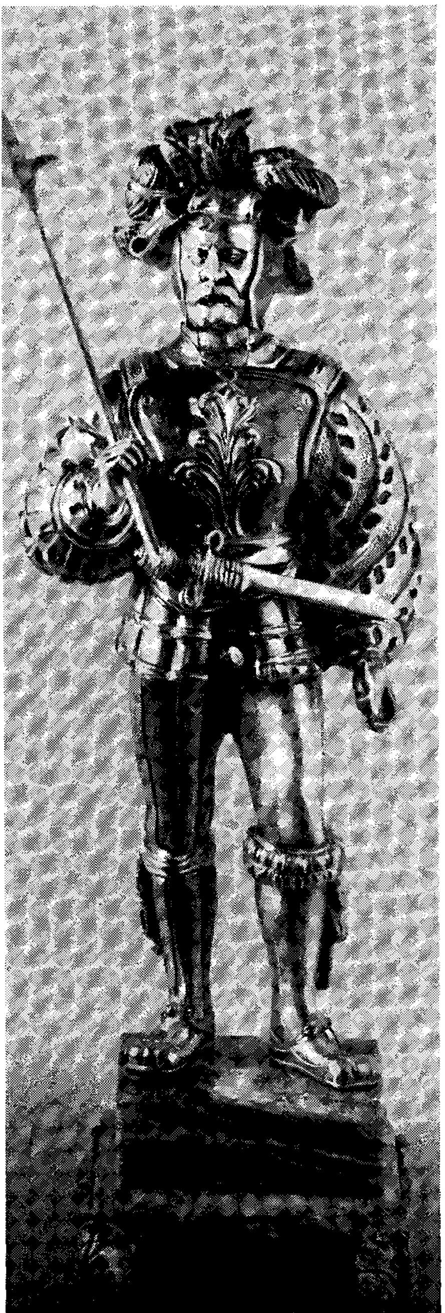
In its many months of sorting possibilities, the committee had discovered that there were few places in Alaska that could meet the criteria of the search. By law, resulting from the terms of the initiative, they had to find a hundred square miles of land somewhere near a road and a railroad and in terrain appropriate for a new airport that would consistently experience negotiable weather. The land had to belong to the state, or, in any case, to be available to the state for nothing. In addition, the committee and its consultants established standards of their own. Since weather and cold worsen with altitude, they would look for a site below two thousand feet. It should have, among other things, good soil, ample water, topography both practical and aesthetically appealing, relatively modest annual snowfall. It should not inconvenience resident wildlife—should not invade bear-denning grounds, salmon-spawning areas—and it should not be in zones of earthquakes or volcanism.

A simple task. In Indiana. Corydon was the capital of Indiana until a new-capital-site-selection committee drew a state-size X on the map and noted where the legs crossed. The spot was in deep forest. Indians owned the land. A treaty took care of them. Indianapolis, Indiana.



This was Alaska, though, where people are even more marginal than plants, and the choice was truly complex. About a third of Alaska is above two thousand feet. Something like two-thirds is demarcated for the natives and the federal government. It would be unwise to build in an area of permafrost. Two-thirds of Alaska is underlaid by permafrost. Alaska has two railroads. One is twenty-six miles long. The other runs four hundred and seventy miles, from Seward—a port on the Gulf of Alaska—through Anchorage and on to Fairbanks. The Alaska Highway comes into the Interior from Yukon Territory. The rest of the state's highway system principally consists of two roads. One goes from Fairbanks to Anchorage, and the other, by a newer and more westerly route, goes from Anchorage to Fairbanks. Roughly speaking, the land that has been built upon, pipelined, or otherwise trammelled in Alaska—all the land that is now taken up by towns, villages, cities, airports, trapper cabins, motels, roads—consists agglomerately of less than a hundred thousand acres. That leaves, untouched, nearly three hundred and seventy-five million acres. By almost any standards drawn from the North Temperate Zone, human settlement is still the next thing to nonexistent in Alaska. Juneau, a relatively small town of eighteen thousand, is Alaska's third-largest "city." The celebrated Trans-Alaska Pipeline is, in scale, comparable to a thread laid across Staten Island. With it, the "destruction of Alaska" may have begun, as some people will say, but utter wilderness—uncompromising, unhuman wilderness—is almost wholly what Alaska is now. So if a group of people had to choose a townsite near a road and a railroad, off permafrost and on fairly low but well-drained ground, and not inordinately far from the main pockets of existing population, nearly all of Alaska would recede from the conversation and by the facts the people would be ushered into the Susitna Valley.

The Twin Otter, coming out of the mountains, moved south above the Susitna, whose water, flowing swiftly, bore so much glacially pulverized rock that it was gray and glisteningly opaque, and appeared to be ready to set. Canoers on the river hear a sandpapery sound against the hulls of their canoes. The upper Susitna has cut a canyon—Devils Canyon—where rapids pile up almost to the scale of the Colorado; and then the currents spread out and braid their way among uncountable islands. The Susitna Valley—to a point more than a hundred miles above Anchorage—includes the most northerly penetration in Alaska of land that is generally free from permafrost. The Alaska Railroad goes up the valley, as does the Anchorage-Fairbanks Highway, which was opened in 1974—significant marks, to be sure, of advancing humanity, but from the low-flying plane they looked in the forest like a slim ribbon and a set of sutures. An occasional roadhouse, cabin, or clearing appeared along the highway, and there were other cabins beside streams splaying out from the railway. A train—Lionel in appearance among



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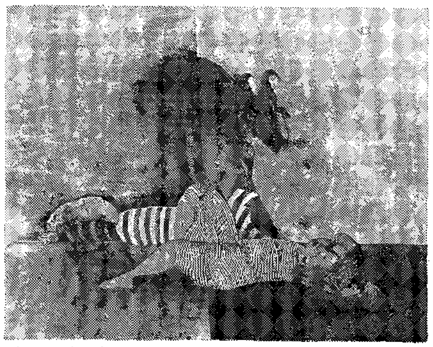

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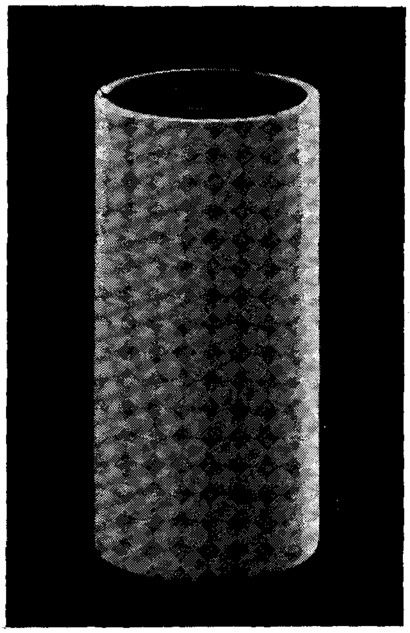

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the black lowland spruce—was stopped near a stream in the undepoted wild. Someone was collecting supplies. Or getting off to go home. The railway serves many dozens of people who have abandoned the civilization the railway represents. The train, typically, drops them at a stream and they go in canoes or skiffs to cabins some miles away. They chose the cabin sites and staked them out as "Open to Entry" land, which was available for low sums until 1973, when the program was at least temporarily stopped, pending the resolution of certain major and interlocking events in the subdivision of Alaskan land: final selection by the state of the one hundred and three million acres allotted to it in the Statehood Act, in 1958; final designation of intended use—parks, refuges, national wild rivers—for vast segments of federal lands; and selection by the natives of tracts to be deeded to them. When the Open to Entry program was set up, recreation was what its creators had in mind. But a number of people who staked lots went to live on them year round—to combat the winter, to live in wilderness, to kill and eat game, to trap fur, to simplify their lives and be relatively self-sufficient, albeit in some dependence on the Alaska Railroad. Making money was emphatically not their objective. They sought little more than permanent relief from the larger society. To place a city down among them would be to flick them from the earth. Willie Hensley and the committee, overhead, looked down over the spruce-and-hardwood forest. A couple of cabins were barely visible among the trees. Aspen leaves, yellow, were quaking in the fall air. "Too mundane," Willie Hensley said as the Twin Otter moved on toward Talkeetna.

A minor but handsome run of mountains—the Talkeetna Mountains—now framed the valley with a six-thousand-foot ridgeline to the east. To the west, the land was at first low and then rose toward mountains beyond which were only a few specks of settlement in the five hundred miles to the Bering Sea. To the north, roughly forty miles distant now, was the topographical mural that closed off the Interior. Mount McKinley, veiled in snow haze, was fast removing itself to obscurity. The big mountain, sometimes described as the Weathermaker, creates its own integument, because it is so high and cold that when it interrupts flows of warm and often moist summer air it causes violent reactions: roiling clouds that form in a moment, sudden storms, gale-driven blizzards. High up the

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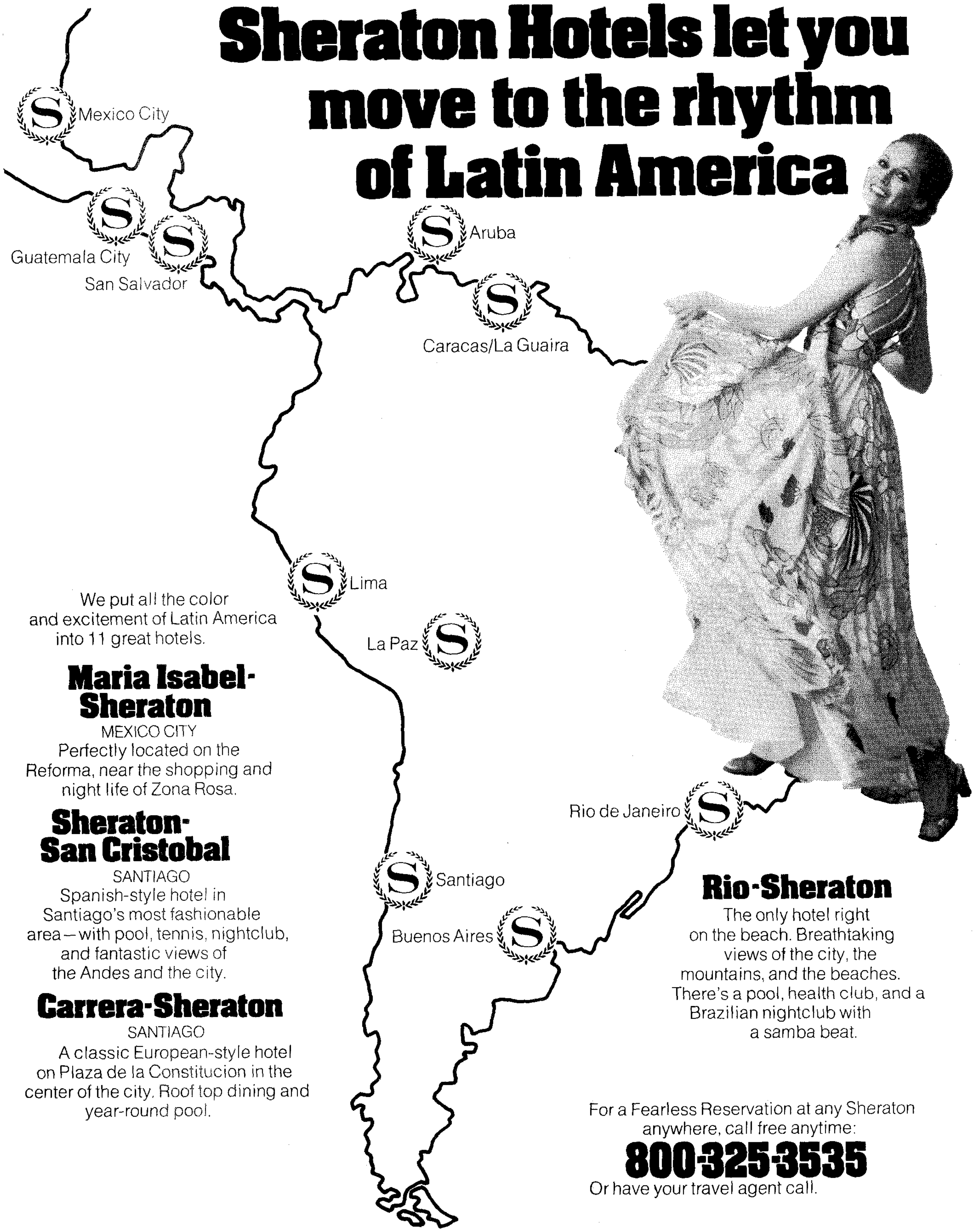
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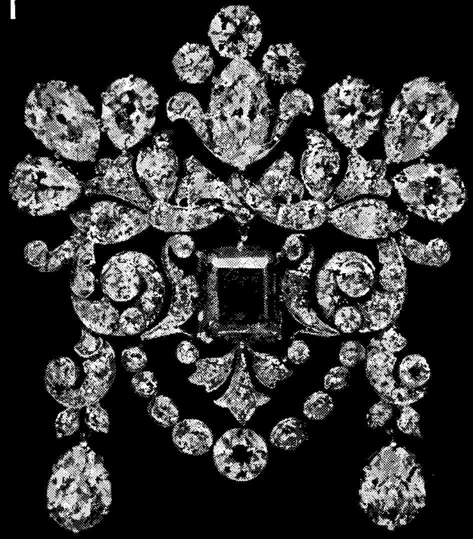

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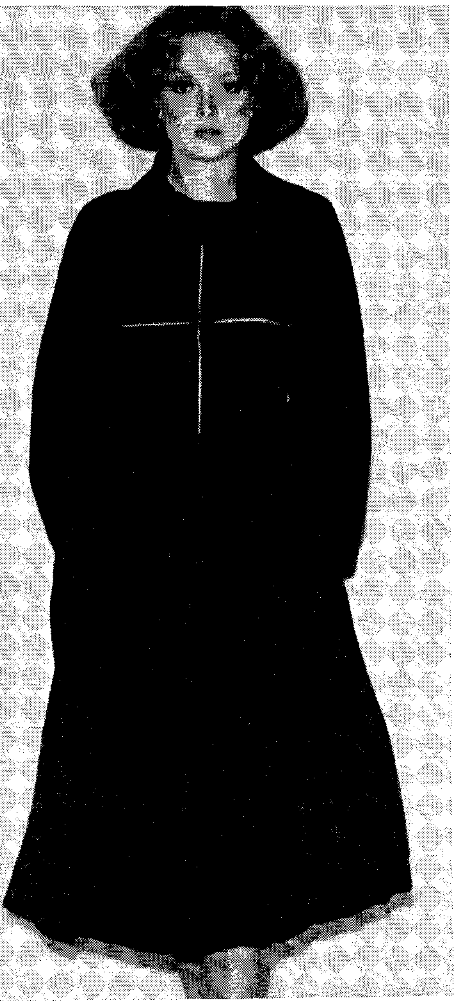

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mountain, the windchill—even during the elsewhere-warm Alaskan summer—can go down to (and beyond) a hundred below zero. From within its vapors, the mountain can emerge as swiftly as it disappeared, and when it is out only the distant curve of the earth can reduce its dominance, for it is the most arresting sight from forty million acres around. The Alaska Range elevates with a rapidity rare in the world. Its top is about two-thirds as high as the top of the Himalayas, but the Himalayan uplift is broad and extensive. If you were looking toward Mount Everest from forty miles away, you would lift your gaze only slightly to note the highest in a sea of peaks. Forty miles from McKinley you can stand at a bench mark of three hundred and climb with your eyes the other twenty thousand feet. The difference—between your altitude near sea level and the height of that flying white mountain—is much too great to be merely overwhelming. The mountain is a sky of rock, seemingly all above you, looming. Until it takes itself away, you watch it as you might watch a hearth fire or a show in color of aurorean light. The provocative immensity of Mount McKinley seems to symbolize Alaska to many Alaskans. No wonder they would have a capital with the mountain much in view. Some of those Alaskans, as it happens, are Athapaskans, and their regard for the big mountain is understandably deeper (in time, in metaphor, in spiritual mystery) even than the regard of white Alaskans. The Athapaskans are not much impressed that a young Princeton graduate on a summer prospecting adventure in the Susitna Valley in 1896 happened to learn from a stranger on the river that William McKinley had become the Republican nominee for President of the United States. In this haphazard way, the mountain got the name it would carry for at least the better part of a century, notwithstanding that it already had a name, for uncounted centuries had had a name, which in translation has been written, variously, as The Great One, The Mighty One, The High One. The Indians in their reverence had called it Denali. Toponymically, that is the mountain's proper name; and if a city were deliberately to seek the mountain and appear before it, the city might be Denali, too.

TALKEETNA, the only community of any size in the upper part of the valley, voted sixty-nine to forty-two in favor of moving the capital. Tal-

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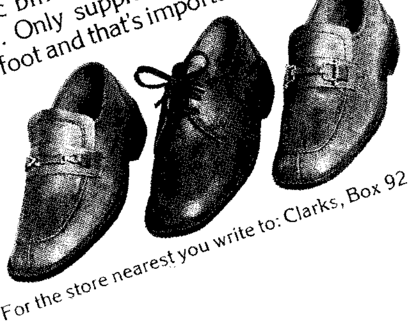

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keetna is a prime collecting point for climbers on their way to McKinley. I once saw a Japanese climber in Richard and Dorothy Jones's store there, buying a cabbage. It was a purple cabbage and somewhat larger than his own head, which was purple as well, in places, from contusions and sunburn, and probably windburn, suffered in his bout with the mountain. On his cheek was a welted wound, like a split in a tomato. Leaving the store, he walked out of town, ate his cabbage, and slept it off in a tent. I had asked Mrs. Jones what she thought of the idea of moving the capital away from Juneau, and she said she was all for it, but she did hope the new town would not be placed near Talkeetna. "Please may they leave this beautiful section of Alaska alone," she said. "Nature is part of us. We moved here for the out living—for the river. The capital has to have big buildings, a superhighway—and that takes care of the blueberry patches."

A genial person, easygoing and garrulous, she was somewhat beyond athletic weight. Her husband, wry and spare, smiled and nodded while she talked. "A new city, built from scratch in the bush, would be sterile," she said. "The state will probably sell off land to meet some of the cost. I can't see anything of value coming out of a place where people go in with speculation in mind. Meanwhile, we're so naïve we'd be stepped on like bugs. Like June bugs. We're all neighbors here, and together. Your neighbor might need you to help put out a fire in his cabin. But Anchorage and Fairbanks are crooked. If you don't wear pointed-toe boots and a Texas hat, you're not with it. And that is what would come with a capital here. The capital should go to Fairbanks or Anchorage. They're already ruined. But it goes in the bush because the cities are arch-rivals. If it comes here, it will be the end of this community as it stands."

Talkeetna was a random miscellany of log cabins, cabbage patches, some frame houses, house trailers, Quonsets, lettuce-onion-carrot gardens, two or three roadhouses, and an inn from the first part of the century, with a dusty moose rack in velvet on the wall and old colored-glass shades on the hanging lights above the bar. There were two hundred and fifty gold and silver claims around Talkeetna once. Talkeetna has a Historical Society. Dorothy Jones is on the board of directors. As Alaskans go, she is most unusual. She grew up in Alaska. Her father home-

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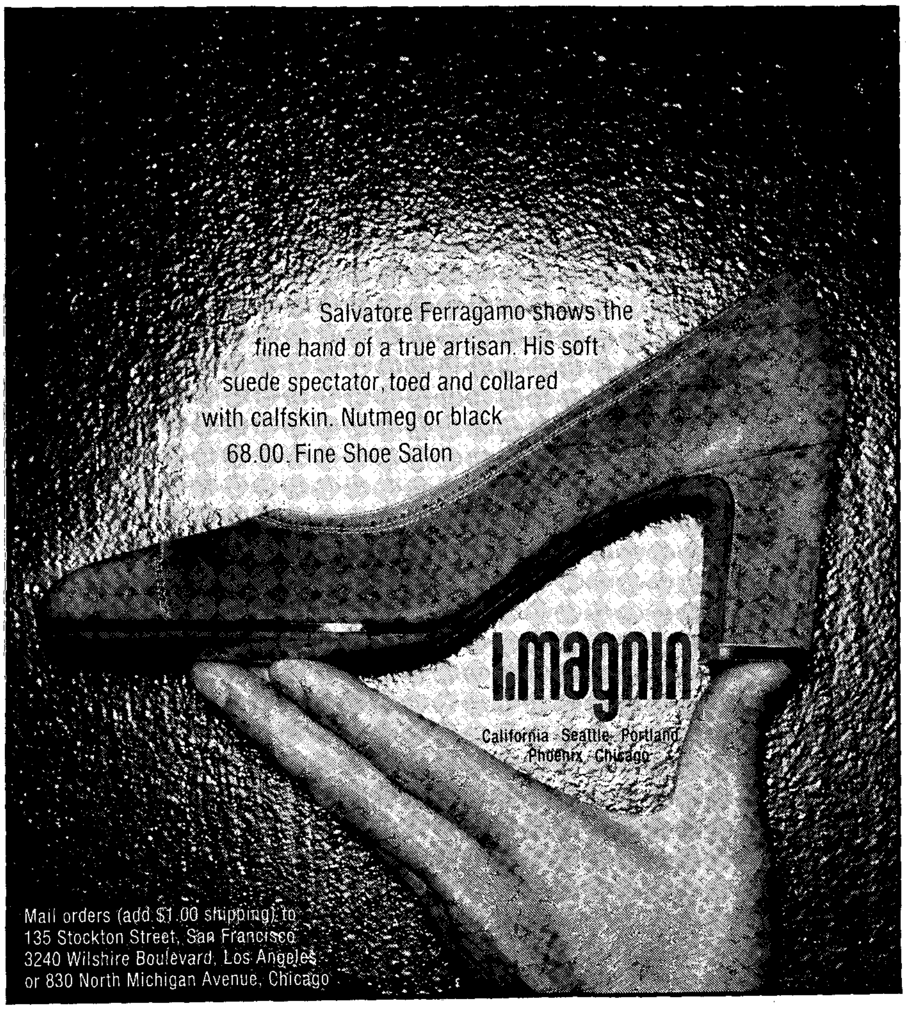

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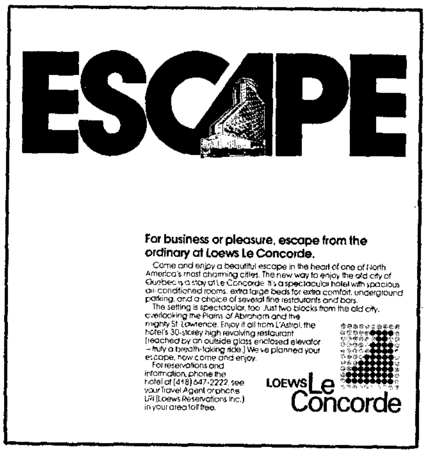

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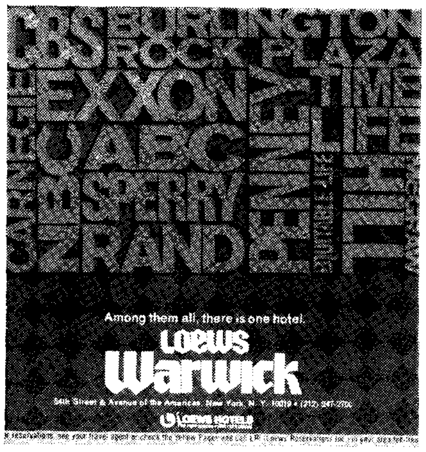
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steaded, in the Matanuska Valley, nearer Anchorage.

"I was brought up here, too," said her husband. "By Uncle Sam." He, also, was for moving the capital, but he seemed just a little less concerned than his wife did for the environs of Talkeetna. He was a disaffected fisherman. Things had been better when Talkeetna was more isolated, when it was served only by the railroad and bush aircraft; but now, with the new highway, and Anchorage only a little more than two hours away, the fish had been beaten down and you couldn't find a rainbow more than twelve inches long.

Looking down from the Twin Otter at Talkeetna—close by the confluence of three rivers, where the Chulitna and the Talkeetna pile into the Susitna—I could see the Joneses' place and, facing it, an old and ramblingly extended cottonwood-log cabin called the Roadhouse, and near that the small Quonset home of a bush pilot named Cliff Hudson. Climbers stay in the Roadhouse—gather there, go over and over their gear, and wait for the mountain to come out, or, at least, for weather promising enough so that Hudson (among others) can fly them to the Kahiltna Glacier, on the mountain's south side, landing on skis at seven thousand feet. A gravel airstrip runs from behind Hudson's Quonset on out to the edge of the Susitna. I had once flown with him, not to the glacier but into the country around Talkeetna, looking for the dragon's teeth of capitals. Hudson will take anything that comes along—trappers and miners to their cabins, hunters, Oriental alpinists. Bearded, bespectacled, with tousled thinning curly hair, Hudson flew in ten-inch boots and a brown wool shirt that had seen a lot of time on his back. In fact, he appeared to have been *in* the bush instead of flying it —to have lost his plane there and to have just walked out. In 1948, he had come to Alaska (from the Pacific "northwest") for all the great hunting and fishing, and he had become a bush pilot because it was "the only way you could get around." He was disappointed, bitterly, with Alaskan progress. Would he vote—now—for statehood? "Hell, no. They're ripping us off every way they can think of. It's bad enough just to have to *feed* all those politicians. We've got nine-tenths too many of them. They're a bunch of kids. It's just a big playpen—Juneau—at our expense. They argued once for eleven days over who would be the House Speaker." Flying me around the valley, bumping along on the wind over the spruce and the high tundra, he said he did not really care now if a capital were to come springing up from the land below. The plan was "ridiculous" and "expensive," but if a new city was to be built, it would be "O.K. anywhere." He said, "The game is all gone, anyway. Those asses in Juneau won't let us hunt wolves from airplanes anymore. Three packs of wolves roam this area in winter and kill at least three moose a week—sometimes that many in one day. The fishing is going downhill, too, like everything else up here. When I came up here, you could catch fish till your arm was tired. That's Montana Creek down there. Used to be good. The air is cooler beyond Montana Creek. If you're driving south in the winter and it's, say, ten below in Talkeetna, it's suddenly forty below when you cross Montana Creek, and you feel the car tighten up—the steering gets stiff. Talkeetna is a little higher and warmer than the lower part of the valley." Montana Creek, having unglacial waters, was pebbly clear. A day or two before, I had caught a four-pound humpback salmon there.

The Roadhouse was a good place to stay. Climbers on the mountain had returned to the glacier, and were waiting day upon day for clear enough sky to get off; meanwhile, the Roadhouse, except at mealtime, was quiet. It was run, somewhat stringently, by Carroll Close and his wife, Verna, with an unnegotiable ten-thirty curfew, and signs here and there to remind you that you were not in your own home. "DON'T TOUCH." "NOTICE: In meeting the public the proprietors of this Roadhouse do not employ profane or obscene language. We ask you to display similar restraint while quartered here." At seven in the morning in an upstairs room, cracks in the floorboards become fumaroles of coffee, and the scent draws you down from the summit. In the kitchen, under racks of utensils, is a big wood stove, and Verna Close is sprinkling salt on its hot iron surface. She is dour, silent, stolid as a ceramic cat. She places thick slices of bread over the salt to toast. Each day, she bakes forty-six loaves of bread. Carroll Close, who is in his seventies and has been out splitting spruce, brings a load of it in and commits some to the fire. He is thin, thewy, with snowy hair and

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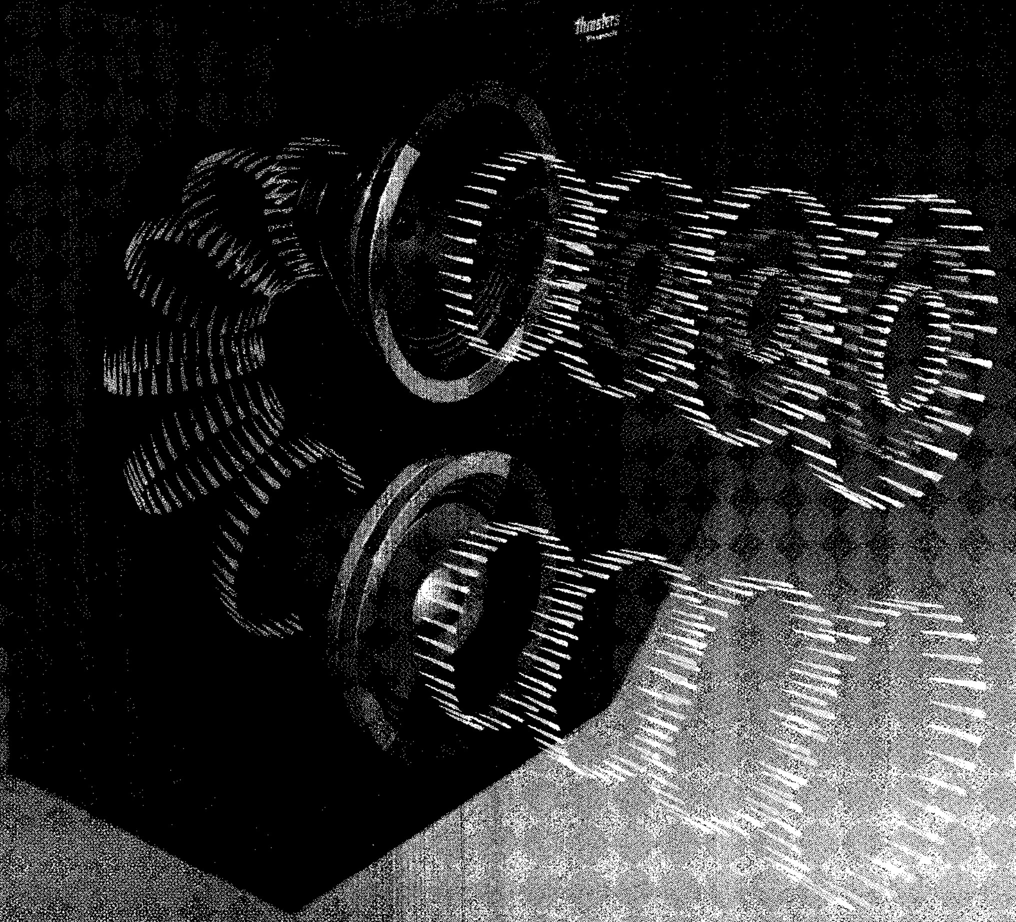

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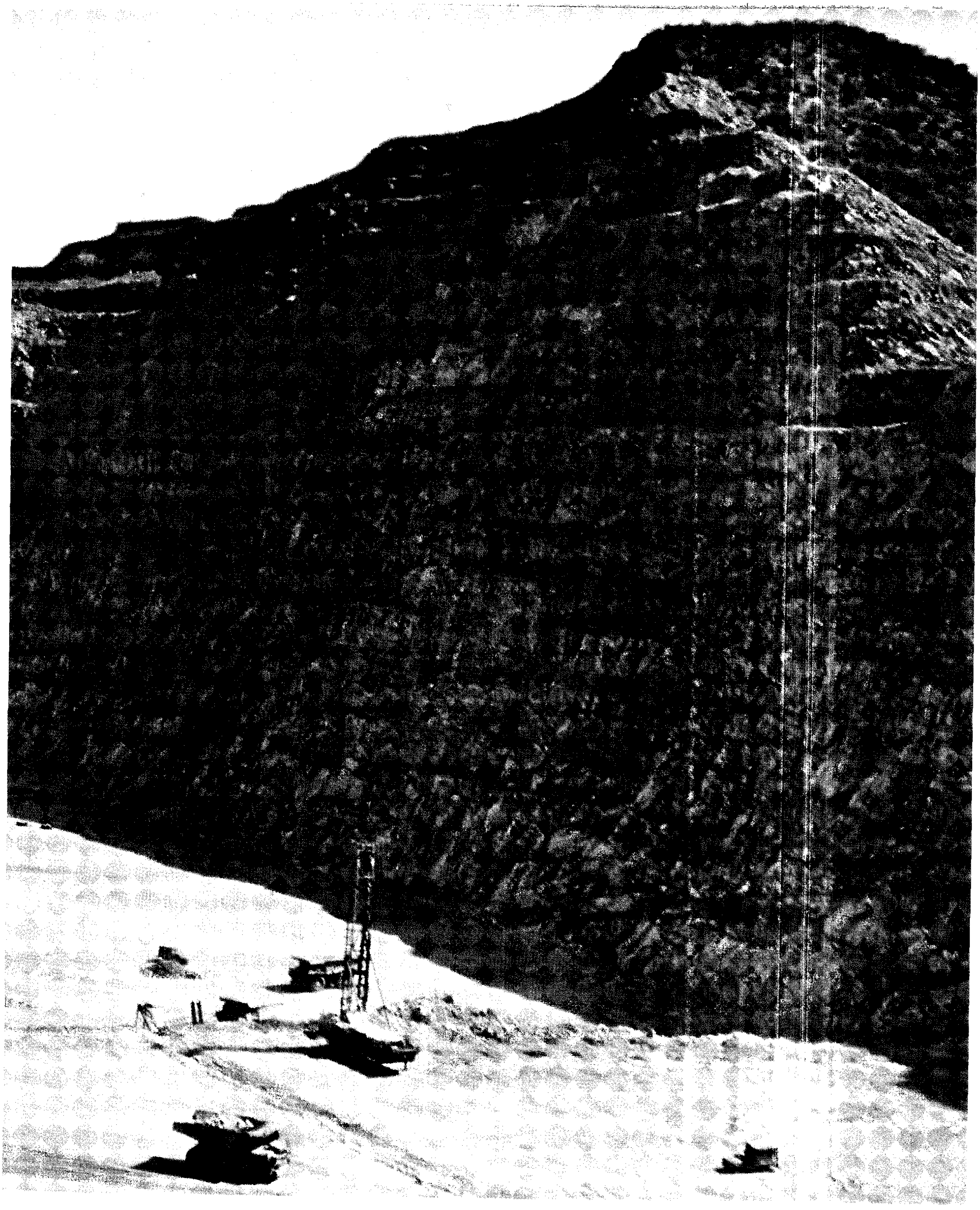

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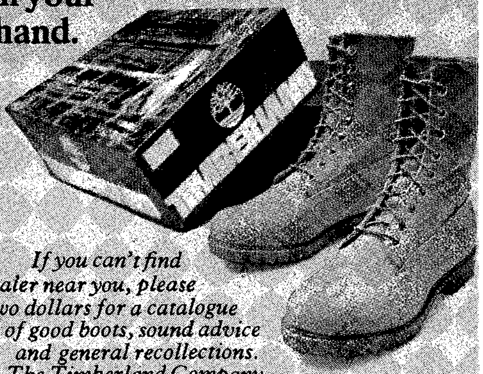

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eyes that flash. With his wife, he makes and serves the standard breakfast: a mound of potatoes fried in white lard, scrambled eggs, four thick hunks of buttered toast, juice, coffee, ham, jam. Only a long-distance run at fifty below zero could work down such a meal, but the temperature outside is in the easygoing seventies and for the future there is no hope. There is dinner. No one is allowed to be late for dinner, so throughout the hour beforehand, in twos and threes, people drift in. They come from Talkeetna and from down the valley. Weekends, they come from Anchorage. They wait quietly in the sitting room before the unlighted face of the television, gray like the river (“Don’t Touch”), and at six they file to the table, and Carroll Close tells them where to sit. Eighteen is the capacity. Eighteen are there—around an oilcloth-covered table. They will make friends quickly. They are, for the most part, long in Alaska. But they are relatively silent in the early minutes of the meal, passing platters and bowls of potatoes, rice, meat-loaded gravy, beans, salad, corned beef, fried chicken, carrots, peas, bread, jam, and butter, leaving room for cake. And all the while Close circles the table, alert, attentive.

He came to Alaska from Oregon when he was in his thirties. I asked him, one afternoon, why. “Poverty,” he said. When the war came, he found work around Anchorage, and eventually he had enough money to move north and, with his wife, buy the original part of the Roadhouse. He had built the extensions. “People voted five to one for statehood,” he said. “You weren’t a good citizen if you were against it. It was a lost cause.”

“You were against statehood?”

“Oh, sure. Oh, sure. Before then, three-quarters of the people here weren’t here. Eight or nine hundred people ran the Territory. Ten thousand now run the state. Where it used to take one person to investigate you, it now takes two to four. The state spends too much. If a tree blows down, two guys from the state come with a chain saw. The state has sold the state out. To the unions. To the oil companies. The oil companies have more power than the legislature. The capital move is a lot of talk. That’s all it is, a lot of talk. What we need is not a new capital but better legislators than we have. I’d say leave the capital where it’s at. The state can’t afford it. There *is* no economy. They’re dreaming about all this oil money. You do more good with a letter into Juneau than going there, anyway. Up here, we have the severest winters this side of the range. This is no place for a capital. If it does move, the proper place for it is in Anchorage.”

He opened the stove and flung in some spruce. Spruce tends to be tough, stronger than most people who try to split it. “Since statehood,” he said, “this country’s went sour.”

The unofficial mayor of Talkeetna was Evil Alice Powell. She did not seem to mind her nickname. She had worked, years ago, for the Alaska Territorial Department of Health in Anchorage—inspecting bars, bakeries, groceries, private sewage systems—and the doctor she worked for gave her the title because she scoured Augean Anchorage as few people have ever done. Her husband had come to Alaska as a highway- and railway-bridge engineer, and they moved out to Talkeetna in 1960. She ran a sort of roadhouse up the road from the Roadhouse, but she had attempted to upgrade it with the word “motel.” I found her there, ironing linen, and she said, “It’s reached the point now where if someone wants to see an old-timer they come to me.” She looked the part and she didn’t—in slacks and a sweater, white hair streaked blond. She was small, gentle, amiable, accommodating, grandmotherly. Evil Alice. She said yes, the capital should move, and move up here to the valley. On various private and public missions, she had had it with Juneau—too hard to get there, too much chance of being weathered in there. Anybody in Talkeetna with a little property was for the capital move. The people who were not for it were “food-stampers” and “welfarers” and some of the hippies up the track, in cabins in the woods north of town. “They have Mary Jane and hard stuff up there,” she said. “Some of them are on welfare, too. If the capital came, there might be a job and they’d have to go to work. Some are on the God Squad. They got religion a while back—Mickey Mouse religion—and they spun off from the others. A number came down to Talkeetna to live. A few work for me. They’re O.K. I don’t have to worry. They won’t rip off the cigarettes and the booze.”

She knew where the capital should be, she said. She had the spot picked out. It was just a few miles east of town. Talkeetna’s air facilities could

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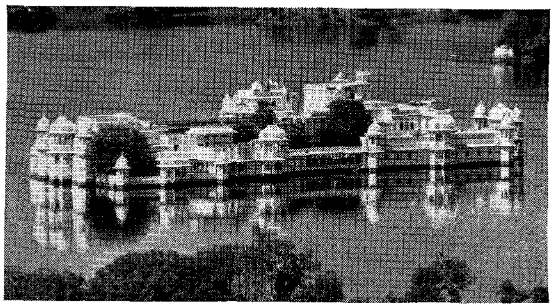

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be expanded. Road and rail service already existed. Hydroelectric power could come from Devils Canyon, up the Big Su. Money had already been appropriated for a study of a dam there. The capital site she had in mind was up near the headwaters of Montana Creek, in a lovely world of birches, on elevated ground, with an unimpeded view of the mountain.

Alice Powell might have been holding a forked stick that had just swung down. The terrain she described had become prominent on a list of what the Capital Site Selection Committee called "footprints"—feasible, desirable places to build. The capital would be a footprint in the wilderness. On an earlier outing, the committee had flown in a helicopter to the top of Bald Mountain, seven miles east of Talkeetna, and there, from a vantage altitude of thirty-six hundred feet, had looked down on everything that had been ordered but a gold dome. It was heavily wooded country with few muskeg pockets and good soil. Divisioning the woodland, clear streams ran down out of the mountains—Sheep Creek, Montana Creek, Sheep River, Talkeetna River—and at the time they were viscous with salmon. One stream was interrupted by a three-mile lake—Larson Lake—which was only six hundred feet above sea level, was surrounded by spruce-and-birch forest, and had behind it a rising slope that yielded a view over the lake to the big river valley overtowered by the imminent Denali. The mean January temperature at Larson Lake is nine degrees; July, fifty-seven. Here and there in sight was a strip of homestead plowing, but virtually all the land in the immediate area was still untouched. This was fine moose range, too. Moose are up in the mountains in the summer, and they go down toward the Susitna in winter. Whatever a capital might do for people, it would surely repel wolves and thus, to an extent, be good for moose. As had been learned when oil wells were drilled south of Anchorage, in the Kenai National Moose Range, moose get along with progress.

Now, off to the left of the Twin Otter, the Talkeetna Mountains, behind Larson Lake, were topped with a dusting of snow, and along the whole range the snowline was drawn absolutely level somewhere near five thousand feet, as if someone painting a wall had carefully cut in with a brush to whiten just the high part. Gradually, through the autumn, the level line

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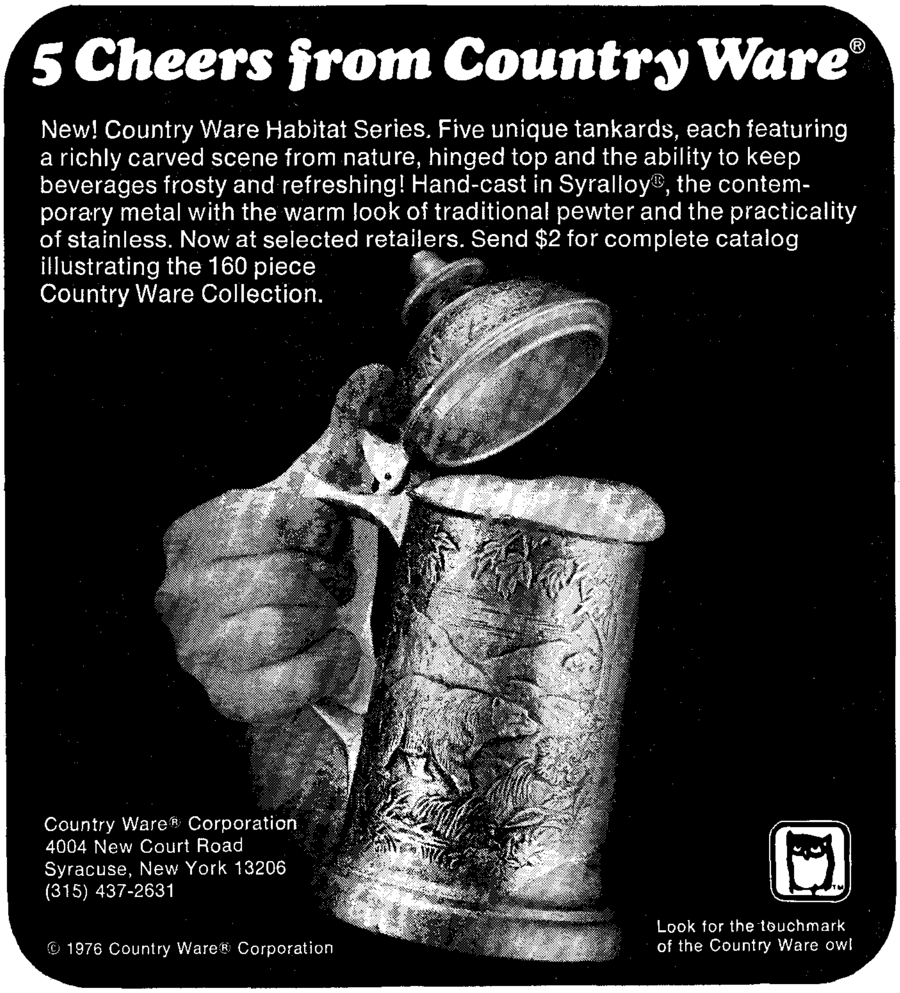

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comes down—down the sides of the Alaska Range, down the Talkeetnas, down the Chugach Mountains in view of Anchorage. It is watched like a river gauge: six thousand feet, five thousand, four thousand, three. Day by day, it is somewhat lower, until the mountains are totally white. The snow then comes over the people. Six months. Then Alaska turns green again: green in the Susitna Valley, green in the Interior, the Arctic green and reddish and buff. The snow stays only in the high cols of most of the mountain chains but all over the peaks of the Alaska Range.

The Twin Otter, some minutes later, gave up altitude toward the southwest and approached the gravel airstrip at Skwentna. Some forty miles from the highway over streams and muskeg bogs and island patches of black spruce, Skwentna was an air and river stopping place, remote, unconnected. Willie Hensley said, "When these people find out who we are, they will probably run us off. They don't want their homesteads ruined." But the population of Skwentna, Alaska 99667 (fifteen people), was otherwise occupied, and the airstrip, when the Twin Otter engines shut down, was a silent clearing in the forest. A large percentage of a moose, reduced to bloody chunks, with flies on the chunks like cloves in ham, lay waiting on the ground for its hunter to return and fly it away. By prearrangement—the better to present certain landscapes for scrutiny—a big Bell Huey, a kind of helicopter that carried troops in Vietnam, was waiting for the committee. Its transmission was in the middle of the fuselage and resembled a home oil-burner of the vertical type, covered with heavy padding. The ceiling and interior walls were covered with the same padding, as if heavy furniture were about to go up in an elevator. Passenger seats were in two benchlike rows, facing one another. The committee compacted itself into the chopper, knees touching: Cook, Bettisworth, Ward, Hensley, Sturgulewski, Kellogg, Corbus. A flying quorum. Only two members had failed to join the day—Guy Martin, Alaska's Commissioner of Natural Resources, and Dwayne Carlson, an Anchorage carpenter who had reached a high position in the Alaska State Federation of Labor. The big Huey took off in its own din, and headed miscellaneously east and north, tilting now and again to circle a footprint—a site by a lake on the valley floor, a site on a high slope, a site by a gold-claim creek. Much

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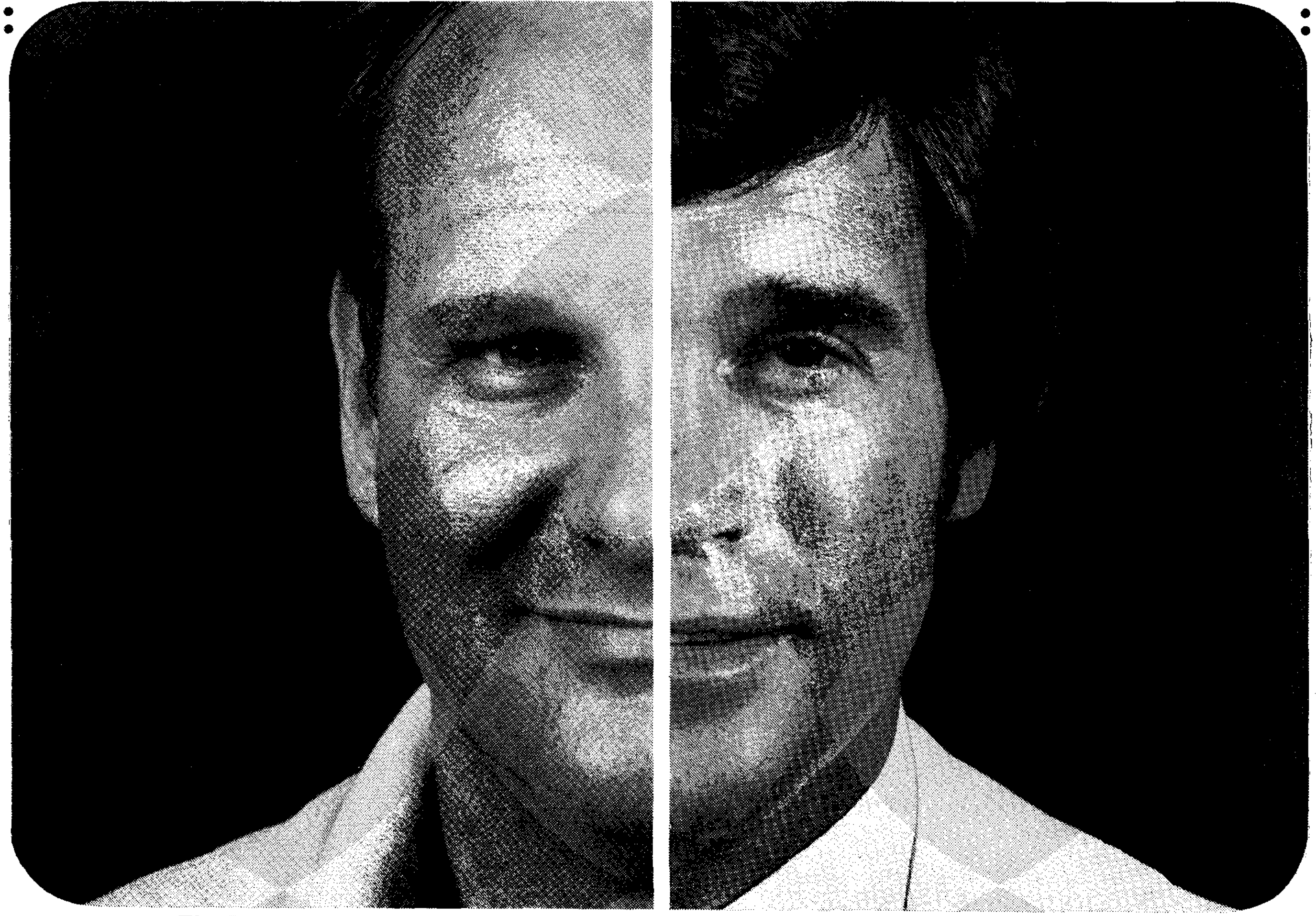
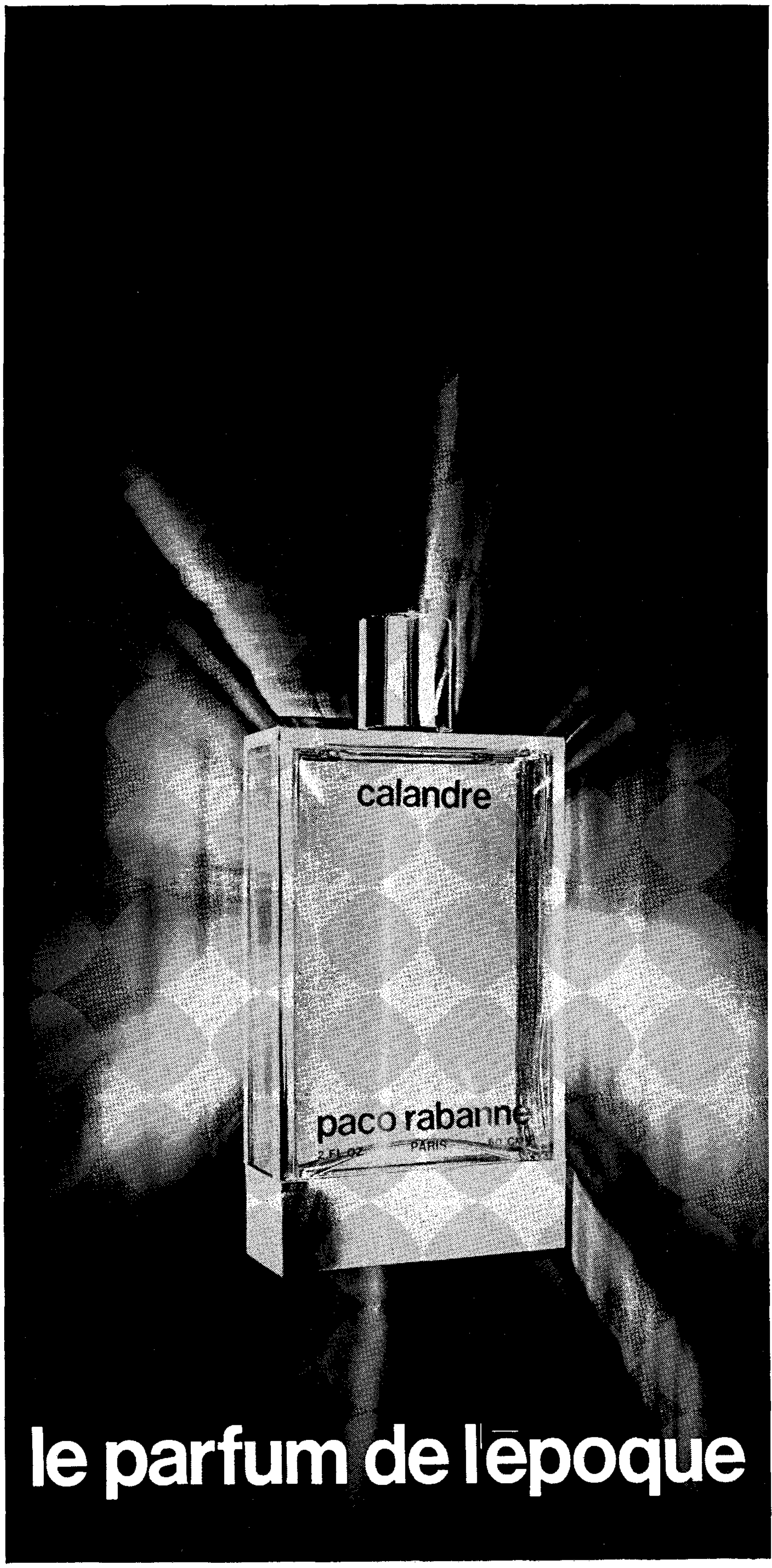


The Television Imperatives represent 6.6 million domestic air travelers.

The Magazine Imperatives represent 12.0 million domestic air travelers.

of the way, great fingers of muskeg reached through the spruce like fairways—soft, morassic, mosquito muskeg, virtually construction-proof. Someone cried out above the engine noise, "Corbus, you're looking better all the time! There's not enough land suitable for building!" William Corbus did not disagree. His home was Juneau. For the better part of two years, he had concentratedly fought the capital move. He had helped found, and was chief financial officer of, Alaskans United, a statewide organization dedicated to snuffing out the idea. And now that the state had voted to move the capital, Corbus, paradoxically, had become a member of the committee to pick the new site. The initiative required that two members be from Southeastern Alaska, and one of these could hardly *not* be from Juneau. So Corbus had agreed to serve. He saw himself as a kind of monitor, attempting to make sure that the committee as a whole was "straightforward as to how much it's really going to cost the state to make the move." A modest, self-effacing man—with a young face, wide-eyed, blue-eyed, and with bits of an almost-crew haircut sticking up here and there—he was given to gray suits and striped ties, and carried himself in a manner that suggested an Ivy League athlete still in shape twenty years after college. He had gone to the Tuck School of Finance, at Dartmouth, and had worked for Stone & Webster Securities Corporation, in Manhattan, before deciding, in 1970, that he wanted to move to, as he put it, "a place where you could feel you were playing a bigger role." The roles he was playing in separate aspects of the capital situation caused no apparent conflict within him; and, like everyone on the committee, he actually enjoyed the work and—all other considerations aside—felt caught up in "an interesting intellectual exercise."

Natchez and other towns were, in turn, the capital of Mississippi until a three-member site-selection committee chose the place where Jackson was cleared in the woods. Columbus, Ohio, was a forest, too. Detroit, for many years, was the capital of Michigan. Villages in the Michigan interior feared and resented what was known as the "Detroit influence." People were jealous, and thought Detroit had enough. Someone in the legislature proposed moving the capital to the township of Lansing. This was regarded as a joke. *Lansing*? "Amid choking miasma . . . where the howl of wolves and the hissing of massaugas, and



Burdines
florida

groans of bull frogs resound to the hammer of the woodpecker and the solitary note of the nightingale?" Lansing? "A howling wilderness?"

The other member from Southeastern Alaska was C. B. Bettisworth, who came from Ketchikan, which is about as close to Seattle as you can get and still be in Alaska. Bettisworth represented Southeastern, but he had a particular interest in Fairbanks, because Fairbanks was his home town. When votes were taken in committee meetings, his tended to follow the Fairbanks view. A young man with a beard and boots and wide-wale trousers and tumbling light-brown hair, he had a backpackery, environmental look, a suggestion in his face of early Lincoln. (Young Lincoln's first successful activity as an Illinois legislator was the moving of the capital from Vandalia to Springfield.) By training, Bettisworth was an architect and planner, and he seemed much absorbed in the selection process, the sheer excitement of pressing the land and releasing a city.

Earl Cook, of Fairbanks, did not seem to relish being up in the air—a sane reaction in this machine, which shivered and lurched like a long-since-depreciated railroad car, occasionally spilling everybody sidewise for selected glimpses of prime terrain. The cockpit was partitioned off, and for the passengers there was no view forward. Cook's smile had thinned with altitude. He was a slim man, with receding hair combed straight back, a real-estate man, who somehow seemed formal in a Levi jacket and Levi pants and hiking boots. He had been in Alaska thirty-seven years. He was an advocate of the capital move, and he still held hopes for a site on the Fairbanks side of the Alaska Range. Among his six children was a young accountant who, opposing the move, had helped organize the Fairbanks chapter of Alaskans United. Like father and son, Fairbanks as a whole had split on the issue, and Fairbanks' vote on the initiative was almost a balance, with a slight tip toward the proponent side.

Austin Ward—more or less a unit vote with Cook—was the other Fairbanksan on the committee. He came from Pontiac, Michigan, and had lived in Alaska twenty-two years. Light and compact, a haberdasher (and now wearing bright-red-and-gray checked slacks), he looked jaunty—if anyone could, shaking in the air—and a great deal jauntier after the helicopter touched down for recess near the summit of a long loaf of tundra called Lit-

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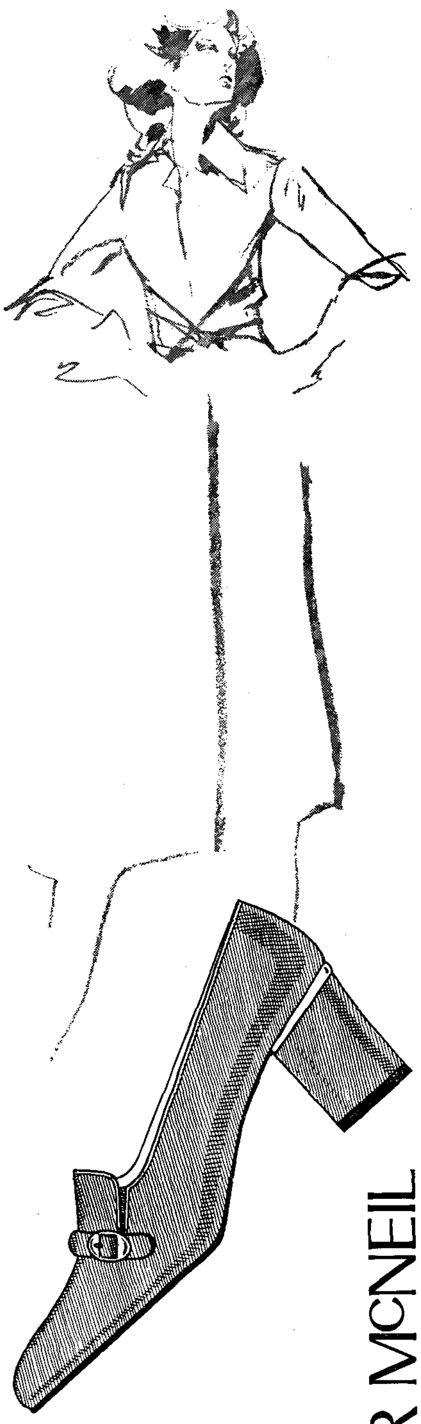

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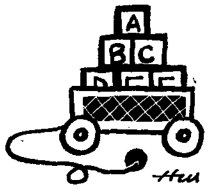
tle Peters Hills. The committee and its consultants—Barry Quinn, a planner; William Pyle, a geologist—bent their heads under the rotors and ran away from the machine a hundred yards or so, to a swale of relative quiet, although the constant roar of the vehicle was practically inescapable, even with the help of a mountain wind. The altitude was two thousand feet, and the view to the east, toward Talkeetna, was over moist green tundra and high red alpine tundra, with gray bedrock sticking through. To the north, the big white peaks were now partly visible, but only careful study of the sky would suggest what was cloud and what was mountain. Over broad miles of nearby tundra, isolated spruce stood like incense cones. On the low eastern slope of the hill were a couple of homesteads, neat in appearance, neatly sculptured out of the forest, and a clear rainbow stream—Peters Creek—with the core of a capital city in contemplation beside it. The committee was not contemplating much of anything, though. Voluble after their release from the helicopter, the people smoked and chattered and took one another's picture eating bearberries and blueberries. Some of the tundra blueberry plants were so small that an entire bush might consist of one short stem, like a golf tee, with a single blueberry, much larger than the bush itself, resting upon it. "You stay out of my berry field," said Arliss Sturgulewski, and Bill Pyle—short, dark, bearlike—shifted his forage.



Pyle had been assigned to the capital project by Dames & Moore, international experts in geophysics. Looking up from time to time and across the valley, he offhandedly indicated moraines that had been bulldozed by advancing ice, silt deposits in what had been lakes, the pitted outwash plains of melted glaciers. He was like a radiologist reading a picture. There were in this area some beautiful sites, he said, for vegetation and topography, but there were problems, too: an uncomfortable level of seismic risk, for one thing, and a few too many bogs, and possibilities of permafrost. We were beyond the area that was usually free of it. Pyle had been in Alaska fifteen years. With his bald pate and handlebar mustache, he appeared to have been there since the discovery of gold. He spoke not just with knowledge but with ample affection for the Alaskan land. He had worked for a time in Chicago, and when he left for Alaska someone asked him why he was going. He said, "If you have to ask that question, you wouldn't understand the answer."

Louise Kellogg, of Palmer (thirty-five miles northeast of Anchorage), had been a vigorous proponent of the capital move—unlike most of the committee. And now she smiled and said to me, "Has Willie brainwashed you yet?"

I said, "How would I know?"

Beyond the big Huey, on down the ridge, Willie Hensley stood alone, looking southeastward over the valley. In time, I left the berry-picking and went to join him. In his Western boots, his dungarees, his bright-red down jacket with blue-banded shoulders, he seemed somewhat incongruous there—an Eskimo, many miles from home, dressed apparently for a rodeo or a basketball game in which he might star. He was slender, physically adroit, and his high Mongolian cheekbones, his soft black hair ruffling in the wind, his Asian-myna-bird look all seemed to suggest that he had recently walked across the land bridge to have a look around. Willie in the committee was first among equals. The others had long since made him their chairman.

WILLIE HENSLEY was born in Kotzebue, in Arctic Alaska, and grew up some ten miles out of town in a kind of family commune, with uncles, aunts, and cousins all around him as well as his immediate family. In winter, they lived in an *ivrulik*, which was an *iglu* made of sod. "*Iglu*" means "house"—any kind of house—and the kind that is made of blocks of snow in the shape of a dome was unknown to Willie, the nearest one being in Arctic Canada, more than a thousand miles away. Kotzebue was distant, too ("It seemed like a thousand miles"), and during Willie's early youth the whole family went there only twice a year, at Thanksgiving and at Christmas, for dinners, pageants, and the communal opening of what he remembers as "a mountain of gifts." All this took place in Friends Church—a mission derived from Whittier, California—and Willie grew up a titular Quaker, but the most lasting impression he took away with him was of the great amounts of food there: seal oil, piles of frozen fish to dip into the seal oil, and pyramids of berries—altogether "so much you took it home." The sod house was across an arm of Kotzebue Sound of the Chukchi Sea of the Arctic Ocean, two hundred miles from Siberia, six hundred miles from Anchorage. In chicken-wire

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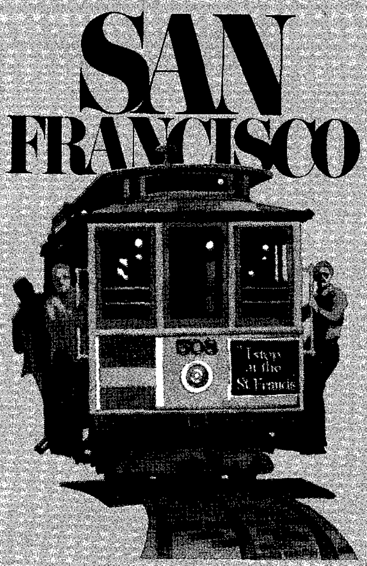
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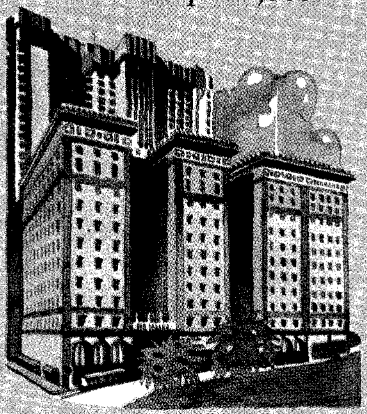

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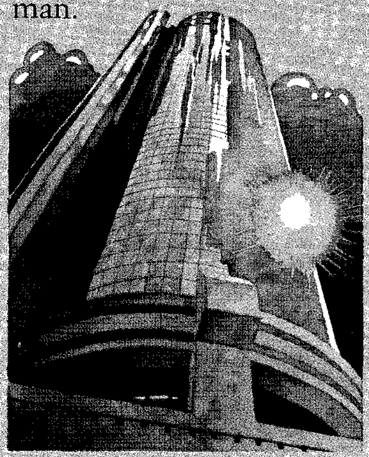

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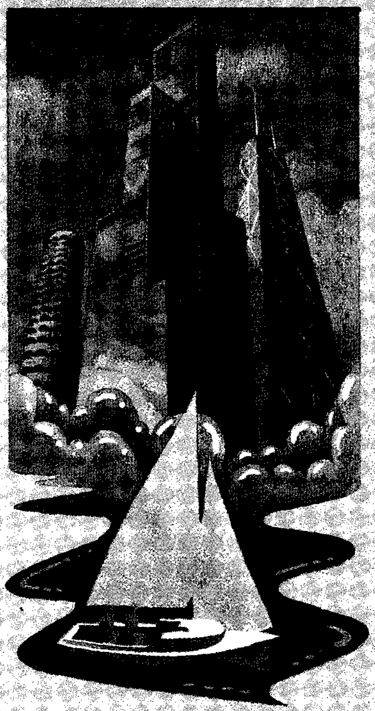

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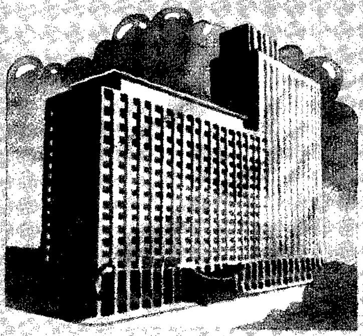

THE WORLD

UNITED STATES	
Anchorage	Anchorage-Westward
Atlanta	Peachtree Plaza
Chicago	Continental Plaza
Costa Mesa, Southern Cal.	South Coast Plaza
Detroit	Detroit Plaza (March 1977)
Detroit (Southfield)	Michigan Inn
Honolulu	Ilikai
Houston	Houston Oaks, Galleria Plaza (Jan. 1978)
Kansas City, MO	Crown Center
Los Angeles	Century Plaza, Los Angeles Bonaventure (Jan. 1977)
New York	The Plaza
Pittsburgh	Carlton House
Portland, OR	Benson
San Francisco	Miyako, St. Francis
Seattle	Olympic, Washington Plaza, Space Needle Restaurant
Washington, D.C.	Mayflower
AUSTRALIA	
Sydney	(Affiliated) Wentworth
CANADA	
Calgary	Calgary Inn
Edmonton	Edmonton Plaza
Montreal	Bonaventure
Toronto	Hotel Toronto
Vancouver	Bayshore Inn
Winnipeg	Winnipeg Inn
DENMARK	
Copenhagen	Hotel Scandinavia
EL SALVADOR	
San Salvador	Camino Real
GUATEMALA	
Antigua	Hotel Antigua
Guatemala City	Camino Real
HONG KONG	
Kowloon	Miramar
JAPAN	
Kyoto	Miyako
Tokyo	Takanawa Prince, Tokyo Prince
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Cancun	Camino Real
Guadalajara	Camino Real
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Mexico City	Alameda, Camino Real
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traps the family caught whitefish in the late fall, and stored them in gunnysacks outside for the winter. Later on, they netted sheefish under the ice and stacked them up frozen, like cordwood. In summer they moved upriver—up the Noatak—and lived in tents, and hunted ducks and muskrats. In early fall, toward the end of August, they gathered berries and took them by the barrel back home.

They had no radio, no magazines, and, in Willie's words, "formal education was not that critical." There was a Bureau of Indian Affairs school in Kotzebue, and when Willie learned about it he decided, on his own, that he wanted to go there. He remembers his mother saying, "Go ahead. Go ahead, then. Go to school." He stayed with relatives in Kotzebue, and worked his way through what he has called "a highly sporadic primary education"—as little as a month a year. As he grew up, he became the family scribe.

Kotzebue is in an election district that is larger than most of the states of the United States, yet its population warrants only one representative in Alaska's forty-member House. In 1966, Willie—age twenty-five—was elected to the job. Two years later, he was head of the Democratic Party in Alaska. In 1970, he was elected to the Alaska Senate. In all, he spent eight years—eight legislative sessions—in Juneau. He emerged with certain goods. He brought high schools to his district, and a radio station (KOTZ) to Kotzebue, and an old people's home. He made himself unpopular with the liquor lobby by sponsoring legislation that created municipally owned liquor licenses, with the idea that communities could derive money from liquor sales and use it to pay the costs that liquor incurs. He brought electric generators to small villages in the north. But with all this, he seldom brought himself. Juneau was a thousand miles from Kotzebue, and he could rarely afford the trip. Nonetheless, when the initiative to move the capital came along he decided that in the interests of the Alaskan treasury the capital should remain in Juneau.

In 1974, he ran for Alaska's single seat in the United States House of Representatives. The capital-move initiative had been on the primary ballot, and Hensley had spoken against it wherever he went. He thought that Alaska, whose budget had more than quadrupled in a few years' time, was heading for failure and could ill afford to crown it with a billion-dollar capital city. Privately, he regarded his achievements in the legislature as "crumbs" begged for and sent back to his people. If so much money were to go for a capital, he feared for the faraway villages. There would be funds not even for crumbs. "When there is a budget crunch, the bush loses," he said. He compared the capital-movers to a young couple whose eyes shine at the prospect of a new house but who find themselves unable to cope with the terms of the mortgage. A federal building then projected for Anchorage was going to cost at least a hundred million dollars. So how much would an entire city cost? If Alaska were to build a capital, state-federal sharing money would be applied to the airport, utilities, highways, housing—money that would otherwise go to existing communities. The capital-move prevailed, but Hensley lost. Before long, he found himself on the Capital Site Selection Committee, the lone native, the lone northwestern member.

I had met him for the first time some months after the election, quite by chance, in Kotzebue, where he was trailing a cone of dust from his Chevrolet pickup, in a town whose streets—four hundred miles from the nearest highway—were connected only to themselves. He stopped at the airfield to complete an errand, and I talked with him briefly and wondered if his attitudes about the capital had changed since the election. He said that, like everyone else on the committee, he had become caught up by the inherent excitement in the idea of creating a new town, but he was still a pessimist about the financial future of Alaska, and nothing had happened to alter that view. Kotzebue was almost painfully decibelled, Yamahas and Hondas ratchetting the air. I was struck, the more, by the lilting modulation of Hensley's voice, calm as (that day) the Chukchi Sea. Detached humor played across his eyes. He said he would like to see a new referendum on a future ballot presenting to Alaskan voters a more extensive set of choices. Choice No. 1: Juneau. Choice No. 2: Anchorage. Choice No. 3: A wholly new capital city, its cost realistically estimated and included on the ballot. Cost—the essential factor—was being too widely ignored, he said. "In Alaska, too many people seem to think they are floating to Heaven on a sea of oil."

IF Boston was once the most provincial place in America (the story goes that after a six-megaton bomb ex-

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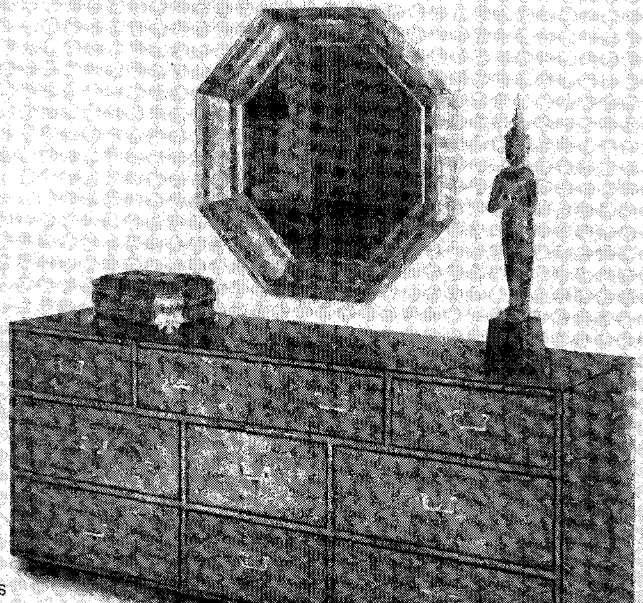

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ploded in Times Square a headline in a Boston paper would say, "HUB MAN KILLED IN NEW YORK BLAST"), Alaska, in this respect, may have replaced Boston. In Alaska, the conversation is Alaska. Alaskans, by and large, seem to know little and to say less about what is going on outside. They talk about their land, their bears, their fish, their rivers. They talk about subsistence hunting, forbidden hunting, and living in trespass. They have their own lexicon. A senior citizen is a pioneer, snow is termination dust, and the N.B.A. is the National Bank of Alaska. The names of Alaska are so beautiful they run like fountains all day in the mind. Mulchatna. Chilikadrotna. Unalaska. Unalakleet. Kivalina. Kiska. Kodiak. Allakaket. The Aniakchak Caldera. Nondalton. Anaktuvuk. Anchorage. Alaska is a foreign country significantly populated with Americans. Its languages extend to English. Its nature is its own. Nothing seems so unexpected there as the boxes marked "U.S. Mail." Alaskans talk and talk about their pipeline—about the big welders from Tulsa ("Animals, sheer animals"), who have power showdowns with the Teamsters and have so terrified the Teamsters that the Teamsters have turned to petroleum jelly. They talk about the royalties the pipeline will bring them, or about the devastation it could bring to Prince William Sound, which, starred with islands, is one of the marine splendors of the subarctic.

"*There* is the real problem—not the possible spills on land but the spills that could happen in Prince William Sound."

In recent time, the entrenched, traditional boomers of Alaska, the develop-it majority, have been challenged by a growing body of people who wonder if the boom philosophy is good for the state. Fairbanks, under the impact of the pipeline, has become (in Willie Hensley's word) "scroungy"—prostitutes, Texans, ticky-tacky. Maybe Alaska should take a more circumspect look before entering such arrangements again. This novel body of thought expressed its weight in the 1974 election with the slender victory of Jay Hammond, now governor—a fisherman, a homesteader, a wilderness man. Hammond was not a fierce and fighting conservationist. Alaska had not molted. But Hammond planned a prudent, balanced approach to things, an attempt to reconcile what his Commerce Commissioner, Langhorne Motley, calls "the Sierra Club syndrome and the Dallas scenario." In the on-

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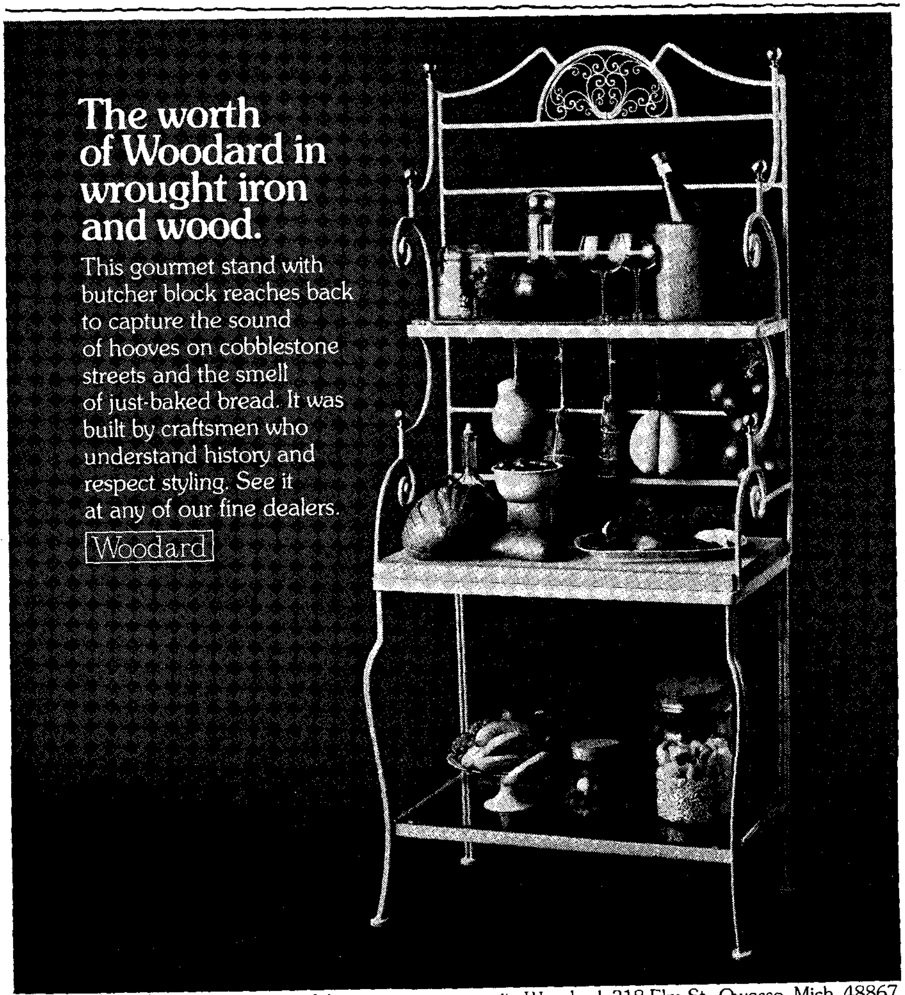

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going debate about the new capital, among all the varied reasons for and against the move, those two strands were prominently braided.

"The new capital will be a growth center for Alaska. It will take the pressure off Anchorage."

"In a state this size, if you put everything in one area you detract from the reasons we're all here. The new capital won't be all that far from Anchorage. You put all the people in one place, you create an unattractive state, and you pull out the employment from people who would like to live in the Juneau area."

"Juneau will die."

"The people of Alaska have mandated this, and the people of Alaska have darned good judgment."

"I don't think anyone is smart enough to plan a place like that. In Valdez, after the '64 earthquake, up we went and moved the city. Four or five miles, to a safer place. What a mess! The new Valdez is full of cul-de-sacs. What do you do with twenty-five feet of snow at the end of a cul-de-sac? A mess. And I was the mayor."

"Places like that are sterile. Salt Lake is the only planned city worth a damn. Have you ever seen a town planned by an American planner?"

"Savannah was sketched out in England."

"The purpose is better government. Move the seat of government to the Susitna Valley and seventy per cent of the population is within driving distance."

"Legislators could drive home for the weekend to Fairbanks, Homer, and anywhere between. To Anchorage they could drive home evenings."

"You want to drive home evenings at fifty below?"

"Try flying to Juneau. Socked in. You end up in Seattle."

"Lobby groups have an advantage in Juneau. They can afford to stay there, and they are unhampered by people coming down and butting in. They have the legislators to themselves."

"The highway people down there have to fly five hundred miles to see the roads they're working on."

"People voted for the move because they thought the money would be coming in. It won't be there. We have virtually already spent the money from the pipeline. To me, it's that bleak. The state has been taking in about three hundred million a year—from petroleum revenues, highway-fuel revenues, income tax—and it is spending five hundred million. By 1980, Alaska's annual expenditures will be around one billion. The legislature spends money faster than they can get it, and nobody sees where it goes. To try to cover themselves, they hit the oil companies. They enacted a reserves tax on oil that is still in the ground, deductible from future royalties. I guess it's legal, but it sure doesn't sound moral."

"The state parking garage in Fairbanks cost four and a quarter million—or fourteen thousand dollars a parking slot. So who can pay for a city?"

"Having Juneau the capital provides one more reason for tourists to travel around the state."

"Putting it up here near Anchorage is like putting the barn close to the fields. Better, more responsible people would agree to be legislators. Doctors and lawyers are out of business when they're in Juneau."

"The new city would grow here, grow naturally, the way Alaska will grow."

"The flow of oil is two years off. Until then, we'd better sit back and look at our hole card."

THERE are those who would say that tens of thousands of barrels of oil erupting from a break in the Trans-Alaska Pipeline would be the lesser accident if, at more or less the same time, a fresh Anchorage were to spill into the bush. While the dream of the capital city plays on in the mind, Anchorage stands real. It is the central hive of human Alaska, and in manner and structure it represents, for all to see, the Alaskan dynamic and the Alaskan aesthetic. It is a tangible expression of certain Alaskans' regard for Alaska—their one true city, the exemplar of the predilections of the people in creating improvements over the land.

As may befit a region where both short and long travel is generally by air, nearly every street in Anchorage seems to be the road to the airport. Dense groves of plastic stand on either side—flashing, whirling, flaky. HOOSIER BUDDY'S MOBILE HOMES. WINNEBAGO SALES & SERVICE. DISCOUNT LIQUORS OPEN SUNDAY. GOLD RUSH AUTO SALES. PROMPT ACTION LOCKSMITHS. ALASKA REFRIGERATION & AIR CONDITION. DENALI FUEL . . .

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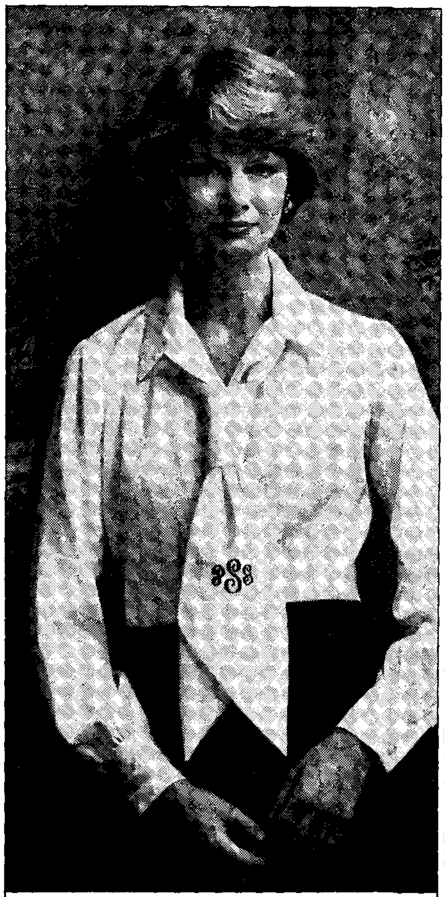

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Anchorage is sometimes excused in the name of pioneering. Build now, civilize later. But Anchorage is not a frontier town. It is virtually unrelated to its environment. It has come in on the wind, an American spore. A large cookie cutter brought down on El Paso could lift something like Anchorage into the air. Anchorage is the northern rim of Trenton, the center of Oxnard, the ocean-blind precincts of Daytona Beach. It is condensed, instant Albuquerque.

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Anchorage has developed a high-rise city core, with glass-box offices for the oil companies, and tall Miamian hotels. Zonelessly lurching outward, it has made of its suburbs a carnival of cinder-block, all with a speculative mania so rife that sellers of small homesites—of modest lots scarcely large enough for houses—retain subsurface rights. In vacant lots, queen-post trusses lie waiting for new buildings to jump up beneath them. Roads are rubbled, ponded with chuckholes. Big trucks, graders, loaders, make the prevailing noise, the dancing fumes, the frenetic beat of the town. Huge rubber tires are strewn about like quoits, ever ready for the big machines that move hills of earth and gravel into inconvenient lakes, which become new ground.

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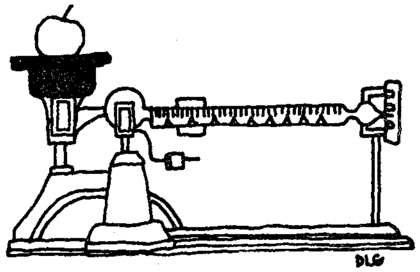
Anchorage coins millionaires in speculative real estate. Some are young. The median age in Anchorage is under twenty-four. Every three or four years, something like half the population turns over. And with thirty days of residence, you can vote as an Alaskan.

POLAR REALTY. IDLE WHEELS TRAILER PARK. MOTEL MUSH INN.

Anchorage has a thin history. Something of a precursor of the modern pipeline camps, it began in 1914 as a collection of tents pitched to shelter workers building the Alaska Railroad. For decades, it was a wooden-side-walked, gravel-streeted town. Then, remarkably early, as cities go, it developed an urban slum, and both homes and commerce began to abandon its core. The exodus was so rapid that the central business district never wholly consolidated, and downtown Anchorage is even more miscellaneous than outlying parts of the city. There is, for example, a huge J. C. Penney department store filling several blocks in the heart of town, with an interior mall of boutiques and restaurants and a certain degree of chic. A couple of weedy vacant lots separate this complex from five log cabins. Downtown Anchorage from a distance displays an upreaching skyline that implies great pressure for land. Down below, among the high buildings, are houses, huts, vegetable gardens, and bungalows with tidy front lawns. Anchorage burst out of itself and left these incongruities in the center, and for me they are the most appealing sights in Anchorage. Up against a downtown office building I have seen cordwood stacked for winter.

In its headlong, violent expansion, Anchorage had considerable, but not unlimited, space to fill. To an extent unusual among cities, Anchorage has certain absolute boundaries, and in that sense its growth has been a confined explosion. To the north, a pair of military bases establish, in effect, a Roman wall. To the west and south, fjordlike arms of the Pacific—Knik Arm, Turnagain Arm—frame the city. Behind Anchorage, east, stand the Chugach Mountains, stunning against the morning and in the evening light—Mount Magnificent, Mount Gordon Lyon, Temptation Peak, Tanaina Peak, Wolverine Peak, the Suicide Peaks. Development has gone to some extent upward there. Houses are pushpinned to the mountainsides—a Los Angelized setting, particularly at night, above the starry lights of town. But the mountains are essentially a full stop to Anchorage, and Anchorage has nowhere else to go.

Within this frame of mountains, ocean, and military boundaries are about fifty thousand acres (roughly the amount of land sought by the Capital Site Selection Committee), and the whole of it is known as the Anchorage Bowl. The ground itself consists of silt, alluvium, eolian sands, glacial debris—material easy to rearrange. The surface was once lumpy with small knolls. As people and their businesses began filling the bowl, they went first to the knolls, because the knolls were wooded and well drained. They cut down the trees, truncated the hills, and bestudded them with buildings. They strung utili-



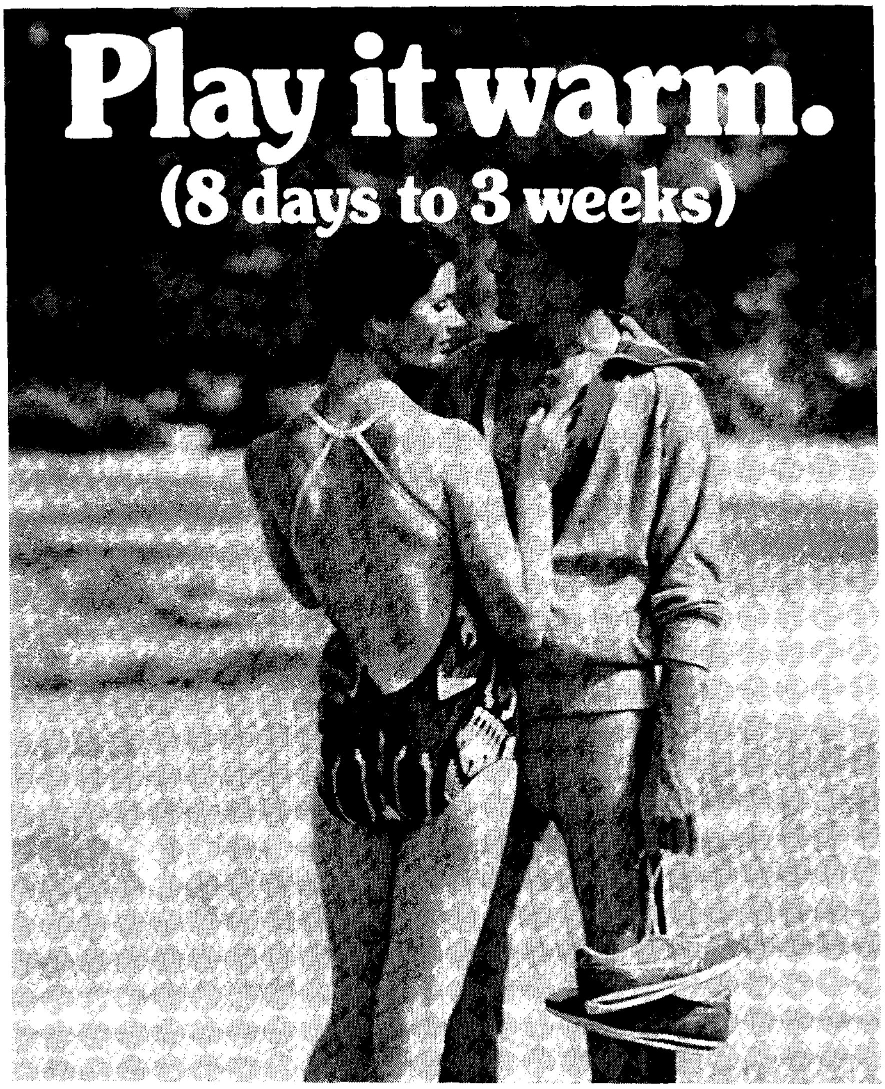
ty lines like baling wire from knoll to knoll. The new subdivisions within the bowl were thus hither and yon, random, punctuated with bogs. Anchorage grew like mold.

WOLVERINE ALUMINUM SIDING. ALASKA FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE. JACK BENNY'S RADIO-DISPATCHED CESSPOOL PUMPING.

Low ground is gradually being filled. The bowl has about a hundred and eighty thousand people now, or almost half of human Alaska. There are some in town who would like to see Anchorage grow to seven hundred thousand. Robert Atwood is one—editor and publisher of the Anchorage *Times*. Forty years on the inside, he is an impatient advocate of the commercial potentialities of Alaska. He is said to be one of the two wealthiest people in the state, the other being his brother-in-law. Atwood is a big, friendly, old-football-tackle sort of man, with whitening hair and gold-rimmed glasses. "Idealists here in town see a need for a park in every housing development," he told me one day. "They want to bury utility lines, reserve green belts, build bicycle paths. With these things, the bowl could only contain three hundred and fifty thousand. They're making it very difficult for man, these people. They favor animals, trees, water, flowers. Who ever makes a plan for man? Who ever *will* make a plan for man? That is what *I* wonder. I am known among conservationists as a bad guy."

In Anchorage, if you threw a pebble into a crowd, chances are you would not hit a conservationist, an ecophile, a wilderness preserver. In small ghettos, they are there—living in a situation lined with irony. They are in Alaska—many of them working for the federal government—because Alaska is everything wild it has ever been said to be. Alaska runs off the edge of the imagination, with its tracklessness, its beyond-the-ridgeline surprises, its hundreds of millions of acres of wilderness—this so-called "last frontier," which is certainly all of that, yet for the most part is not a frontier at all but immemorial landscape in an all but unapproached state. Within such vastness, Anchorage is a mere pustule, a dot, a minim—a walled city, wild as Yonkers, with the wildlife riding in a hundred and ninety-three thousand trucks and cars. Yet the city—where people are, where offices are—is perforce the home address of wilderness planners, of wildlife biologists, of Brooks Range guides.

The first few days I spent in Alaska



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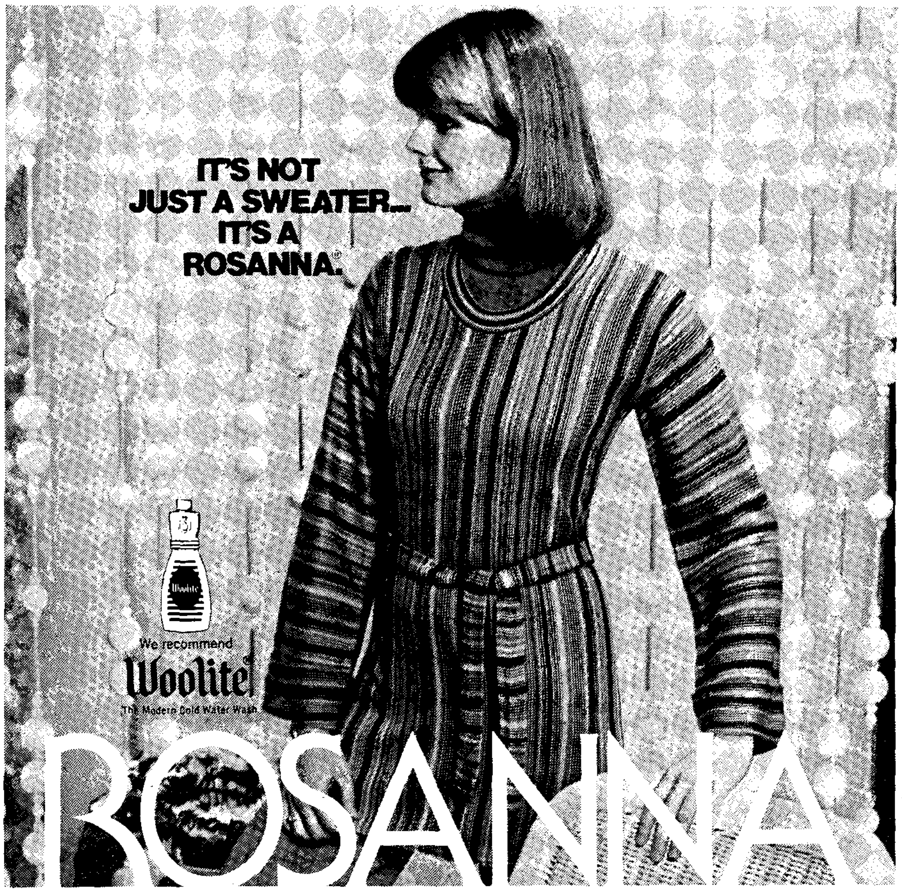

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were spent in Anchorage, and I remember the increasing sense of entrapment we felt (my wife was with me), knowing that nothing less than a sixth of the entire United States, and almost all of it wilderness, was out there beyond seeing, while immediate needs and chores to do were keeping us penned in this portable Passaic. Finally, we couldn't take it any longer, and we cancelled appointments and rented a car and revved it up for an attempted breakout from town. A float plane—at a hundred and ten dollars an hour—would have been the best means, but, like most of the inmates of Anchorage, we could not afford it. For a great many residents, Anchorage is about all they ever see of Alaska, day after day after year. There are only two escape routes—a road north, a road south—and these are encumbered with traffic and, for some miles anyway, lined with detritus from Anchorage. We went south, that first time, and eventually east, along a fjord that would improve Norway. Then the road turned south again, into the mountains of Kenai—great tundra balds that reminded me of Scotland and my wife of parts of Switzerland, where she had lived. She added that she thought these mountains looked better than the ones in Europe. Sockeyes, as red as cardinals, were spawning in clear, shallow streams, and we ate our cheese and chocolate in a high meadow over a torrential river of green and white water. We looked up to the ridges for Dall sheep, and felt, for the moment, about as free. Anchorage shrank into perspective. It might be a sorry town, but it has the greatest out-of-town any town has ever had.

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There is a street in Anchorage—a green-lights, red-lights, busy street—that is used by automobiles and airplanes. I remember an airplane in someone's driveway—next door to the house where I was staying. The neighbor started up its engine one night toward eleven o'clock, and for twenty minutes he ran it flat out while his two sons, leaning hard into the stabilizers, strained to hold back the plane. In Alaska, *you do what you feel like doing*, or so goes an Alaskan creed.

There is, in Anchorage, a somewhat Sutton Place. It is an enclave, actually, with several roads, off the western end of Northern Lights Boulevard, which is a principal Anchorage thoroughfare, a neon borealis. Walter Hickel lives in the enclave, on

Loussac Drive, which winds between curbs and lawns, neatly trimmed, laid out, and landscaped, under white birches and balsam poplars. Hickel's is a heavy, substantial home, its style American Dentist. The neighbors' houses are equally expensive and much the same. The whole neighborhood seems to be struggling to remember Scarsdale. But not to find Alaska.

I had breakfast one morning in Anchorage with a man who had come to Alaska from The Trust for Public Land, an organization whose goal is to buy potential parkland in urban areas and hold it until the government, whose legislative machinery is often too slow for the land market, can get up the funds for the purpose. In overbuilt urban settings—from Watts to Newark and back to Oakland—The Trust for Public Land will acquire whatever it can, even buildings under demolishment, in order to create small parks and gardens that might relieve the compressed masses. And now The Trust for Public Land had felt the need to come to Anchorage—to the principal city of Alaska—to help hold a pond or a patch of green for the people in the future to have and see.

Books were selling in Anchorage, once when I was there, for forty-seven cents a pound.

There are those who would say that the only proper place for a new capital of Alaska—if there has to be a new one—is Anchorage, because anyone who has built a city like Anchorage should not be permitted to build one anywhere else.

At Anchorage International Airport, there is a large aerial photograph of Anchorage formed by pasting together a set of pictures that were made without what cartographers call ground control. The self-portrait is unconscious. This great aerial map is one of the first things to confront visitors from everywhere in the world, and in bold letters it is titled "ANCHORAGE, ALASKA. UNCONTROLLED MOSAIC."

TO place its government nearer the center of things, Missouri moved its capital from St. Charles to Jefferson City; West Virginia from Wheeling to Charleston; South Carolina from Charleston to Columbia; North Carolina from New Bern to Raleigh. The first capital of California was San Jose. Then General Mariano Vallejo offered to underwrite a new capital in, as it happened, Vallejo. The capital soon moved to Benicia, to Sacramento. New York has moved its capital more times than can

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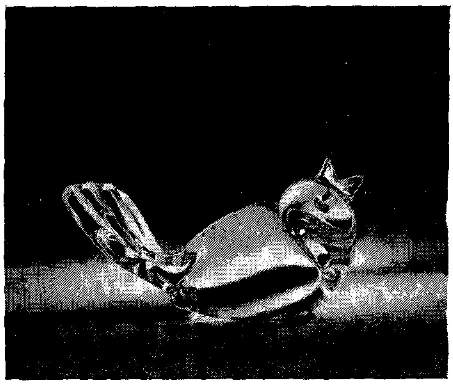

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conveniently be counted. New York City, White Plains, Harlem, Fishkill, Kingston, Marbletown, Hurley, Poughkeepsie . . . When you have been espoused that often, you are possibly in no hurry to make matters legal the next time around. Such was the case with Albany. The legislation designating Albany the capital of New York was finally written and passed in 1971. Santa Fe became the capital of the Kingdom of New Mexico ten years before Plymouth Rock.

Now, from the Arctic to Southeastern, the committee had been holding "workshop hearings," inviting and even recruiting people to come and help "relocate" the capital of Alaska. The total attendance each evening would first be separated into small conversational units, and after an hour or so of that a mass parliamentary fracas would follow, during which the various groups reported what had turned up in their discussions.

"Our group is not really familiar with the Susitna area. To us, it's a swamp."

"A swamp is an appropriate place for government."

"Swamp or no swamp, get those legislators up here where we can watch them."

"Even if we don't go to see them many times during a session, just the thought that we can will keep them on their toes."

Maps were put up on the walls, and people were invited to offer their suggestions on the maps. Someone drew an X in the ocean near Anchorage and wrote, "Just the place for watered-down politicians."

Someone else said, "Put the capital on a barge. It can travel around the state."

Quickly the maps were covered with advice.

"Put the money into education."

"Why destroy one town and at the same time destroy more wild land to build another?"

"Don't mess up more of Alaska."

"I strongly suggest that the capital not be placed in a wilderness site. We are not Brazil. I don't think we need a new city in Alaska."

Brasília, unsurprisingly, had been much on the minds of Alaskans, and they tended to assess Brasília in the light of their opinions of the Alaskan initiative. Certain promoters of the new city recommended that the Capital Site Selection Committee go to Brasília to see a vital new capital at work. Others believed what they had read, and saw Brasília as an airplane (it is laid out in

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the shape of an airplane ; that had made a long flight inland and crashed.

In one of the seminar discussions in a workshop hearing I attended, everyone kept nodding in agreement as grandiose assumptions circled the table.

"I don't know if anybody should even bother to figure the cost of something as important as this."

"We're going to be Arabs when the royalties come from the pipeline."

"Alaska will be another Saudi Arabia."

Then someone compared Anchorage to the slums around Brasília.

Someone else said, "Yes sirree. What we do not need is a Brasília in our wilderness."

And someone else said, "At least, we should profit by others' mistakes."

Whereupon a distinguished-looking gray-haired man, whose spine was straighter than a T-square, straightened it a little more and gave a short-bark cough for attention. He appeared to have received in his lifetime an unquestioning lot of attention. He said firmly that he felt the moment had come for him to make himself known. His name was B. B. Talley, he said, and he lived in Kenai and was a retired brigadier general in the United States Army Corps of Engineers. During the Second World War, he had built bases in Alaska. Later on, as a civilian contractor, he had been "in on the planning of Brasília from beginning to end." When building began, his company was the only foreign firm with a construction contract there. "We poured the concrete for Brasília."

He paused, and looked around the table. A woman across from him said, "Beg your pardon, sir. Are you bragging or complaining?"

General Talley went on to say that Brasília had been placed far out in the wilderness because various parts of Brazil despise one another and would agree only on a wilderness site. Surely, he said, that's not the case in Alaska.

"Begging your pardon, sir. It surely is."

Canberra, to a lesser extent, came into the workshop conversations. Canberra, set in the Australian bush between Sydney and Melbourne, had been designed in Chicago by Walter Burley Griffin and had won, through the years, the acceptance of Australians. A somewhat sterile place, undeniably attractive, it has tended to depress some visitors because it offers nothing but government, no relief from government.

In groups formal and informal, small and large, however, the city that

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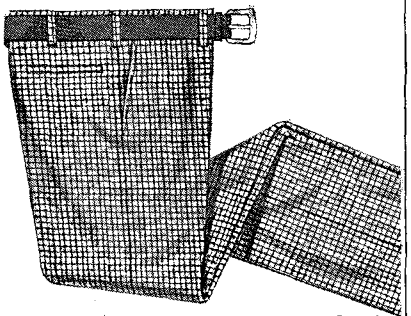

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was talked about more than any other was Juneau.

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"Juneau's fishing industry is almost gone. The gold mine closed thirty years ago. The logging industry is down—cut down by the Sierra Club. What a shame! The timber is rotting on the vine."

"The capital is Juneau's only economic base."

"They will move the capital over my dead body."

"That condition is acceptable."

"This move in effect puts up a fence across the hundred-and-forty-first meridian and says, 'We don't care what happens to you in Southeastern Alaska.' "

"Juneau snatched the capital from Sitka in 1900. They lobbied secretly in Washington."

"Anchorage thinks Juneau exercises an undue and malign influence over the entire state—in matters of money, land speculation, capital improvements."

"Juneau, with the legislature, has had more than its share of appropriated funds. People want to get the money up here in Anchorage."

"People maneuver, and they put on masks to cloak their maneuvers. Those behind the scenes don't really want to have the legislature close to the people, but that's been the way to peddle the move. What they want is the money."

"To make a power play work, you have to give lip service to the people."

"Juneau will survive. Many government employees will stay there in service jobs for Southeastern."

"Tourists will still come. Every spring, they can't wait, in Juneau, for the legislators to leave, so they can fill the houses with tourists."

"Juneau will just have to broaden its base."

"Long before Juneau was ever the capital, Juneau was making a living."

"They might even start digging some more gold out down there and spending it up here in Alaska."

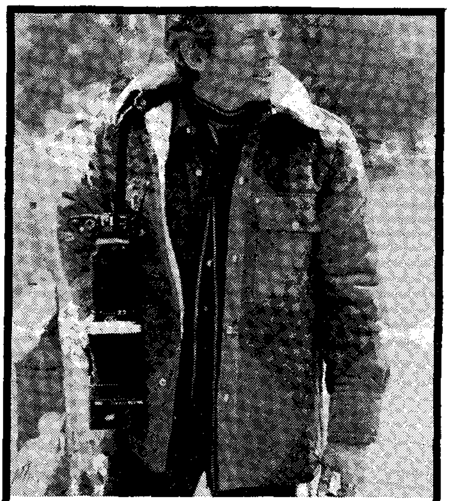
—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

An article appearing in the The Advocate Monday indicated that the lily of the valley plant may be suitable for making tea. Actually, according to Ray Gilbert of the New Canaan Nature Center, the plant is poisonous. The Advocate regrets the error.—*Stamford Advocate.*

Not as much as Aunt Julie, who slipped away yesterday.



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THE RACE TRACK

Forego, Forego, Forego

FOREGO won the Woodward, for the third time in a row, at Belmont Park last Saturday. I watched him on television, and, with the excitement of it still stirring in my veins, it is easy for me to say that it was the best race he's ever run. Certainly, his finish was the most spectacular. He began slowly and was far back in the field of ten as he went down the backstretch. He settled into his stride as he approached the far turn, but even when he was three furlongs out I thought he would be lucky to be third. Then he unleased a tremendous burst of speed, coming down the stretch like a big bay whirlwind to beat Dance Spell by a length and a quarter. Honest Pleasure and Stumping finished in a dead heat for third place. The time for the nine furlongs was 1:45⅘.

The big fellow carried 135 pounds, giving from 14 to 26 to the opposition. When he won the Woodward in 1974 and 1975, it was a weight-for-age event, and he carried 126; this year the Woodward was a handicap, and the distance was three furlongs shorter—an additional disadvantage for Forego, who likes a route. Then, too, he had a new rider—Shoemaker—who had never been on his back till Frank Whiteley gave him the leg up in the paddock for the parade to the post. Almost always, a jockey riding an important horse for the first time has a preliminary gallop to see how horse and rider suit each other, but the Greentree Stable had first call on Gustines, Forego's regular rider, for Hatchet Man, and Vasquez, who has now and again ridden Forego, was nursing an injured foot. So Whiteley put a call through to Shoemaker in California, and Shoe got to Belmont just in time and gave Forego one of his typical rides.

In the race, Dance Spell, who wound up for the Woodward with a victory in the Jerome Handicap, was quickest away, followed by Dancing Gun, but Honest Pleasure passed them and went sailing along so smoothly to the turn for home that I thought he might last. But then he shortened his stride. By the way, Forego's share of the $173,200 purse was $103,920, bringing his grand total to $1,484,997 and giving him fourth place on the list of top money-winners. Kelso leads it with $1,977,896.

HONORABLE MISS, who won a division of the Fall Highweight Handicap on opening day at Belmont, was scratched from the first division of the Maskette Handicap for fillies and mares at one mile—the prep for the Beldame—so the crowd made Let Me Linger the favorite, probably on a paddock tip. But Artfully always had the situation in hand, and won by two lengths from Snooze, with Land Girl third. In the second division, Sugar Plum Time came from sixth at the half-mile post to take the lead on the turn into the stretch and win by half a length from Pacific Princess. The two divisions were run in exactly the same time—1:34.

YEARLINGS continue to bring a nice dollar. At the Keeneland September Yearling Sale in Lexington last week, eight bred by John M. Olin brought $728,500. The top money was $200,000, paid by Harry Mangurian, Jr., for a filly by Northern Dancer—Queen Sucree. She is a half sister to Cannonade, who won the Kentucky Derby for Mr. Olin in 1974. Mr. Olin, an industrialist, is almost eighty-four and is retiring from racing; he was the first man in this country to give more than $100,000 for a yearling at an auction ($130,000 for Swapson, by Swaps, at Keeneland, in 1961). Last month, he sold his fourteen horses of racing age for $1,359,500 at Saratoga Springs. In the nine sessions at Keeneland, 1,510 yearlings were sold for $16,216,400. Brood mares and their foals will be sold in November.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"Research into the effectiveness of comparative advertising in print—especially for autos and cigarets—may well give very different results," Kershaw conceded. "The print medium lends itself to fair, full and thoughtful comparisons. The 30-second TV commercial does not. Indeed, our troubles stem from the FTC's failure to understand that it is almost impossible to make a comparative 30-second TV commercial whose fairness, truthfulness and capacity to mislead is beyond challenge."—*Chicago Daily News*.

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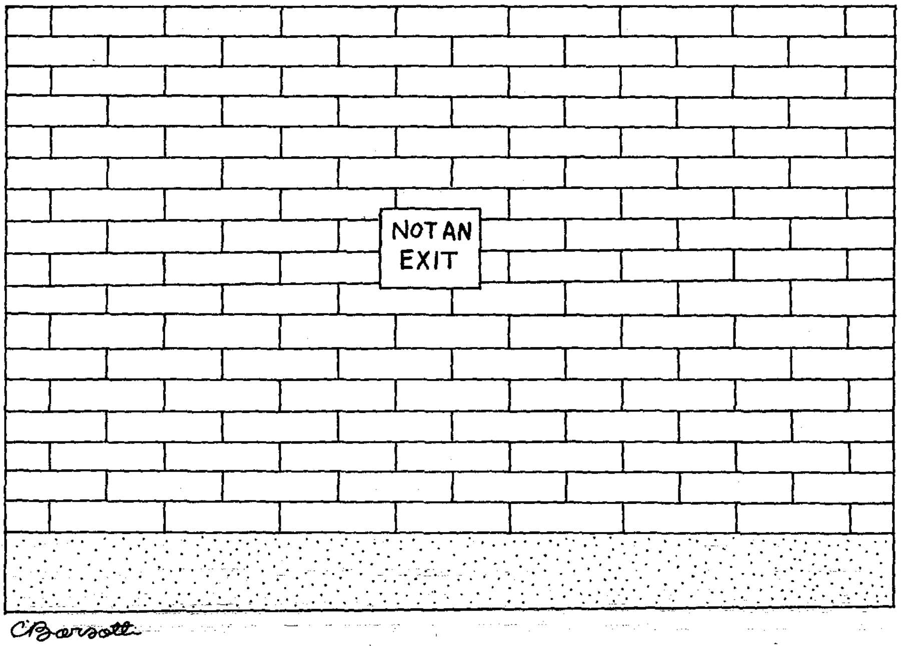
Many of the boys seem to have been selected for their resemblance to the Warners goons of the thirties: stubby bodies, Struwwelpeter naughty-boy faces. And, except for the knowledgeable performances of Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah and Martin Lev as the suave villain Dandy Dan, most of the acting has the limpness of nonprofessionals. When the children deliver their lines, it takes a half-second's concentration to grasp what they've said, because their untrained speaking voices are a little furry. For the ingenue, Blousey (Florrie Dugger), klutzy amateurishness works as impishly as it does for Vicki Lawrence on "The Carol Burnett Show." Blousey's flickering expressions of complacent inanity are close to perfect bits of parody. When Blousey and Tallulah—the good girl and the bad girl—spot each other, there's a teasing depravity in the contest of Lolita-sirens who don't yet have cheekbones, but nothing comes of their rivalry for the nice-guy underworld hanger-on Bugsy, played by Scott Baio, a trim boy with precise features and an easy, pretty smile. Alan Parker has a very perfunctory sense of drama; the plot never gathers momentum, and many of the situations that he sets up (such as Bugsy's taking on a fighter to manage, or a mobster's importing a torpedo from Chicago, or the speakeasy janitor's waiting for his chance to show the boss, Fat Sam, that he can dance) don't pay off. The boys—much duller and more innocuous than the girls—go through their gangster charades like puppets. We're not watching actors in a story, we're watching kids doing a stunt, and so we're primed to ooh and aah, the way the audience does for a chimp on the Carson show. This film operates on darlingness—on reactivating the clichés of gangster films and musicals by using children in place of the Hollywood performers of the past.



At thirty-two, Parker is already a veteran of British television, where he often made commercials that spoofed old movies; he knows the mechanisms of Hollywood musicals, and he can glide from a dialogue scene right into a musical number. The Paul Williams score must have been pre-recorded: adults do the singing (Williams' own voice issues from a character called Razamataz), though the kids mime their songs dexterously. Several of these songs go on for much longer than they're worth, and give away the confused nostalgic yearnings of the show. When the small black Cinderella boy Fizzy (Albin Jenkins) sings forlornly about his dreams for tomorrow while mopping floors in the speakeasy, a black girl joins him and dances silently to his song; it's sweet, all right—it's the Carol Burnett char routine, such a guaranteed touching crowd-pleaser that Burnett has almost totally abandoned it. But with kids in the roles, Parker can milk the audience with turns that are too shameful for a self-respecting TV artist. When Blousey thinks she's been stood up by Bugsy, she mouths an interminable number about being "an ordinary fool with an ordinary dream" which is meant to soften us to a jelly. And at the finale, after the rival gangs have splattered each other in a slapstick battle, everybody joins in an inspirational chorus: "You could be anything that you wanted to be. . . . You give a little love and it all comes back to you."

"Bugsy Malone" apparently originated in the stories Alan Parker made up for his children during car trips. Movies, along with magazines, books, TV, comics, and newspapers, go into the pop storehouse of our minds; addicted to the characters and situations of old American movies, Parker used them as folklore, which, by now, they are. (E. L. Doctorow's "Ragtime" is about the joke that mass culture plays on us, taking over everything in our lives and dreams, our past and present, and turning it all into pop folklore. The capper to the novel is that the character Tateh, having risen from the melting pot to become a Hollywood producer, goes on to make pictures about "a bunch of children who were pals, white black, fat thin, rich poor, all kinds, mischievous little urchins who would have funny adventures"—the "Our Gang" comedies.) Who would have thought that anybody would have the freak obsessive nostalgia to do what Alan Parker has done? He has made an elaborate version of an "Our Gang" comedy, stuffed with stale whipped cream. Without irony.

Even an aberrant conception like Parker's might be forgivable if he had been able to provide the streamlining of a fast-paced gangster film or the irrational, light-headed lift of a happy musical. But, as it is, "Bugsy Malone" is nothing but its godawful idea, so if the picture, already successful in England, becomes a hit, that won't be in spite of the idea but because of it. There's a special kitsch of innocence—sugary, lewd, Germanic. Disney tapped it; so did Shirley Temple, shaking her blond ringlets.

An actress friend told me that once when she was a young girl in vaudeville she came out of her hotel room one morning, still groggy, to find the hall full of little people. She thought she'd lost her mind, until she discovered that the Singer Midgets, en masse, had checked in during the night. That kind of almost pornographic dislocation—which is the source of this film's possible appeal as a novelty—is never acknowledged. The camera lingers on a gangster's pudgy, infantile fingers or a femme fatale's soft little belly pushing out of her tight satin dress, and it roves over the pubescent figures on the chorus line. But the movie stays on the level of refined, wholesome grotesqueness—like Disney without the energy—and never takes up the underlying suggestiveness and creepiness of its own material.

"SPARKLE," the story of the three daughters of a domestic servant who become a singing group, in the style of the Supremes, opened in April and closed a few weeks later. Now, partly because of the success of the Aretha Franklin album of the Curtis Mayfield score, the picture is being reissued in some cities. This means that moviegoers have another chance to see Lonette McKee, a young singer-actress so sexy that she lays waste to the movie, which makes the mistake of killing her off in the first half. But in that first part she and Dorian Harewood show a sixth sense for being alive. The fact that nobody has picked up on these two and starred them together is just one more proof that the new studio heads don't go to the movies.

"Sparkle" is the first film to be directed by Sam O'Steen, the well-known editor ("The Graduate," "Rosemary's Baby," "Chinatown"), who also directed "Queen of the Stardust Ballroom" for TV. He must have

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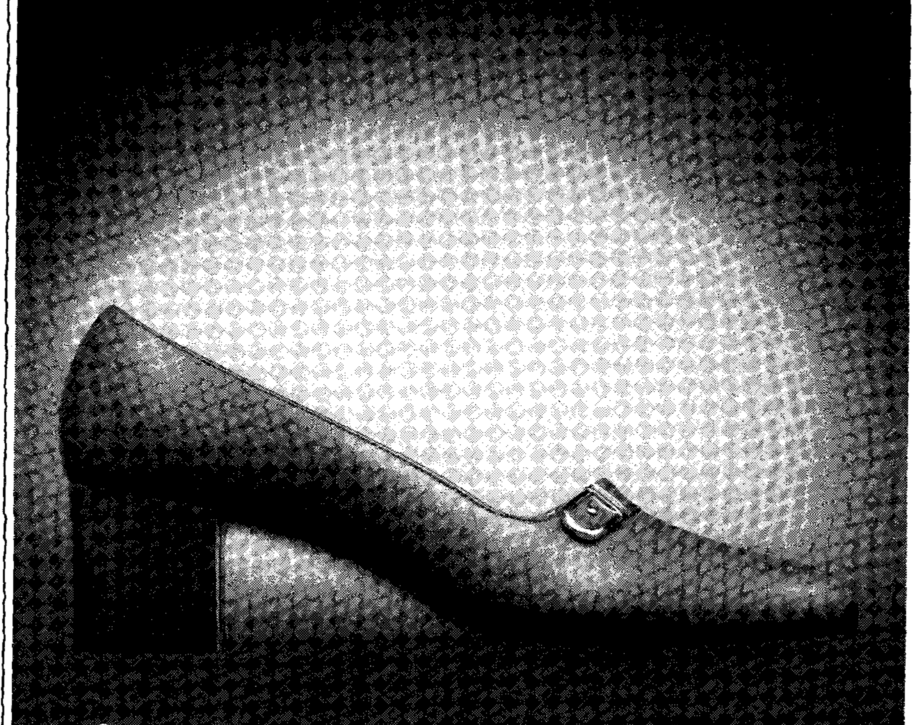

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got carried away with the black cast and the smoky theatrical milieu, because the images are sometimes irritatingly dark, but he keeps them full of atmospheric detail, and the tawdry black-vaudeville scenes have the teeming, bodies-spilling-out-the-edges quality of Toulouse-Lautrec. The crowded look of the film helps to compensate for the Joel Schumacher script, which appears to be no more than a skeleton.

The outline for "Sparkle" follows the moral scheme of the old Production Code days: the "bad" characters (Lonette McKee as Sister, the hellbent lead singer of the trio; Harewood as the teen-age boy who nonchalantly steals a car to take her out; Tony King as the dope pusher who hooks her) die or are punished, and the "good" characters (Irene Cara as the meek Sparkle who goes on as a single, and dimply Philip M. Thomas as her hardworking young manager) are rewarded. As often happened in the old movie days, the "bad" performers are terrific and the "good" are insufferable.

Sister is a hot number, talented, smart, impudent—an inflammatory, exhibitionistic singer who wants to turn the whole world on. And as Lonette McKee plays her, Sister has the visceral beauty, the voice, and the sexual energy to do it. Sister puts the dirty fun of sex into her songs, with the raw charge of a rebellious, nose-thumbing girl making her way. She has barely had a taste of singing in public when she falls for the sadistic pusher who beats her up and degrades her; she goes downhill unbelievably fast—and the picture with her—and then she O.D.s. What isn't explained is the why of this relationship; instead, we move on to the way the dewy-eyed Sparkle achieves the fame Sister might have had. And in order to keep the story going the action shifts to the almost canine devotion of Sparkle's young manager; his truehearted courage defeats the attempts of gangsters to muscle in on her career.

The subject that's passed over—why the thug wants to possess and destroy Sister, who so obviously has everything it takes to become a star, and why she's drawn to him—is a true modern subject, and not just for the rock world. Lonette McKee is the actress to drive this theme into one's consciousness, because she has the sexual brazenness that screen stars such as Susan Hayward and Ava Gardner had in their youth. You look at the sheer taunting sexual avidity of these women and you think "What man would dare?" And the answer may be: only a man with the strength to meet the

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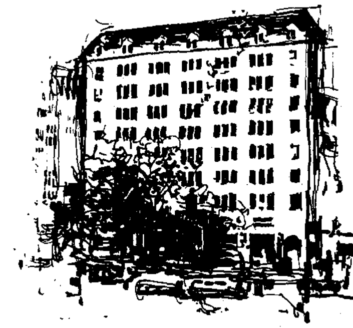

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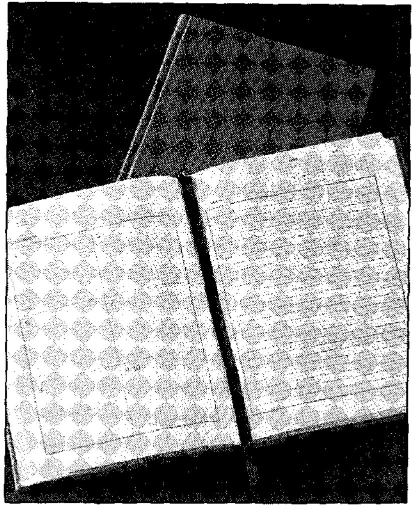

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challenge or a man so threatened by it that he's got to wipe the floor with the girl, and there are more of the latter. If the women who are "too much" for men fall for sharpies and rough guys who brutalize them, it probably has a lot to do with the scarcity of the other men, and something to do, too, with the women's insecurity about being too much. The stronger a woman's need to use her energy, her brains, and her talent, the more confusedly she may feel that she has a beating coming. Besides, having had to make her own way, and having—at some levels—been coarsened doing it, she may feel some rapport with the tough operators who are used to knocking people around. Whatever else these men are, they're self-made, and they instinctively know what she's gone through and how to handle her.

Movies now seem to be almost begging for this theme to come out. It's highly unlikely that a woman can become a major screen star at this time unless she has a strong personality, yet if she does—like Jane Fonda, or Barbra Streisand, or Liza Minnelli—she's likely to be experienced as threatening by some of the audience (and by women who play by the standard rules as well as by men). These stars raise the problem in their relation to the audience which is implicit in their screen roles: resentment of their dominating presence. Yet at the movies audiences are far more interested in the "bad girls" than in the ingenues, and not just because wickedness gives an actress more of a chance; these roles give an actress a better chance because there's something recognizably there in those bad girls, even when it's frustrated, soured, and self-destructive. The "bad girl" is the cheapest, easiest way for the movies to deal with the women with guts.

In "Sparkle," we can believe in Sister but not in the rise to rock stardom of the docile, unassertive Sparkle, because, given the social and biological circumstances of women's lives, a woman who isn't called a hard-driving bitch along the way is not likely to reach any top. A movie can show us the good girls winning the fellas, mothering the kids, succoring those who have met with adversity, but a good-girl artist is a contradiction in terms. —PAULINE KAEL

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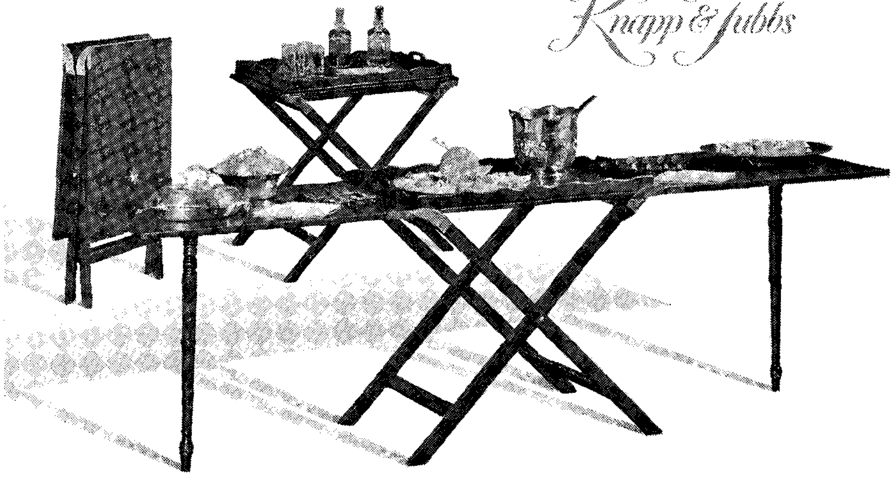

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LETTER FROM BAYREUTH

THE new Bayreuth "Ring of the Nibelung"—an unorthodox, anti-romantic view of Richard Wagner's monumental music drama—is the most intellectually challenging production that has been seen at the festival for more than a decade. It astonished and outraged a good portion of the opening-night audiences (each one of the four operas that make up the "Ring" was greeted with a wild mixture of boos and applause), confused a number of prominent German critics, and reëstablished Bayreuth in one short week as a workshop for young and controversial talent.

For many Europeans, opera—particularly Wagnerian opera—is not merely entertainment but a subject worthy of serious study. The center of this notion is Bayreuth, a bustling industrial town in Upper Franconia that contains the Festspielhaus, a nineteen-hundred-seat opera theatre designed and built by Richard Wagner; the Villa Wahnfried, where the composer spent the last nine years of his life; and the celebrated Wagner archives, a vast collection of books, photographs, musical scores, costumes, props, set models, and miscellaneous memorabilia. For a hundred years, opera lovers have come here to attend performances in the Festspielhaus, a simple red brick building that overlooks the town from the top of a low green hill. Although the theatre was not intended to be a permanent structure (Wagner had a more grandiose building of stone in mind), it has been lovingly preserved, because it reflects the composer's rather advanced ideas about staging and sound. Festspielhaus acoustics are among the best in the world. Plaster-and-wood walls and a painted canvas-over-wood ceiling produce a mellow, even-textured sound that is the envy of modern acousticians. The famous hidden orchestra pit, with its curving, clam-shell half-roof, blanks out extraneous light (Wagner was the first director in history to insist on a completely dark theatre) and promotes the precise balance of voice and orchestra which is a Bayreuth trademark. (Singers like the Festspielhaus, because they don't have to scream through a wall of orchestral sound to reach the audience. In this theatre, the orchestra is placed on a series of descending steps that disappear beneath the stage: strings and woodwinds at the front; brasses in the back, at the bottom of the pit. This arrangement produces an orchestral sound that rises *toward* the stage, where it mixes with the voices of the singers before bouncing back into the auditorium. Consequently, it is rare for a singer to be overwhelmed by a conductor.) The audience, moreover, is unusually attentive, since it is both uncomfortable and devout: Festspielhaus seats are armless wooden chairs set in steep semicircular rows that resemble the tiers of stone benches one finds in a Greek theatre; Festspiel audiences often spend their mornings attending lectures or studying scores to improve their understanding of the Master's work.

"This is your third withdrawal this month, Miss Tollman. How about a little deposit once in a while?"

If the festival functions as a marketplace for Wagner's musical and philosophical ideas, the "Ring," with its epic contemplation of the limits of authority and the consequences of unchecked power, is the intellectual center of the festival. Other operas are presented—this year they were "Tristan" and "Parsifal"—but Bayreuth is probably the only place in the world where most of the people one meets are discussing Wotan, Brünnhilde, Siegfried, Alberich, and Loge as if they were next-door neighbors. Thus, the début of a sensationally different "Ring" on the occasion of the festival's one-hundredth anniversary—a sentimental event celebrated with flags in the streets, a municipal beer party, official speeches, and the reopening of Wahnfried as a Wagner museum—was a clear signal that Wolfgang Wagner, the festival's fifty-six-year-old director, had decided to join the operatic avant-garde. His grandfather, whose operas were fundamentally subversive in form and content, would probably have applauded.

For nearly a hundred years, Wagners have been running the festival as a private family enterprise. Both Richard Wagner and his only son, Siegfried, married much younger women relatively late in life; consequently, there have been only three generations of male Wagners in charge of things at Bayreuth since 1876. After the death of Richard Wagner, in 1883, the festival performances were continued by his widow, Cosima, the strong-minded illegitimate daughter of Franz Liszt. Cosima ran the festival for twenty-two years before retiring in favor of Siegfried, a composer, conductor, and stage director. When Siegfried died, in 1930, leaving four young children, his English-born widow, Winifred, assumed control of the festival until all opera performances in Germany were suspended in the fall of 1944. After the Second World War, Winifred, who was forbidden to reopen the festival because of her Nazi associations, assigned its management to her two sons, Wieland and Wolfgang. These grandsons of Richard Wagner were only thirty-four and thirty-one respectively when they reopened the festival in 1951.

When Wieland Wagner, the most gifted and innovative of the postwar stage directors, died suddenly, in 1966, the festival lost its creative center. Wieland (with Wolfgang acting as backup man) invented the famous neo-Bayreuth style of presenting opera: bare, abstract sets; elaborate and subtle lighting, which interpreted the music; and relatively little onstage movement. But by 1970, as singers defected and productions seemed trapped under glass, Bayreuth had come dangerously close to being the prisoner of the very style it had pioneered. Although two non-Wagners were brought in to break the family monopoly on stage production (August Everding, with a dramatic "Fliegende Holländer" and a sumptuously romantic "Tristan," and Götz Friedrich, with a political "Tannhäuser" that had old ladies swinging their pocketbooks during the curtain calls), the festival seemed to be a little out of touch with the rest of Europe when it came to the "Ring." In recent years, there has been a space-age "Ring" in Kassel, a Marxist "Ring" in Leipzig, and a theatrically eclectic "Ring" in London. Young directors coming from the legitimate theatre have looked at the Wagnerian epic from political, social, economic, and psychological viewpoints, sweeping away the romantic cobwebs and giving their audiences large doses of realistic and frequently unpalatable human behavior. In this context, Wolfgang's decision to produce a new "Ring," with a French team headed by Pierre Boulez, a specialist in contemporary music, and Patrice Chéreau, the thirty-one-year-old wunderkind of the French theatre, was a necessary gamble. Bayreuth needed a "Ring" that would be

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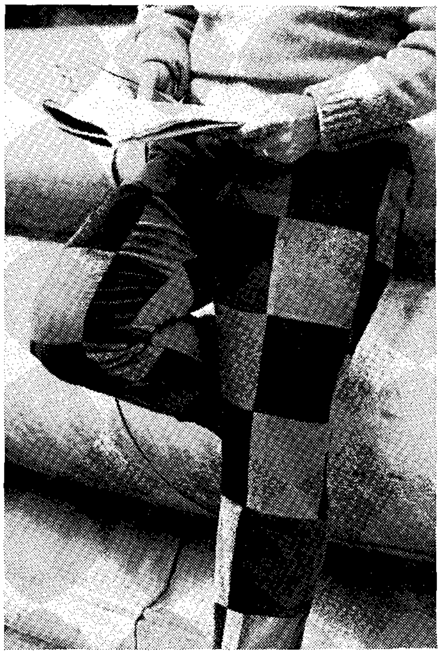

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respected by its peers and accepted by its opinionated and conservative audience. What emerged, however, was a brilliant and original production that offended practically everybody. Traditionalists, who had expected to see gods and goddesses sailing majestically through a cosmic never-never land, were confronted with a collection of grasping, self-centered late-Victorian capitalists dressed in the frock coats and crinolines of the period. Music lovers, who had come to admire the lush Wagnerian orchestra in the hallowed Festspielhaus ambience, were amazed to hear sounds of Mozartean clarity floating up from the orchestra pit. Political conservatives (some of whom recalled the Nazi era with a degree of warmth) were appalled when they realized that Chéreau had turned Mime—the demonic dwarf who raises Siegfried from childhood and then tries to kill him—into a fussy elderly Jew, an unpleasant public reminder of Wagner's anti-Semitism. (The usual villains in the "Ring" are Alberich, the dwarf capitalist who renounces love to gain power, and his son Hagen. For Chéreau, Alberich is a pathetic loser and Hagen a pathological deviate.) The left wing was annoyed because there was no clear-cut political message. Chéreau begins "Das Rheingold" in a world that is already half destroyed by the Industrial Revolution, and ends "Götterdämmerung" with capitalists in dinner jackets and longshoremen in work clothes dashing back and forth across the stage in panic, equally powerless to avert the impending catastrophe. But perhaps the most disturbed group of all was made up of the open-minded champions of the late Wieland Wagner. They were horrified to find that Chéreau had jettisoned the entire postwar Bayreuth style—lighting, sets, and stage movement. In its place, there was a stage filled with cold-tempered neon light, large chunks of scenery, live animals—including an unscheduled appearance by one of the resident bats—and characters who behaved with a realism that was frequently shattering. When word got out that the Valkyries were going to ride live horses for the first time in thirty-six years, an influential member of the Society of the Friends of Bayreuth, a fund-raising group that supports the festival, expressed delight over this "intelligent return to realism." What he didn't bargain for was that Chéreau takes realistic elements—sets, costumes, animals, and people—and mixes them up to produce *surrealistic* stage pictures. The horses—nervous brown farm animals

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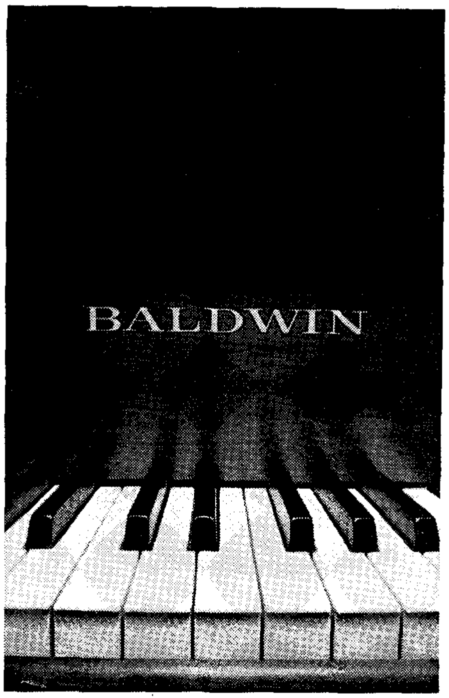
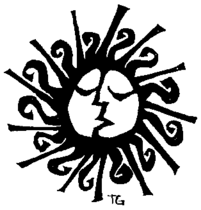


Bobby Short's Accompanist

that laid back their ears whenever the Valkyries started to sing—were placed in a black-walled corral that was littered with tipped-over gravestones and bloody bodies represented by children daubed with gore. The Valkyries wore nonidentical gray-and-white costumes and fragments of real armor—a helmet here, a breastplate there—which looked as if they had been left over from the original 1876 production. It was not intended as a parody, but a good part of the audience took it that way.

Boulez and Chéreau deliberately play down the mythological aspect of the "Ring" (although people still carry swords and spears) and give us instead a bleak look at the dehumanized society spawned by the Industrial Revolution. Their negative images—a dam with steam turbines that stop working; a gigantic wheel; a caged bird; a row of hollow-eyed houses—reflect the darker consequences of man's accelerated search for wealth and power. The Rhine maidens are prostitutes, frolicking on top of an enormous hydroelectric plant (untroubled nature, as specified in Wagner's libretto, does not exist at the beginning of *this* version); Wotan's Valhalla turns out to be Chéreau's idea of "Wall Street;" Hunding owns a factory, Alberich a coal mine; and the tuxedo-clad Gunther, lounging around in his black-columned palace, resembles a young Alfred Krupp. Siegfried forges his sword with an enormous steam-driven drop hammer, and when he is stabbed to death by Hagen, the desensitized Gibichungs pass by his corpse with calculated indifference. At the end of "Götterdämmerung," even the Ring itself (money?) has become an empty symbol (inflation?). Hagen, who would normally try to pull the Ring from Siegfried's dead hand, simply shrugs and walks offstage. Since he and Alberich are among the survivors of the final holocaust, Chéreau seems to be telling us that any new world will have the same old problem of evil.



Chéreau has set his "Ring" in a shifting time period that begins around 1848, when Wagner began to write the text for his music drama, and ends in the nineteen-twenties, with Siegfried and Gunther in dinner jackets; Gunther's sister, Gutrune, in a clinging white evening dress; and Hagen, their half brother and servant, in a gray business suit. The singers work close to the front of the stage, establishing intimate contact with the audience; and the orchestra, held firmly in check by Boulez, plays with a transparency of sound which permits every word to come through clearly. Rejecting the epic approach, Chéreau treats each of the four operas as a separate theatrical problem. What emerges from this view is the "Ring" as a series of encounters between people who are ambitious, greedy, ruthless, selfish, devious, and arrogant. (When asked about his emphasis on sadism, Chéreau said, "Have you read the Norse Eddas? They are much more horrible than anything I've put on stage.") Siegmund, the outlaw, is Chéreau's hero. ("He's the only one who makes a conscious choice to be free. When he fights and dies, he knows whom he's fighting against and for what.") Siegfried, Siegmund's son, is a man manipulated by society. ("It is Wotan who thinks and Siegfried who carries out his orders.") And Wotan is the intellectual whose moral values are undermined by his lust for power. ("Wotan is not basically evil, but, like so many of the men who run this world, he permits himself the *luxury* of being evil, because he's so powerful.") Brünnhilde is a carefree adolescent who becomes a helpless victim. ("Her punishment for disobeying her father is so great that she goes into a trance—a kind of *crise hystérique*—at the end.") Alberich, Hunding, and Hagen are middle-class enforcers of the Eichmann type, whose cruelty is a kind of reflex action.

The sets are littered with recognizable objects—a Matterhorn-shaped rock, a Victorian steamer trunk, what appears to be a medieval walled city (Valhalla), a forest of thirty-foot trees with every leaf in place—which have been wrenched out of their realistic settings and presented as if they were pieces of Pop Art. Some of these objects contain further surprises for the audience. Brünnhilde's rock is suddenly surrounded by bursts of genuine fire (carbide paste laid in an open gutter, with the Bayreuth Fire Department standing by); the trees move about spookily on rubber-wheeled platforms, like props in a Kabuki play; the trunk is thrown open to release a cloud of steam (Donner's thunderstorm); and Valhalla, on closer inspection, turns out to contain the Chrysler Building, the Empire State Building, and a World Trade Center tower. Chéreau uses his stage to remind the audience of the layers of political, social, and operatic history that have been built up since the "Ring" was first performed. (Wolf-

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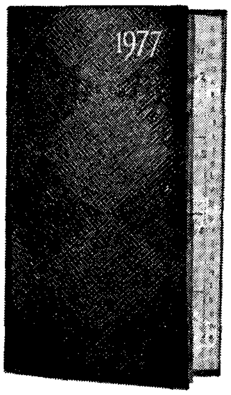

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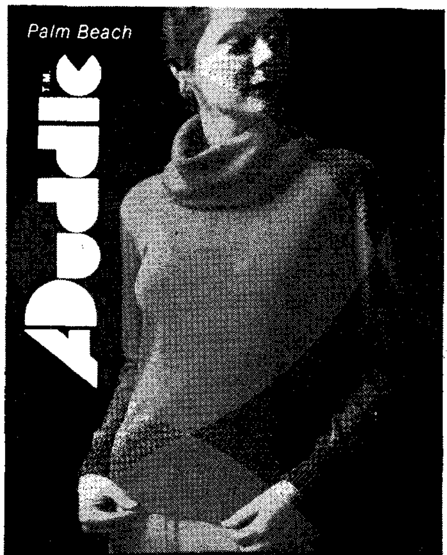

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gang Wagner, watching a set change one night, said, "There hasn't been this much scenery on this stage since my father's 'Tannhäuser' in 1930.") There are a number of unforgettable visual images: Loge, the fire god, as a seedy second-rate politician shaking hands with the startled Nibelungs; Siegmund and Sieglinde, a couple of tousle-haired teen-agers, rolling over on the ground like puppies when they fall in love; Wotan staring narcissistically into a mirror as he explains how his plans for world domination have misfired; Mime stuffing his belongings into a battered suitcase for a quick getaway when Siegfried threatens to beat him up. Some of the imagery is less successful. When the gods put red silk robes over their frock coats in "Rheingold," they echo, presumably, Richard Wagner's liking for silk and satin garments. And when Brünnhilde stumbles around the stage in a flapping white gown that is several sizes too large, Chéreau is emphasizing her role as a helpless victim.

ON the morning after the first "Ring" ended, Chéreau, Boulez, and Wolfgang Wagner held a joint press conference to clear up some of the confusion that surrounded the production. The meeting took place in a glass-walled cafeteria next to the Festspielhaus, and the sixty-odd journalists who showed up seemed to be more curious than hostile. Chéreau is a small, intense man who has large brown eyes, a sensitive Renaissance face, and shoulder-length dark-brown hair, which he brushes back constantly from his forehead. He chain-smoked Gitanes and seemed nervous; in reality, he told a reporter later, he was merely suffering from a wine-induced hangover. Boulez, twenty years older and considerably tougher, looked tired and depressed; the violent public reaction at the end of "Götterdämmerung" and the hostility of the musicians (who sent a deputation to Wolfgang asking that they be allowed to play louder) must have come as an unpleasant surprise to him. When someone asked Boulez why the orchestra had not taken its traditional curtain call, Wolfgang intervened to say that the musicians were "too sensitive" to handle the booing.

Most of the questions were directed at Chéreau, who took on the role of lightning rod. Why, he was asked, had he put a dam onstage at the beginning of "Rheingold" whereas Wagner indicated that the opera begins with uncorrupted nature? And why had he rejected the cosmic elements of the mu-

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sic drama in favor of such harsh realism? To the first question, Chéreau replied that he didn't see "Rheingold" as the beginning of the world. "I don't believe that nature was pure even then," he said. "The rivers already had dams, and the earth wasn't untouched, because Alberich was already working in it. Besides, I *like* the dam. It has a mythological meaning—it holds back the Rhine, which would otherwise flow into the audience—and it's great décor." On the second point, Chéreau said that, while he believed in the "Ring" as a whole, he did not always accept Wagner's philosophy. "I don't know anything about gods and the cosmos, or the beginning of the world," he said. "I'm interested in staging human life, not Wagner's ideas of grandeur. After all, I come from a country where we have spoken a lot about grandeur in recent years, and look where it has got us. There is no perfect unity in the 'Ring;' it is a unity of discrepancies. And it is these discrepancies—between Wagner's philosophical ideas and the evolution of his characters—that interest me. There are many directors who want to reduce the 'Ring' to abstractions. I, on the other hand, want to magnify it, by adding more and more details. At the end, you can put some question marks, because I don't know what happens, any more than Richard Wagner did. Remember that he wrote the end of 'Götterdämmerung' three times and was never satisfied with it. For me, the ultimate redemption of the world is a prophecy and not a very clear one. And so we leave the curtain up at the end, and let the chorus step forward to look out at the audience. They ask a question that must be answered by each of us in real life."

Later that afternoon, I asked Boulez if he agreed with Chéreau's remarks.

"Absolutely," he said. "Our basic approach is that there *is* no basic approach. You cannot reduce a work as complex as the 'Ring' to one single vision. Since it reflects the evolution of Wagner's entire life, there are bound to be major contradictions within it from the dramatic point of view. The Wotan who puts his foot on Alberich's throat and wants to be master of the world in 'Rheingold' is not the same person as the introspective, broken Wotan of 'Walküre.' There is also a gradual separation between the drama, which becomes increasingly reactionary and pessimistic, and the music, which becomes increasingly subversive of the plot. In the end, the music rejects the ideology of the text; it

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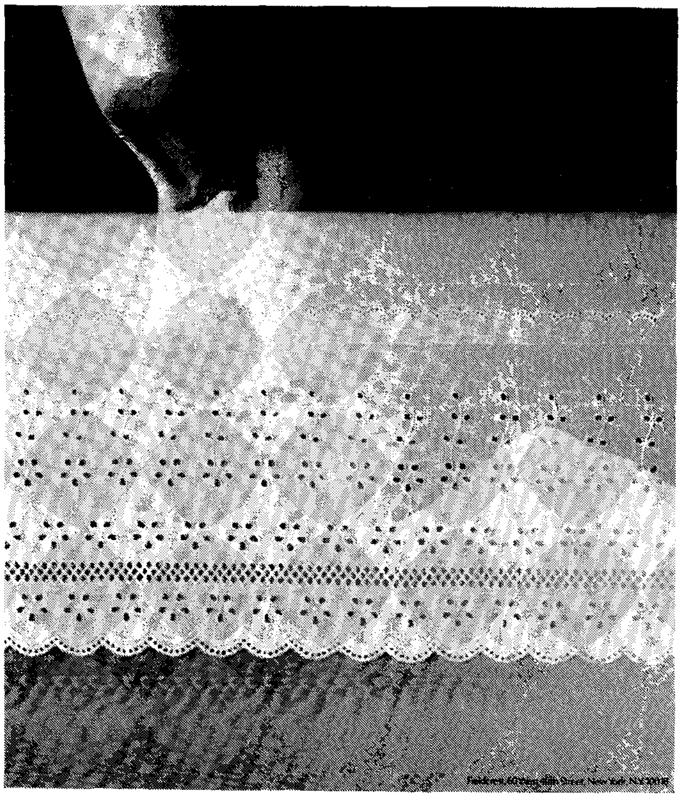

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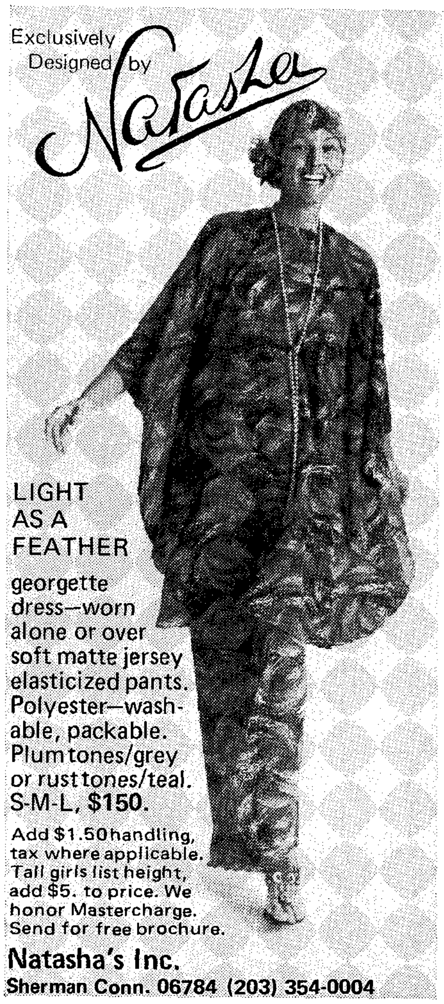
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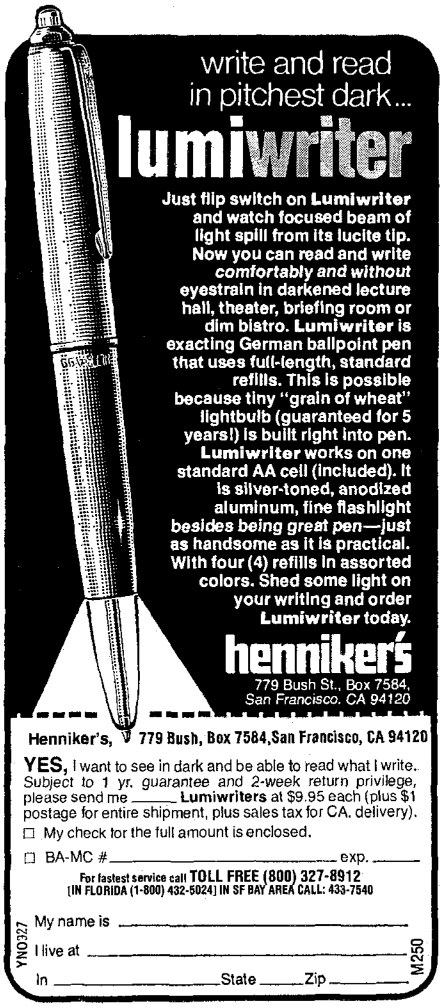
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can translate the subjective feelings of the composer, but it cannot rationally explain his ideological convictions. The *language* of Wagner's musical revolution—of time, of structure, of hearing, of perception—is opposed by the *substance* of the old myths, which testify to the defeat and collapse of the old order. And even within the myths there is a mixture of contradictory elements which gives the operas their special dimension. The 'Ring' begins as a kind of epic vision, with strong fairy-tale elements, and it ends in bourgeois melodrama, with the main characters engaged in the psychological torture of one another. In 'Rheingold,' the situations and the characters are clearly laid out. But as the drama develops, the characters become complex and ambiguous, to the point where even Wagner himself couldn't draw any conclusions about the ending. You have a very simple epic idea—a hero, Siegfried, who does not know fear—and, at the same time, you put him into an intensely *human* 'Tristan' situation. Wagner was, perhaps, more gifted in music than in drama, and at the end of the 'Ring' his musical gift simply overpowered everything.

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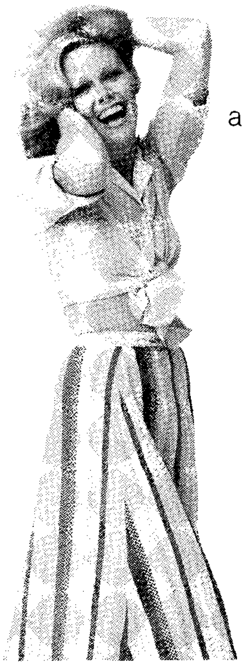
ONE of the most positive aspects of this year's festival was a willingness to come to grips with the Nazi period—a subject that has haunted Bayreuth for more than thirty years. Wagner was both an ardent German nationalist and a notorious anti-Semite, who dismissed the Jews as an alien, clannish race that would prove inimical to the proper development of German culture. There was, however, a considerable gap between the philosophical anti-Semitism expressed by Wagner and echoed by his wife, Cosima, and their son, Siegfried, and the practical application of it. Wagner himself hired the brilliant Hermann Levi, a Jew, to conduct the première of "Parsifal" in 1882, and Levi—a perceptive, cultivated man who was well aware of the composer's prejudices—continued to work at the Festspielhaus until the end of 1894. Both Siegfried Wagner and, subsequently, his wife, Winifred, hired artists with Jewish family connections; Franz von Hoesslin, a principal conductor from 1927 to 1940, had a Jewish wife.

The extent to which Hitler drew on Wagner's ideas in forming his own concepts of National Socialism and anti-Semitism is an unresolved question. Defenders of Wagner suggest that his work was only one of many sources that contributed to the demonic scrapbook of Nazi ideology. Opponents of this view simply quote Hitler, who said, "*Bayreuth forged the spiritual sword with which we fight.*" Whichever side of the argument one takes, it is a matter of record that Hitler knew and loved the Wagner operas (his favorite was "Meistersinger") and admired the composer's philosophical ideas. Hitler also owned a number of original Wagner scores, which vanished with him in 1945, and even composed an opera—"Wieland the Smith"—using an idea that Wagner had written and discarded in 1850. (Hitler worked on the opera when he was living in Vienna in 1909. He plunked out themes on a piano and had them orchestrated by his roommate, a music student named August Kubizek. The plot, which involved a swan-prince, a spear wound, and a magic ring, was set in Iceland, and the characters included three flying Valkyries!) Hitler was a devoted friend to the Wagner dynasty, a frequent visitor at Wahnfried, and a financial angel who covered the festival's chronic deficit with a subsidy of fifty thousand marks a year. His ties with Bayreuth began in 1923, when he impressed Siegfried and Winifred Wagner with his newly minted theories of National Socialism. After Siegfried's death, Hitler supported his widow in her decision to take over direction of the festival, and assumed the role of unofficial guardian for her children. (They nicknamed him Onkel Wolf and took photographs of him, which they sold to visitors.) Although Wieland, the elder son, was exempted from military service during the Second World War by Hitler's orders, Wolfgang, the younger, served in the Army and was severely wounded in Poland. At the end of the war, Winifred was declared a major Nazi collaborator by the courts, and was forced to hand over control of the Festspielhaus to Wieland and Wolfgang. (They were considered eligible because they were too young to have played an active role in the politics of the Nazi era.) Winifred retired to a small house next to Wahnfried, leaving the villa (which had been partly destroyed by an American bomb in 1945) to Wieland and his family. Wieland remodelled the villa into a contemporary house, installed a swimming pool for his children, and built a wall to separate his garden from his mother's adjoining property. After Wieland's death, Wolfgang tore down the wall, removed the swimming pool, restored Wahnfried to its late-Victorian splendor, and turned it into a Wagner museum.

When the festival resumed, in 1951, there was very little talk about the Nazi years. Wieland, who had been deeply shocked by the concentration-camp films, said, "After Auschwitz, there can be no more discussion about Hitler." Although he must have gone through a good deal of private soul-searching, he never referred in public to his family's pre-war friendship with the Führer. But his abstract, poetic style of staging the Wagner operas derived in part from his conviction that it was necessary to strip away the heroic, nationalistic elements in Wagner which had proved so attractive to the Nazi mind. With the approach of the centennial, however, a number of books and articles on the history of Bayreuth appeared which contained material on the National Socialist period. Then, a year before the centennial, Winifred Wagner, a regal, white-haired seventy-eight, gave a five-hour filmed interview, during which she discussed her friendship with Hitler. The film, which was shown at a local theatre during the festival, indicated that Winifred still takes the position that the crimes attributed to Hitler were committed by subordinates without his knowledge. "He was a good friend, whom one was glad to have as a houseguest," she said. "For us, he wasn't at all the Führer; he was simply a human being. I knew him from 1923 to 1945, and during this time I was never disappointed in any way. I mean, except, naturally, for those things that were happening outside. But that didn't affect me at all. I will always think of



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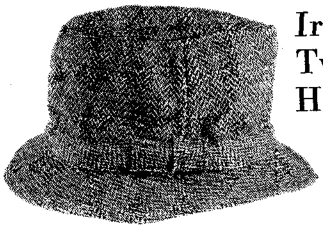

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him with gratitude, because he literally paved the way for me here in Bayreuth and helped me in every way."

Wolfgang, when asked recently about his mother's statement, said, "I do not defend my mother, but what she says often nowadays is, for me, only a psychological reflex action. She doesn't really think the way she's talking." At the inauguration of the Wahnfried museum, Wolfgang opened his mind another inch on the subject of Hitler. "Perhaps it was a good thing that a bomb fell on this house," he told a large crowd, which included a number of prominent politicians. "It cleared the way for us to begin again from ground zero."

A more official view came from President Walter Scheel of West Germany, who took up the subject of Nazism in the speech with which he officially opened the centennial year. "Hitler considered himself a genius," Dr. Scheel told a hushed Festspielhaus audience, which included Winifred Wagner. "He was the Führer, and he believed that by virtue of his special gifts he could command subordination and allegiance. He considered himself removed from the realm of rational criticism by reason of his self-appreciation. He thought of himself as the instrument of providence, a providence that would tell him, as in a dream, to do the right thing. Wagner's obsession with the ego, his expansion of the idea of genius . . . is, I believe, the basis both of Hitler's monstrous egotism and of the fact that so many accepted this egotism and submitted to it. Here, and only here, do I see a connection between Richard Wagner and Adolf Hitler."

Scheel went on to point out that it was hardly Wagner's fault that Hitler liked him. "Hitler also liked mountains and German shepherd dogs, and that is no fault of the mountains or the dogs," he said. "Without doubt, Wagner was an anti-Semite. But it is really quite wrong to say that Hitler acquired his anti-Semitism from Wagner. Both Hitler and Wagner are part of a pernicious anti-Semitic undercurrent in the European mind. . . . Hitler was not a necessity [for Germany]. He was a possibility, which, unfortunately, became a *reality*. . . . *Bayreuth's history* is part of German history. Its mistakes were the mistakes of our nation. And in this sense Bayreuth has become a national institution in which we are able to recognize ourselves. . . . We cannot simply erase the dark chapter of German history and of the history of Bayreuth. I do believe that what it can teach

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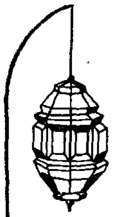

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us may be more important than what Wagner has to say to us in his work. . . . We honor our German masters properly only if we honor all the world's masters. Only when we bring Wagner down from the clouds of myth and place him as a great composer among his peers—only then have we banished the dangers that might still come from him. Only then will we have reconciled Richard Wagner with democracy."

THE second topic of conversation in Bayreuth—after the "Ring"—is the cold war being waged within the Wagner family for future control of the festival. In 1973, the Festspielhaus, the Villa Wahnfried, and the Wagner archives were sold as a package to the state for five million dollars, and then transferred to a newly created foundation. However, the foundation charter permits the family to have a considerable voice in the disposition of these valuable assets. The family has only five votes out of a total of twenty-four on the foundation board (others are held by such entities as the Federal Republic of Germany, the State of Bavaria, the town of Bayreuth, and the Friends of Bayreuth), but the agreement provided that the Festspielhaus would be leased back to its present director—Wolfgang Wagner—and that he would be guaranteed "artistic freedom." When Wolfgang retires, the foundation board will select his successor, giving preference to a qualified member of the Wagner family. The catch is that the family members sitting on the board must agree on a candidate. If no qualified Wagner exists or if the family cannot come to terms within itself (and, given the ill will among many of its members, this is entirely possible), the dynastic tie between the Wagners and the festival could come to an end. In that case, the next festival director will be an outsider, chosen by a committee of intendants from the major opera houses in German-speaking countries.

With eleven young Wagner descendants, ranging in age from twenty-four to thirty-four, one would expect to find several of them working in Bayreuth to prepare themselves for future responsibilities at the festival. Because of the peculiar relationships within the family, however, this is not the situation. The trouble began with the death of Richard Wagner's son, Siegfried, in 1930. Siegfried left his estate to his wife, Winifred, with a provision that upon her death there would be an equal division among their

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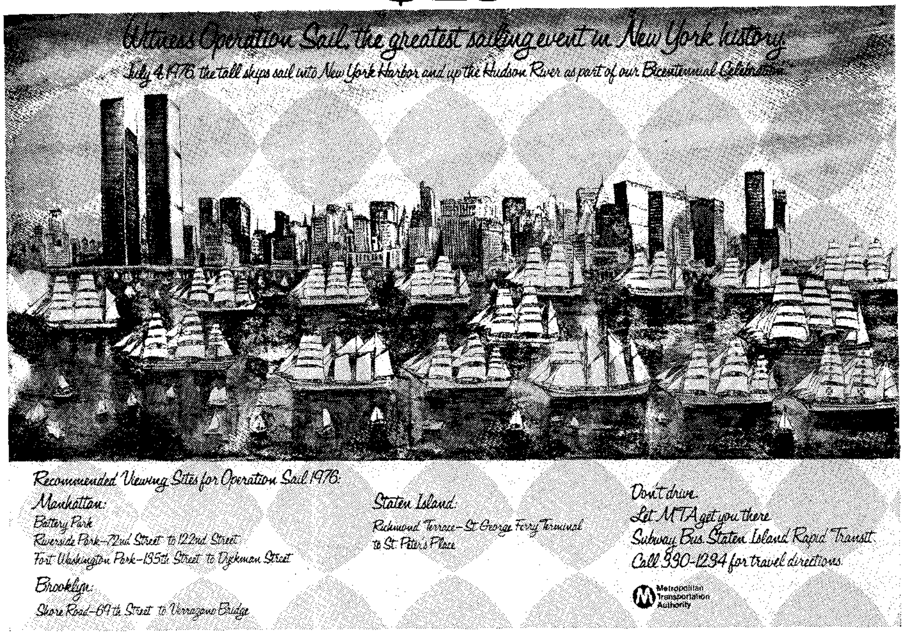
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four children: Wieland, Friedelind, Wolfgang, and Verena. (The five Wagner votes on the foundation board reflect this arrangement. When Winifred dies, her vote will pass to the Friends of Bayreuth.) Friedelind, the older daughter, was an outspoken anti-Nazi, who moved to America in 1940 and eventually settled in England, where she runs an opera workshop. She is now fifty-eight, and unmarried, and she communicates with Wolfgang through a lawyer. Verena, the youngest child, married Bodo Lafferentz, a high Nazi official, who administered, among other things, the "Strength Through Joy" recreation movement. She produced five children and, being of a placid, unaggressive nature, has remained on good terms with practically everyone. Four of her children have turned their backs on Bayreuth. The fifth, a son named Wieland, is a student conductor at the Salzburg Mozarteum and has shown interest in joining the Festspielhaus musical staff.

Family unity began to fall apart in the fifties, when Siegfried's two sons, Wieland and Wolfgang, assumed joint responsibility for the festival and divided the opera productions between them. Although the brothers were close in age, they were poles apart in temperament and outlook. Wieland was a solitary intellectual, a spendthrift, and a theatrical genius, whose brilliant, if erratic, insights into his grandfather's work made Bayreuth the mecca for an entire generation of singers and conductors. Wolfgang was an expert politician and an energetic fund raiser, who modernized the Festspielhaus and organized an efficient festival staff. Unfortunately, his theatrical ambitions outstripped his artistic abilities. It was Wieland who was alternately praised and damned for his revolutionary operas (he produced, among other things, an abstract "Meistersinger" and a Freudian "Ring"), while Wolfgang's work was often dismissed as lacking the creative spark. As relations between the brothers deteriorated (one observer recalls that they either yelled at each other or communicated by note), the gulf between their families widened. Wieland's wife and four children, who lived in baronial splendor in the reconstructed Wahnfried, had very little contact with Wolfgang's wife and two children, who lived in a more modest house on the other side of town, near the Festspielhaus. (Gottfried, Wolfgang's only son, remembers being yanked out of one of Wieland's rehearsals by his irate father.) And when Wieland embarked on his well-publi-

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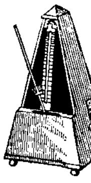
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cized liaison with the soprano Anya Silja, in 1960, Wolfgang, a firm believer in family sanctity, was scandalized. The Silja affair complicated matters even more, because Gertrud, Wieland's wife, remained at Wahnfried with her children while Silja, a tall, attractive redhead, continued to sing leading roles at the Festspielhaus. The cast parties, which had traditionally been held in the Wahnfried gardens, were transferred to the Festspielhaus restaurant.

Wieland's sudden death from cancer, in October of 1966, left Wolfgang in sole, if shaky, control of the festival. (The brothers had signed a legal agreement providing that after one of them died the survivor would take over.) During the next year, Wolfgang dismissed many of the people who had worked with his brother, and forced Wieland's family to leave Wahnfried. (Winifred, who had not been fond of her older son, said, "When the forester dies, the forester's family has to leave the house.") Although two of Wieland's children, Wolf Siegfried and Nike, were interested in theatrical careers, they were barred from participation in the festival. Wolfgang's own children, Eva and Gottfried, were more fortunate. Eva, a tough-minded young woman with a flair for organization, was installed in the Festspielhaus as her father's assistant in 1967, and eventually she took on administrative responsibility for artistic affairs. During the winters, she worked for Robert Schulz, a large concert- and opera-management agency, and then moved to Unitel, a Munich-based firm that produces and distributes musical films. Gottfried, her younger brother, spent five years working as an operatic assistant in Vienna and Amsterdam, and is now preparing his first solo production—a new "Fidelio"—in Bonn. This summer, he worked at the Festspielhaus for the first time, as one of Chéreau's assistants. Meanwhile, Wieland's children pursued degrees and careers far from Bayreuth. Wolf Siegfried, the only son, spent two years at the opera workshop of the University of Illinois and then worked his way up the artistic ladder as a director and set designer in a number of small European opera houses. (Earlier this month, he produced a "Meistersinger" in Bremerhaven.) Nike, the most intellectual of Wieland's three daughters, studied musical composition at the University of Illinois and then transferred to the University of Chicago, where she is completing a Ph.D. in German literature.

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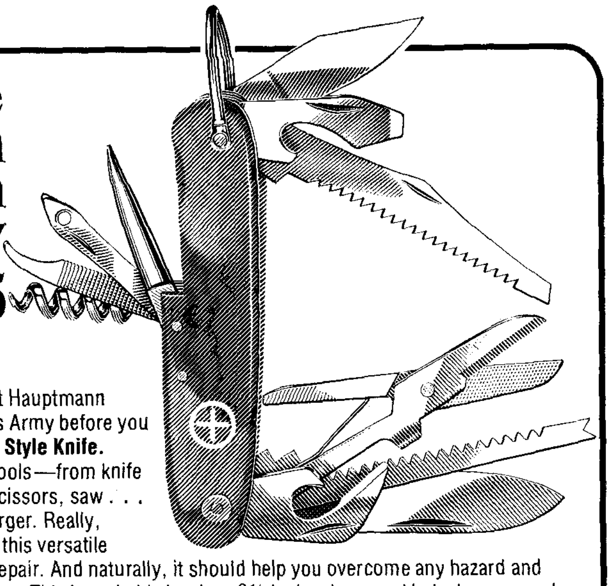

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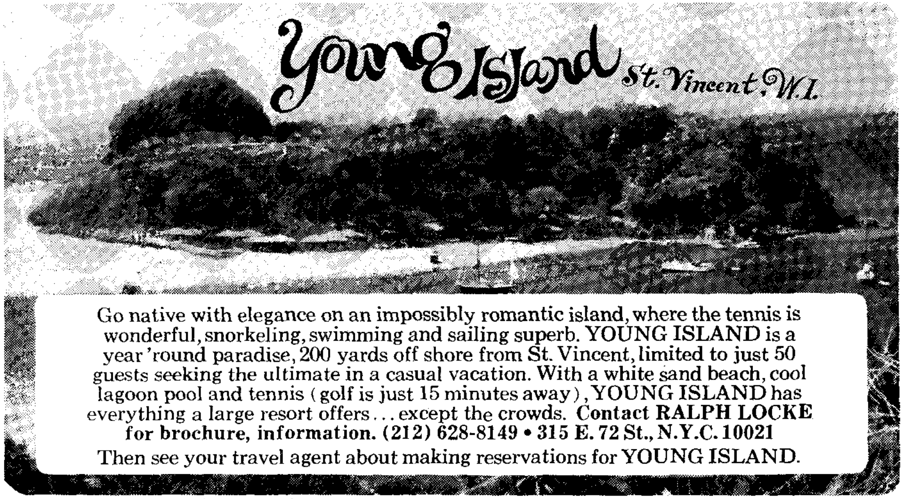

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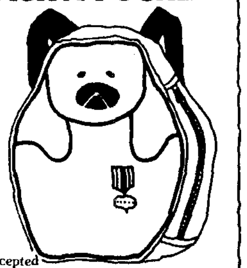

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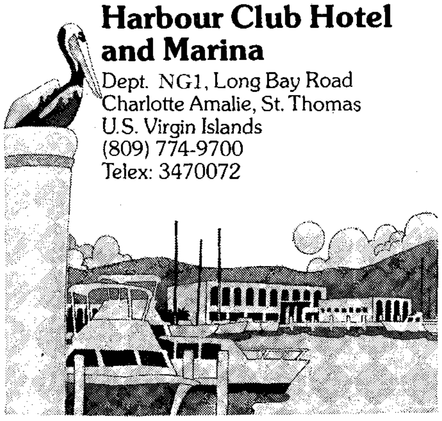

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Wieland's and Wolfgang's children ended their long estrangement and sat down together to consider their collective future. Two events precipitated this sudden move toward family harmony. One was the signing of the foundation charter, which required the Wagners to be united behind any future family candidate for festival director. The second was Wolfgang's decision to divorce his wife and share his house with Frau Gudrun Mack, his attractive secretary. (Since Frau Mack also had to obtain a divorce, the marriage did not take place until the opening week of the festival.) Eva, who found it difficult to work in the same office with her mother's successor, was summarily dismissed from the festival staff by her father. Gottfried, who had a contract to work on the Chéreau "Ring," discovered that Wolfgang had not signed it. ("There were problems," he said, "before the agreement was eventually honored. But I will not come back next summer.") To advertise their newfound solidarity, and in defiance of Wolfgang, five of the young Wagners arranged to sit together on the opening night of the festival—an act that attracted considerable comment. (Winifred Wagner, who occupied the family box that night, maintains cool but friendly relations with her grandchildren.) During the week that followed, Richard Wagner's great-grandchildren spent a good deal of time discussing Wolfgang's apparent reluctance to give any of them an active role in festival affairs. At one of these meetings—Wolf Siegfried, Gottfried, and Nike were present—I asked what could be done to improve the situation.

"We don't want Wolfgang to leave right now—it's too soon for all of us," said Wolf Siegfried, a tall, round-faced man in his early thirties, who has thoughtful blue eyes and the high, curved Wagner forehead. "But we would like to get somehow involved with the festival, so that we will be ready at a point when things—there are always unexpected things—happen. Five of us are actively interested in the festival. Gottfried and I have been involved in the artistic side of opera for quite some time; Wieland wants to conduct; Eva is very experienced in management; and Nike would like to work on publicity and on the programs. Since our family must agree on a candidate at some point in the future, we must also discuss how management can be shared. There could be one, two, or even three people running the festival."

Gottfried, a tall, intense young man

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who has dark curly hair and a thin, handsome face, said that he would like to see working conditions at the Festspielhaus improved. "Hiring Chéreau was a great step forward," he said. "And I admire my father for that. But I felt that Chéreau's position was sometimes difficult, because he had very little real contact with my father. I didn't like it when they sent each other letters instead of talking problems over. Also, we should do more long-range planning in the future. Just imagine what Chéreau could have done if they had given him an extra year."

"This is not a major crisis for us yet," said Nike, a thin, sophisticated blonde. "But it's necessary that we all think seriously about the future. The festival is our heritage. We all grew up in this theatre, we understand its unique qualities, and we would like to keep it in the family."

"Richard Wagner wanted Bayreuth to be the center of a continuing intellectual dialogue, and that is the viewpoint we'll preserve if we are given the opportunity," Wolf Siegfried said. "But when Wolfgang told a recent interviewer that no member of our generation was qualified to take over Bayreuth, we began to think that he was determined to exclude everybody."

SEVERAL days later, I brought up the question of the festival's future with Wolfgang Wagner. Our meeting took place, during an intermission, in his small, cluttered office, on the second floor of the Festspielhaus. (Wolfgang distrusts the press, so his interviews are always arranged with an automatic cutoff point.) Since I had spent the preceding week attending dress rehearsals, there had been ample opportunity to observe Wolfgang in action. At fifty-six, he is a stocky, vigorous man with a high forehead, a thin nose, a small mouth, and collar-length white hair, who radiates energy like a light bulb. There is a vague resemblance to Richard Wagner, which is partly physical (a large head set on a relatively short body) and partly a matter of personality. Wolfgang regards the Festspielhaus as his personal fief, and runs it with his grandfather's mixture of arrogance, ruthlessness, artistic integrity, and personal charm. The iron hand in the not so velvet glove emerged one evening when there were a few boos from the invited audience during the dress rehearsal of Wolfgang's own production of "Parsifal." Wolfgang charged out onto the stage and asked the booers to

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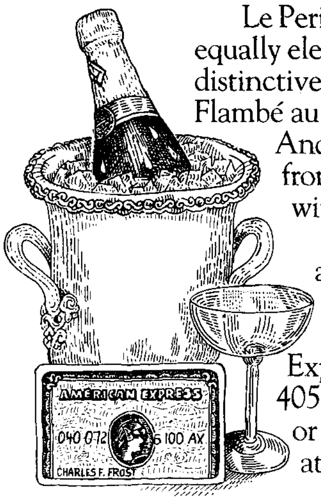

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identify themselves. When nobody spoke up, he told the audience to leave the theatre, and posted guards at the doors to make sure that his orders were carried out.

Wolfgang speaks the broad, rather crude Franconian dialect, by choice (people do Wolfgang imitations all over town), but wears beautifully tailored shirts and matching slacks that contradict the peasant image. His manner is abrupt and decisive; during rehearsals he is in constant motion, monitoring a tricky set change from the wings, checking sight lines from the auditorium, sprinting through the corridors to settle a conflict in the next day's schedule. He can create working conditions that most directors dream about ("Where else," asks August Everding, "can I work night and day on my production of 'Tristan' and then change it the following year with my own hands?"), only to plague them to death with suggestions. One night, after a particularly heavy-handed barrage of comment from Wolfgang, Chéreau looked positively sick. Although family relationships have deteriorated, Wolfgang handles the factions competing for power in Bayreuth—the politicians, the Friends of Bayreuth, the temperamental artists, the self-important visitors—with considerable skill. (He listened patiently when the conservative Friends of Bayreuth threatened to halt their fund-raising efforts in outrage over the new "Ring," and then reminded the group, with a smile, that, as was customary, the production would remain in the repertory for at least three years.)

When I asked if he had intended to disqualify the entire fourth generation of Wagners from participation in the festival, Wolfgang frowned and replied that his remarks had been misunderstood. "I see no one *at the moment* who can take over," he told me, through an interpreter. "Which is a major problem. I hope that eventually some members of my family will be qualified, but I'm not sure that any one of them really understands what it means to run this festival. It's not enough that you do a nice opera production here and there. You must be in this office every day of the year, making plans and raising money to cover the deficits that we always have at the end of the season. And here the tradition of the Wagners is very useful. The fact that there is still a Wagner here to greet people at the Festspielhaus is very important to many of the people who give us money."

I asked Wolfgang if he and his brother had received the kind of training that he felt was necessary for the direction of the festival.

"You have to remember that my brother and I grew up during a war," he said. "But we did have a rather thorough apprenticeship. He worked at Altenburg—a small house—where he was required to do everything. I was an assistant at the Berlin Opera; my training was more specialized but equally thorough. As it turned out, my brother received more education in music—my mother paid for his private tutor—and I acquired more practical experience in organizing things. We must wait and see if anyone combines these abilities."

"How has the festival changed since your brother's death?" I asked.

"We have brought in three new directors—Everding, Götz Friedrich, and Chéreau—with three completely different points of view," Wolfgang replied. "The theatre is one of the few places in which everyone can say precisely what he wants—and where should we preserve this tradition if not in Bayreuth? It's not like politics, where you settle things by majority vote and worry that what you say will affect your career later on. This is a place for personal statement. For me, the festival is a 'free room,' a place where directors, artists, and the public can express themselves as they wish. If they don't always agree, that's good, because Richard Wagner's works were never intended to become comfortable. I have my way of presenting the 'Ring,' and Boulez and Chéreau have their way, which many people seem to regard as revolutionary. And what better time for a confrontation between youth and established tradition than the hundredth anniversary of this house? My grandfather was not a complacent man." —JANE BOUTWELL

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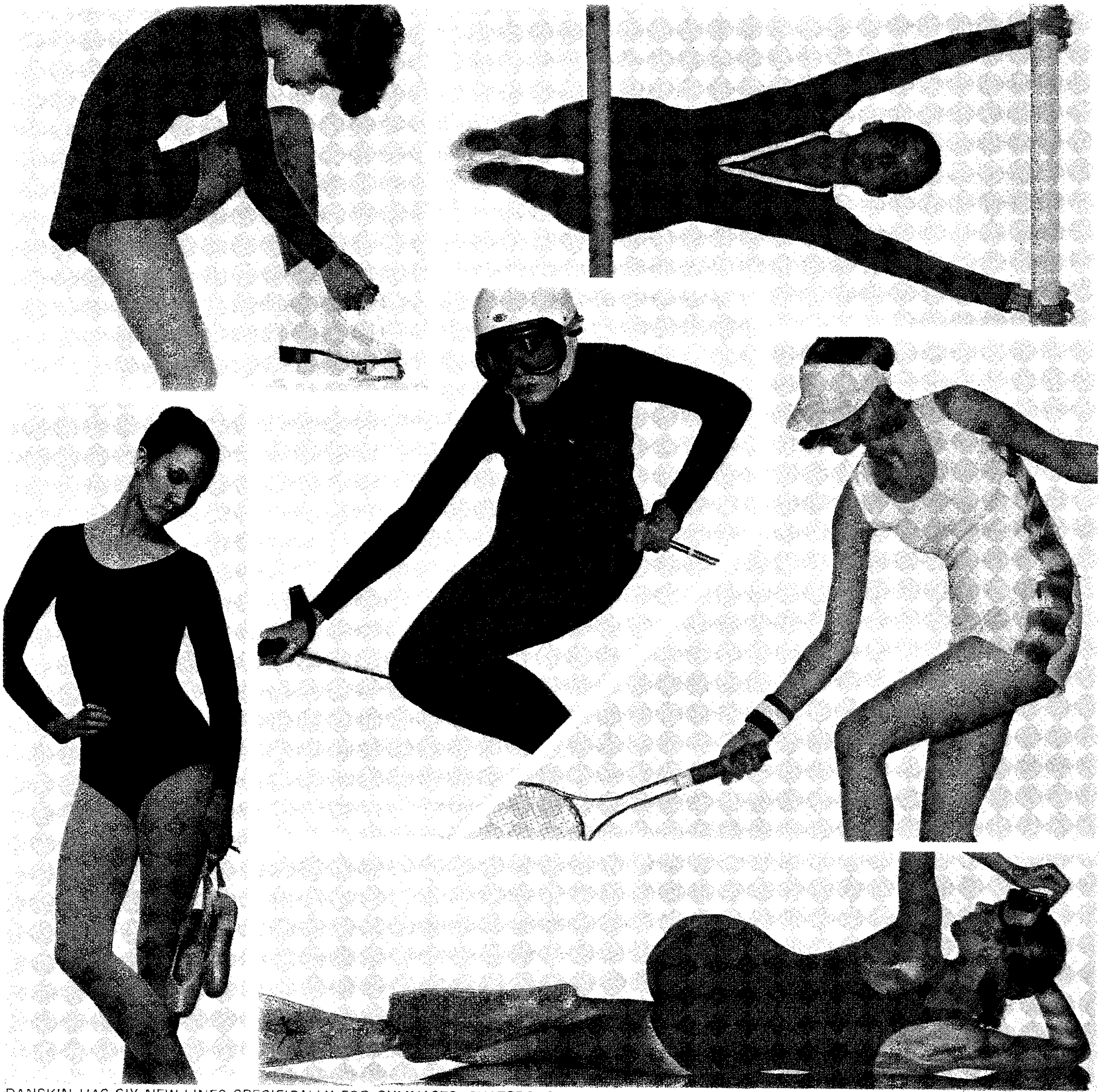

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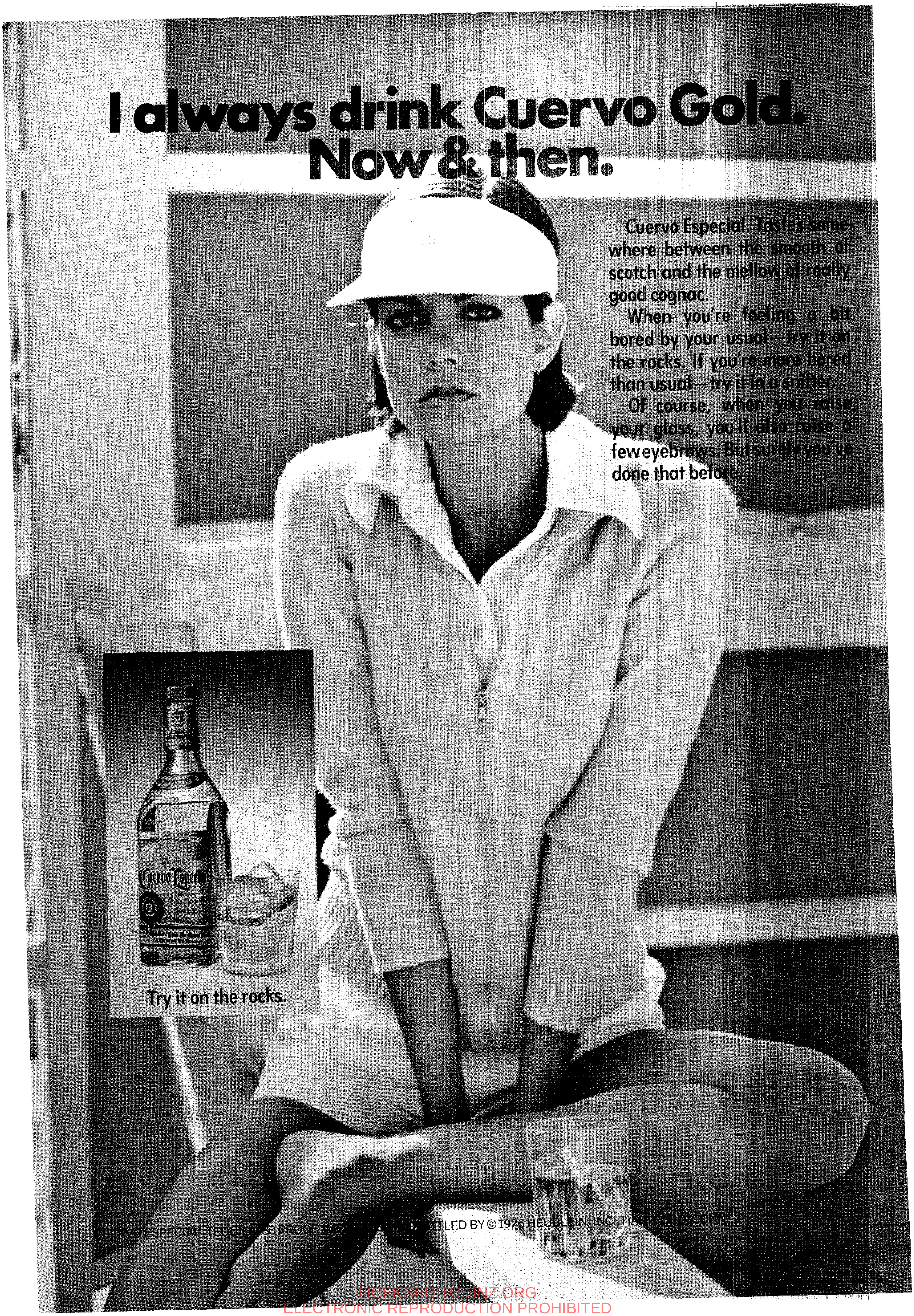

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BOOKS

Poor Relations

"The Lost War: Letters from British Officers During the American Revolution," edited and annotated by Marion Balderston and David Syrett, with an introduction by Henry Steele Commager (Horizon), concerns the role of the sixth Earl of Denbigh as a patron of officers and would-be officers in the British forces in America. In a historical introduction, Professor Syrett tells us that the sixth Earl was a Tory landowner in Warwickshire and Leicestershire who forged a political alliance with the Tory government of the borough of Leicester and had propertied family connections in Essex. Thus, besides his own vote in the House of Lords, Denbigh had some influence on elections to the House of Commons, and the members of Lord North's ministry rewarded Denbigh's support (and he rewarded his local supporters) with the plums and raisins of patronage, which at the time, before there were academies at Sandhurst and Dartmouth, extended to the military as well as to the civil service. These letters, which recently came to light, show Denbigh writing his fellow-grandees to arrange commissions and promotions for his protégés. He receives in return the young men's—or their fathers'—thanks; he gets reports of battles, complaints of inaction, and, invariably, pleas for further assistance. Except for Denbigh's ally the fourth Earl of Sandwich, who is remembered as the worst First Lord of the Admiralty in British history, no one in the book is notable, and it is just this quality that is the collection's outstanding value. Great men are never typical; they transcend time and place. These letter writers, on the other hand—none farsighted, original, or gifted—give an exact, and immensely enlightening, account of their country and time.

Denbigh and his correspondents lived in a world based on rank and marked by deference beyond anything the colonials could have imagined. The few Americans who visited the mother country rarely met earls; they traded with merchants or studied with lawyers. (Denbigh was, of course, by no means the grandest of English magnates. In 1780, the Duke of Northumberland bestowed the nomination of a pocket borough on Lord Feilding, Denbigh's heir; upon learning from the Duke's election agent that the voters of Bere Alston—Syrett says there were fewer than thirty of them—had duly elected his son to Parliament, the Earl thanks the Duke in a letter that offers his "respects" instead of the "compliments" these correspondents commonly use.) Americans knew about wealth and patronage, but there was much less of either on this side of the Atlantic. While Americans with any social pretensions might try to be polite, they had no idea how to be polite to noblemen. Hence, Denbigh's officers are often contemptuous of the Americans they meet. John Bowater, a major of Marines, finds Americans so "levelling," so "underbred," that "we Cannot Associate with them." Bowater, writing from Newport, tells Denbigh about "a man of very good property"—someone who in England would certainly have known better—who insisted on calling Lord Percy "Mr. Percy" because "he knew no Lord but the Lord Jehovah." Little more than a century after Major Bowater's dismal tour of duty there, the inhabitants of Newport were falling over themselves to entertain English lords. But the rich Newporters of that later era had got their money by breaking the fundamental rule by which Denbigh and his correspondents lived: know your place and keep it.

Conservative intellectuals nowadays like to point out that a traditional society, though it offers fewer opportunities for lowborn able men to succeed, does not injure the self-esteem of men who fail as a modern meritocracy does. That truth is evident in this book: if Denbigh's protégés are not promoted, they are not failures in their own eyes, because they have not failed a test of merit or ability—they only feel unlucky. William Feilding, a lieutenant of Marines, and Denbigh's third

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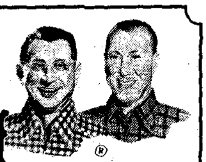

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cousin, is proud of the British victory at Bunker Hill, but that does not keep him from complaining about a piece of bad fortune. Major John Pitcairn was killed in the battle, and King George, wishing to reward Pitcairn's courage and help his family, promoted his son from lieutenant to captain over the heads of a hundred and eight Marine lieutenants senior to him, including William Feilding. Feilding's complaints at being passed over are closer to grumblings about the weather than to any expression of personal inadequacy. Denbigh condoles, he talks to Sandwich and then assures Feilding that young Pitcairn's promotion does not set a precedent for future disregard of seniority. What Denbigh wants from his protégés—it is staggering to contemplate how important an eighteenth-century peer thought himself—is military information. He asks how the troops perform; how competent is General X or Admiral Y; and for information on the composition and sailing date of a British naval task force. What would have happened to a member of the House of Lords who solicited—and, as Denbigh did, received—such information during the Second World War?

Denbigh seems a perfect patron. It is impossible not to like him. True, he was a Tory. Equally true, he was a very ordinary earl. But he had mastered to perfection the art of being an ordinary Tory earl: he is assiduous, affable, mannerly. The rise of democracy has entailed a decline in manners—our more open societies lack a single, assured, unmistakably civil style like Denbigh's. He is never snubbing, and he is peremptory only once, when a naval officer, Edward Bowater (John's brother), tries for promotion on his own and approaches a Whig admiral. Even then, Denbigh does not withdraw his patronage; he tells Bowater that he is not ready for promotion, and adds, "When Ever a proper time comes leave that matter to me." Denbigh always knows what to say. Trying to buy a commission in the cavalry for his son, who is temporarily stuck with a much less fashionable infantry commission, he writes, ostensibly to Barrington, the Secretary of War, but really for the eyes of the King, that his Countess is unhappy at their son's enforced military slumming—"his Mother . . . is now one of the most Miserable Women in the World"—and concludes by hoping for an answer that "will give some Comfort to my Lady Denbigh." Denbigh does not threaten to vote against the Government; he does not remind the King that he has

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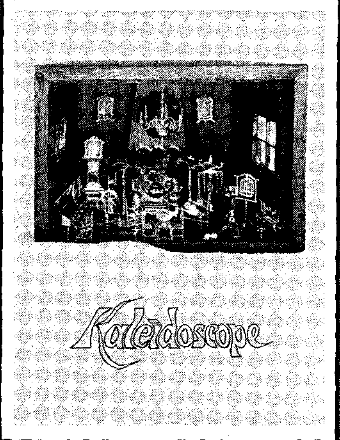

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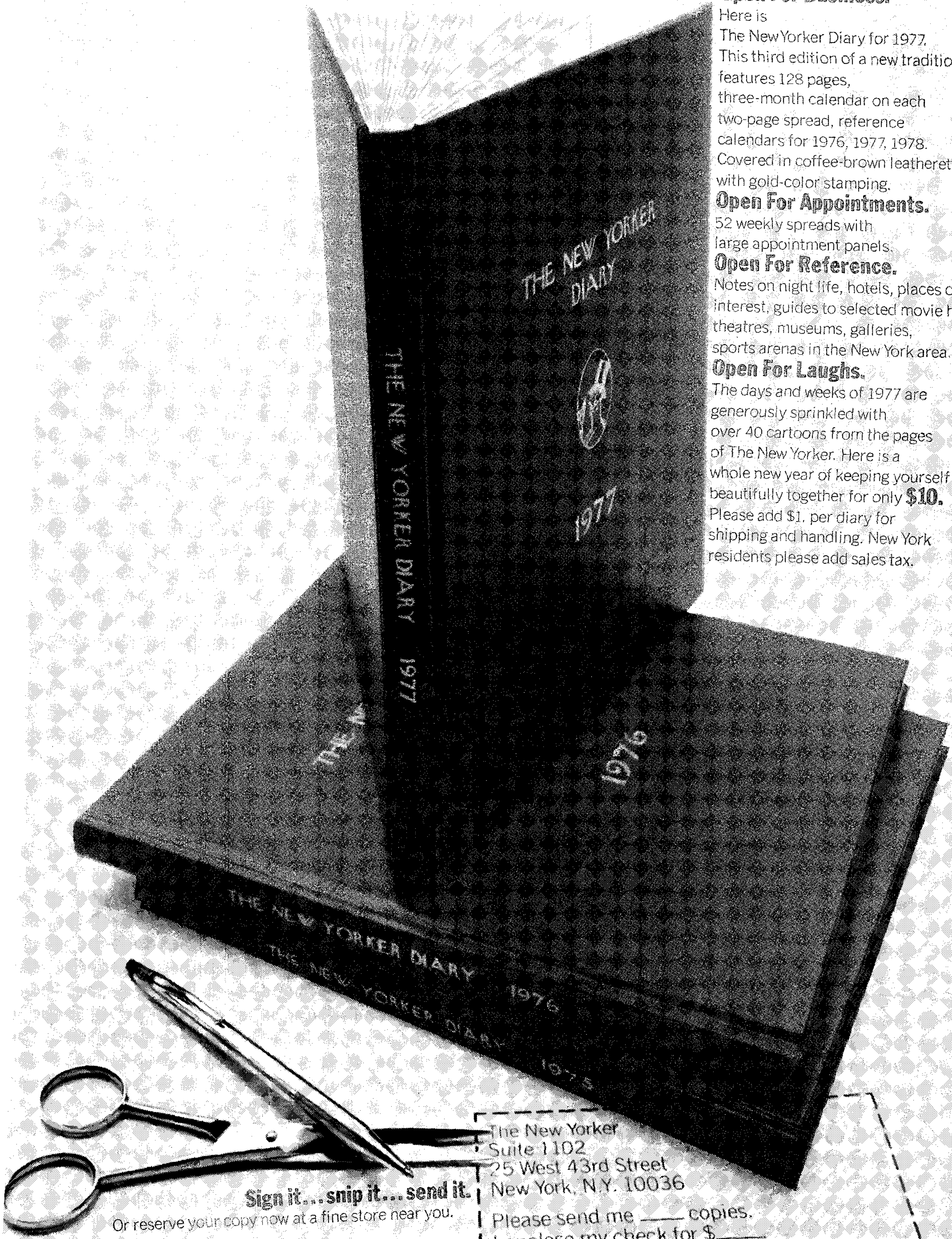
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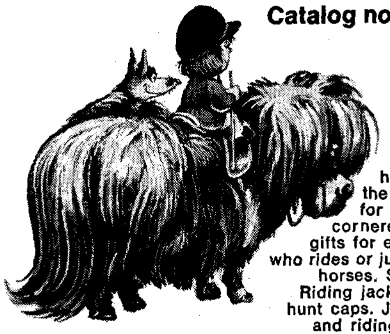
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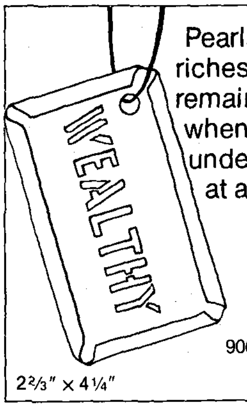

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supported royal policy. He writes about his wife—and his son, without seeing any action, or even leaving the kingdom, wound up at the head of a regiment of dragoons.

Denbigh does not confine himself to business; he writes gossip about such matters as weddings. His correspondents in America learn that Sophia Noel has made "a very great Match" to the young Curzon of her day, and twentieth-century readers learn, from the Earl's financial assessment of the Curzons, how the notion of luxury or grandeur increased in England during the next century: the Curzons did not lose any money in subsequent generations, but the famous Lord Curzon (1859-1925), who became Viceroy of India and Foreign Secretary and lost out to Stanley Baldwin for Prime Minister, felt himself so poor he had to marry for money. Another great match, in Denbigh's eyes, is Sir Roger Newdigate (who endowed the poetry prize at Oxford), but Denbigh remarks that his bride's "comforts of matrimony will be in a Very narrow compass. You know Sr. Roger was but a Very bad hand when he was Young, what must he be now." We might think such letters tactless and expect that combat officers abroad would be irked to read about the easy life of men at home. But Denbigh's gossip, his tone of man-to-man bonhomie, honors these soldiers; he makes them feel included in his circle.

His egalitarianism has limits. Any of his correspondents—merchants, aldermen, a local J.P., or their sons—is welcome to call. What happens when lesser folk come to stay is another story. Denbigh's distant Feilding cousins seem to have been singularly unfortunate. When William Feilding was about to go overseas, his youngest sister, Frances, faced destitution—their father had just died—and, as Denbigh's chaplain writes to William, the Earl persuaded his Countess to take Frances "into this Family with a view to qualify her for some useful & active station in life. She is not (I am certain) upon the footing upon which you would wish your Sister to be; for She does not mess in the Parlour, but I can assure you that Lady Denbigh treats her with particular tenderness."

Reading these letters, we see that the British society that quarrelled with thirteen of its colonies was a hierarchy bound by allegiances that were mutually supportive. Denbigh's young protégés gratefully accepted their allotments of favor or status because the existence of the grandees above them guaranteed

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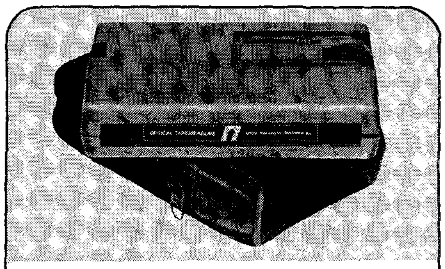
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their own rank as gentlemen. It is the principle James I invoked when he said, "No Bishop, no King." A hierarchy is all one piece. However, there were no bishops in America, and, given the width of the Atlantic, it was natural that Americans misunderstood the mother country. They had to rely on documents, on charters from Magna Carta on down, on abstract formulations of the rights of Britons. The English Bill of Rights of 1689 states that "election of members of Parliament ought to be free," but it says nothing of pocket boroughs. No wonder the Americans thought that the British Constitution was being perverted by designing men. And no wonder John Bowater, who had spent his entire life within a social structure of inherited authority, thought the Declaration of Independence "impudent."

Since these letters were written, every generation of Americans has puzzled, and sometimes quarrelled, over the problems of politically redefining the people (was Dred Scott a citizen?) and authority (who may lawfully tap a telephone?). We have had no easy time of it, and Tories could point to our Civil War and to the confusions of the last decade, and go on to quote, as Tories have always loved to do, "Take but degree away, untune that string/And hark! what discord follows." (Tories always forget, though, that Shakespeare's Ulysses is talking about organizing an army.) The Denbighs are charming. Their protégés are courageous and resigned, as soldiers ought to be. By contrast, most Americans of the era read like provincials—uncertain, verbose, or cranky. For the sake of prose and manners, I could wish the war had not occurred. But when I think of the Countess in the parlor and Cousin Frances in the kitchen, I am ready to start the Revolution all over again. —Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Twentieth Century Journey: A Memoir of a Life and the Times—The Start: 1904-1930, by William L. Shirer (Simon & Schuster). Wordsworth's "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive" is exactly what the author, fresh out of Coe College, in Iowa, felt in the twenties on coming to Paris, where, to our present benefit and his past amazement, he wound up becoming a Chicago *Tribune* foreign correspondent at the age of twenty-three. Mr. Shirer's job took him all over Europe—

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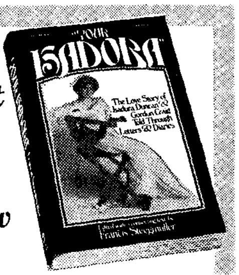

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when this volume closes, he has just been ordered to India—and his memoirs radiate his enthusiasms (a crush on Isadora Duncan, for instance) as well as his perplexities (he never knew quite what to make of Gertrude Stein). They also record, as befits a man who became a serious historian, what Europe was like in a period that was a prelude to disaster. Sobriety and gaiety, intelligence and warmth—all these qualities are here, and in just the right places.

THE BUSINESS OF CRIME: ITALIANS AND SYNDICATE CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES, by Humbert S. Nelli (Oxford). The first national Mafia scare arose from the murder of the police chief of New Orleans in 1890. Nine Italians were tried. Six were acquitted, and the jury could come to no agreement on the three others. Thereupon a New Orleans reform movement lynched eleven Italians, and the New Orleans police department published what purported to be a list of violent Italian crimes from 1866 to 1891—a list that has been credulously followed and frequently embellished by subsequent writers. Dr. Nelli, a professor of history at the University of Kentucky, describes the kinds of crime that prevailed in Italian immigrant enclaves in America; like most American crime, then as now, Italian crime was one aspect of the so-called culture of urban poverty—boys graduated from street gangs to criminal gangs. None of these gangs were very big until Prohibition brought the Great Leap Forward, to a level that Dr. Nelli calls "entrepreneurial crime." His fine account makes sense of many murderous incidents, differentiates among places, and sketches individuals and the talents (Torrio's brains, Capone's brutality) that enabled them to rise in the underworld. Dr. Nelli believes that a criminal syndicate certainly exists but that it is essentially an American phenomenon rather than a part of Italian (Mafia, Camorra) history.

JOHN RUSKIN: THE ARGUMENT OF THE EYE, by Robert Hewison (Princeton). An intellectual biography. Mr. Hewison describes the styles of work that young Ruskin was taught to admire, and tells us why he outgrew some of them; for example, Ruskin saw that the taste for the "picturesque," when applied to tattered gypsies, peasants, and beggars, meant deriving aesthetic pleasure from other people's mis-

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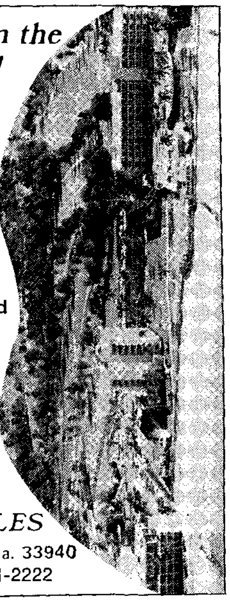

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ery. Ruskin's early reliance on both religion and science attracted him to the sort of art he considered factual; he felt that the accurate rendering of landscape, for instance, by showing geological formations exactly, would redound to the glory of God Who created Nature. Mr. Hewison follows Ruskin across the nineteenth century (his dates, by the way, are 1819-1900) to trace the steps by which the art critic found himself becoming a social critic. What remains pertinent now is that Ruskin recognized the complexity of the relation between the arts and industrial society.

SAINT PAUL, by Michael Grant (Scribners). The author, a classicist, offers a brief caveat: "I am not qualified . . . to write this book as a theologian would." He has done very well in his own way. Paul is portrayed by Dr. Grant as a spiritual alloy of Jew and Greek, and the author's mastery of those cultures within the Roman Empire helps clarify Paul's vision and mission, which transformed a tiny Jewish sect into a world religion.

A CRICKET IN THE THORN TREE: HELEN SUZMAN AND THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY OF SOUTH AFRICA, by Joanna Strangwayes-Booth (Indiana). A biography of one of the bravest political figures in South Africa, and also a handbook of South African politics from the end of the Second World War. Mrs. Suzman, we learn, was a reluctant heroine—a middle-class girl who married young, got a diploma in economics after she had had her children, and entered politics as an *unambitious* suburban volunteer. Her good intentions ultimately led her to a position of eminent solitude: for thirteen years she was the sole representative of the Progressive Party in South Africa's Parliament, and the only spokesman against apartheid in that body. The book concludes with the heartening results of the 1974 election, which returned seven Progressives, who joined with breakaways from the more conservative United Party and now form a fervid group in the lower house.

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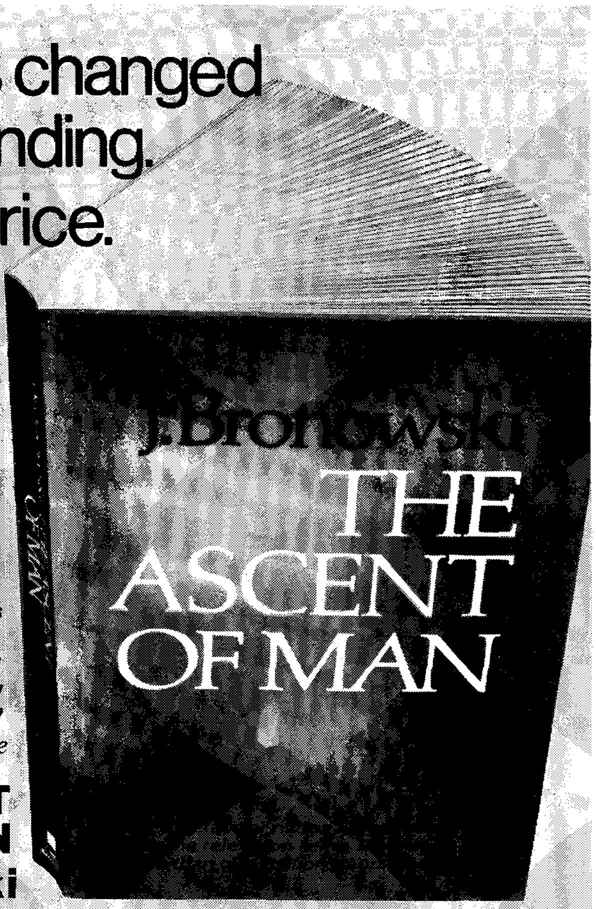

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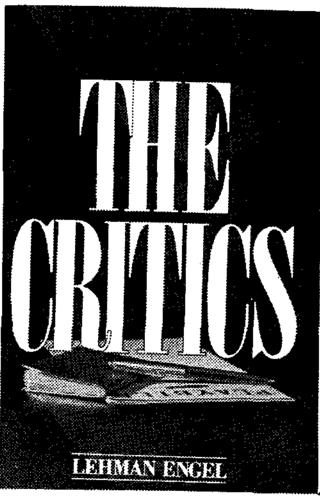

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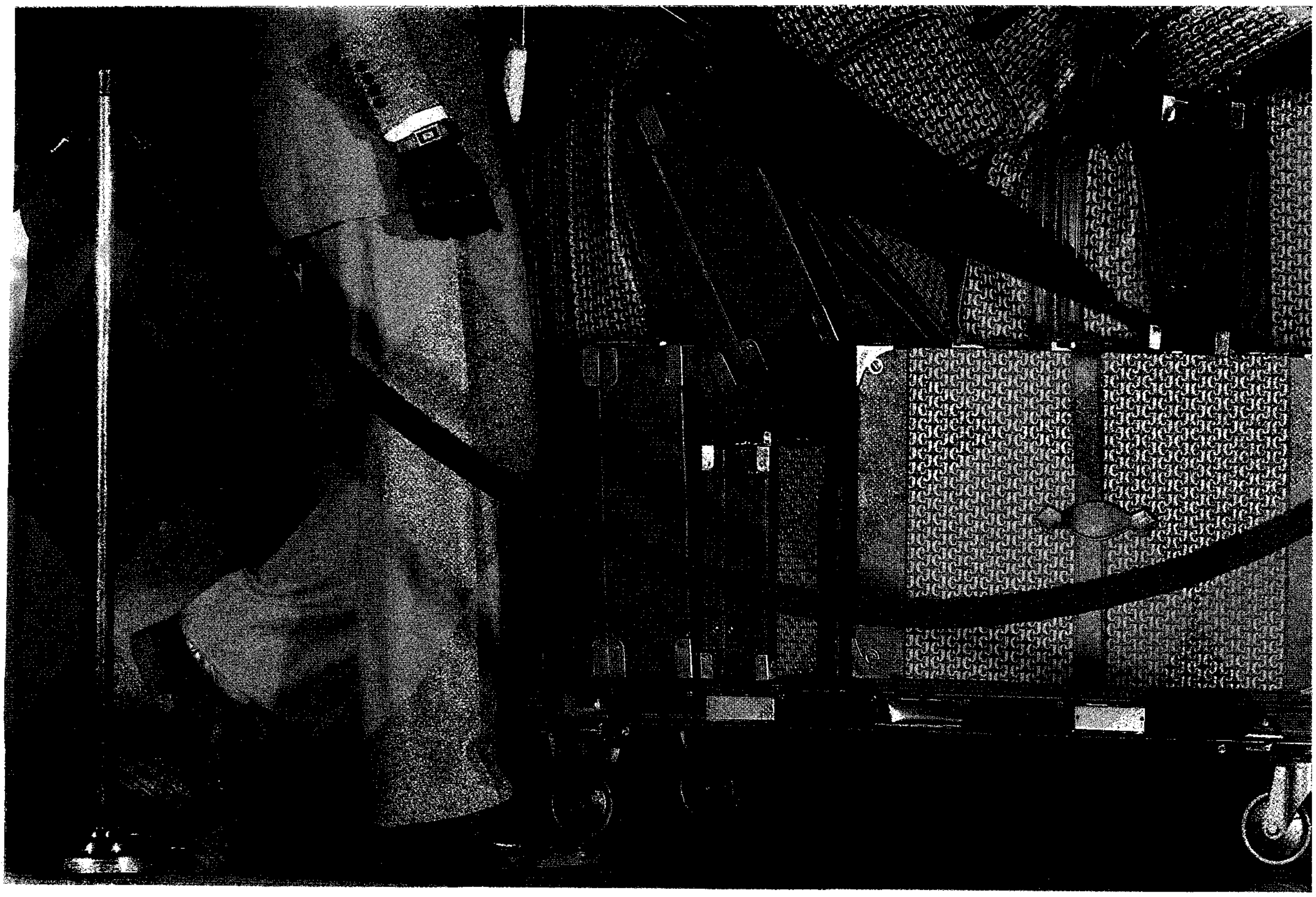

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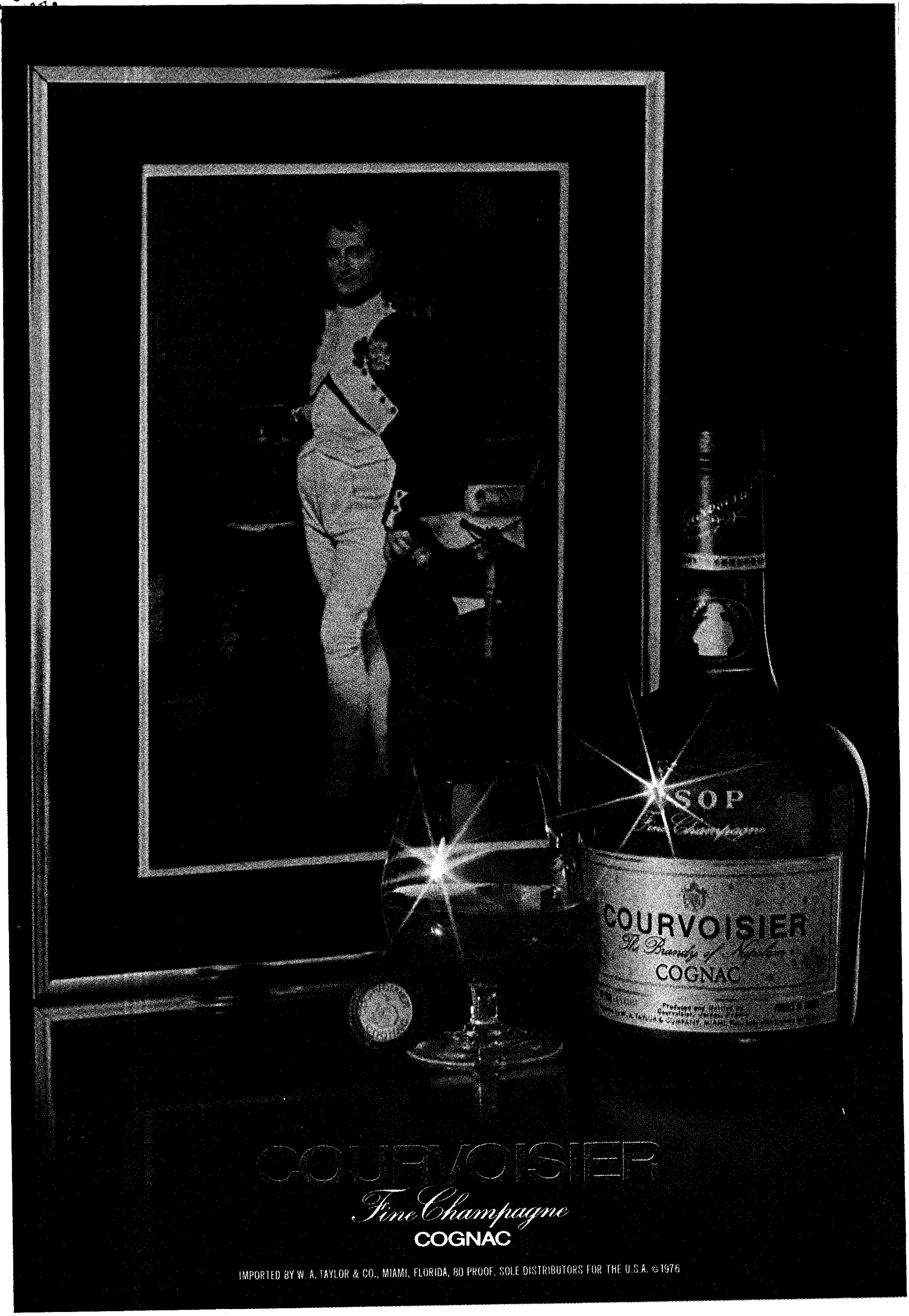
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